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INTERNATIONAL club

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 2

PURRRR!

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty One Number Two

page 5
Stephanie

page 43
Clarissa

Hello and good evening. Tonight I want to talk to you about an organisation which does very important work for a deprived and desperate group within our community. I know after hearing this sad story you will want to give generously.

Editorial Writers In Crisis was formed way back in December 1992, around the time this piece was being written. Since then it has helped literally two people cope with the misery and trauma of having nothing interesting to say as a deadline approaches. I want to highlight just one of these cases today, to give you, the public, some idea of how essential the work of this charity is for so many depressed and potentially jobless editorial writers.

The writer who we'll call 'Stephen' is typical of the people this charity helps. His is a tragic story. Steve spent many long, lonely minutes gazing desperately at the word processor before realising he had absolutely nothing of any interest to say. He thought of writing about

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Lucy

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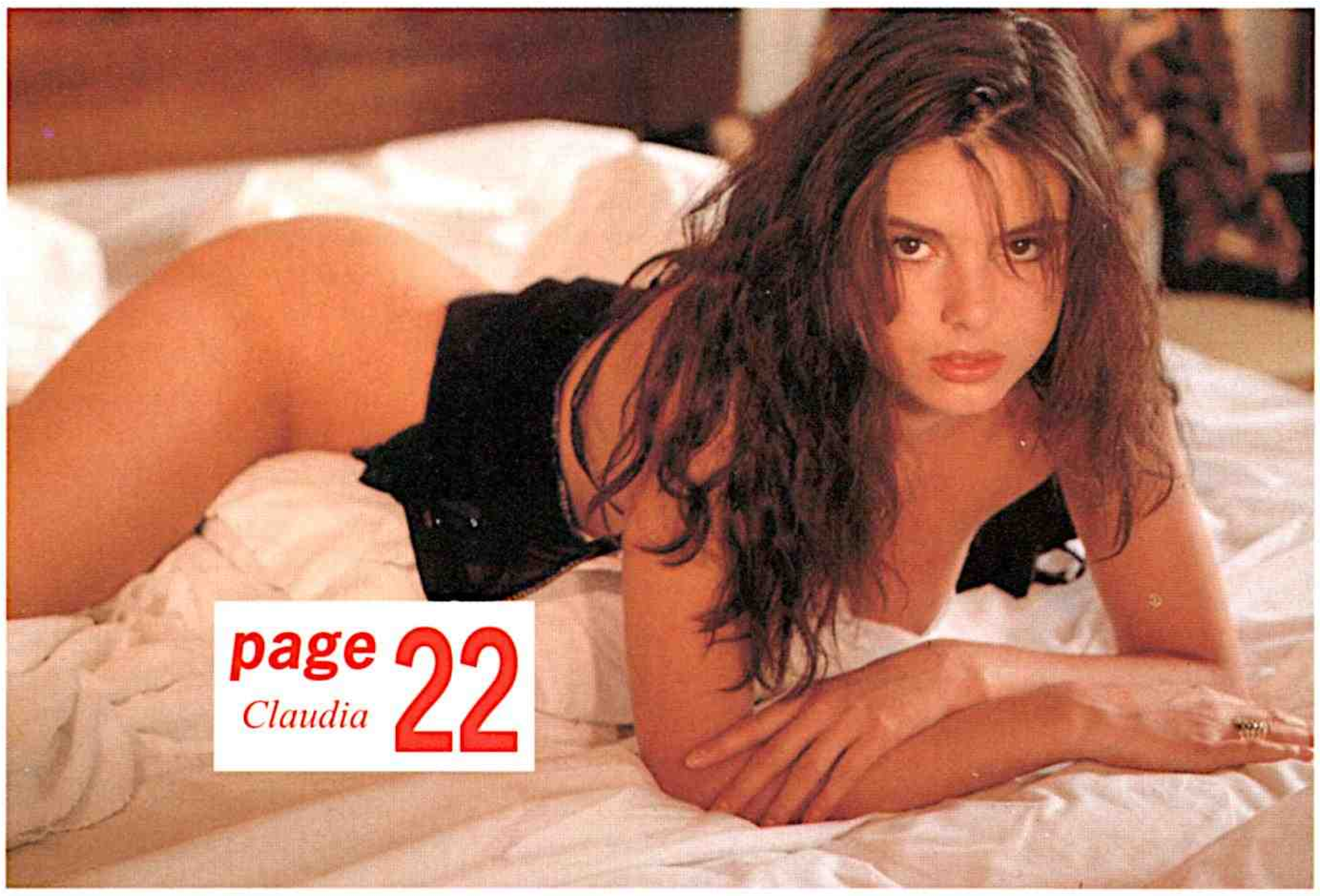

page 38
Helena

Valentine's Day, but that was hackneyed. He thought of writing about a couple of parties he'd been to, but he couldn't remember them. He even considered doing an editorial on how a friend of his had seen Gloria Hunniford in Putney wearing a horrible green shell suit. Then, as so many do, he turned to drink, going down the pub for three and a half hours and six pints of Guinness.

It was then, at the depths of his despair, that Editorial Writers In Crisis stepped in. "Why don't you make up some bollocks about a stupid charity and fill the space up with that," they said. With those words, they saved Stephen from a life, or at least an afternoon, of drunken depravity, as well as a severe kicking from the Production Editor who wanted the copy yesterday, if you know what I mean, matey.

There are many others like Stephen. You only have to read the newspapers to know that. So please help EWIC help them: send a cheque, for as much as you can afford and then some, to the Club address – uncrossed please, and made payable to Me Now. If you send enough, perhaps we can hire someone else to write the editorials and you won't have to read crap like this again...

Oh, by the way – enjoy the issue. We did. See you next month – *The Editor.* ♣

page 84
Angela

page 32
Christine

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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Let's Hear It For Helena!

I am writing this on bended knee! Please, please, please can you show some more of that busty blonde smasher Helena from Vol 21 No 12?

She has to be the most beautiful girl you have featured for years and is in my mind the most perfect looking woman that I've ever seen. Big boobs, luscious blonde hair, superbly full figure, curvy bum – ideal!

So come on, you lot, don't keep all the photos to yourselves. Share them out with us less fortunate sods here in the real world! – *Derek, London*

It's your lucky day... just for you and all the other less fortunate sods who read Club, we've put Helena in again. Check her out on page 38 – The Ed

Working In And Out

My name is Jayne, I'm a 25 year-old-brunette with quite a curvy figure and larger-than-average boobs. I've been going to keep-fit classes for about three years, but only recently have the lessons become really physical!

After one particularly arduous workout last week I walked into the changing rooms to find all the other girls had gone – except for our newest recruit, Alison. She'd been giving me the eye all evening, but I hadn't given it much thought, even though she was a cracking little blonde!

She smiled and said hello. Blushing, I smiled back and turned away to get a coke from the machine. I had just put the money in when suddenly I felt a hand on my bottom, stroking me very gently. I felt embarrassed, but very aroused, especially when another hand joined in and she started slowly massaging both my cheeks.

Gradually, her hands worked over my hips, and then up to my tits. My fanny was getting into a lather as I felt her firm nipples press against my back. Her hands moved faster against my tits, and my nipples hardened as that familiar feeling built up between my legs.

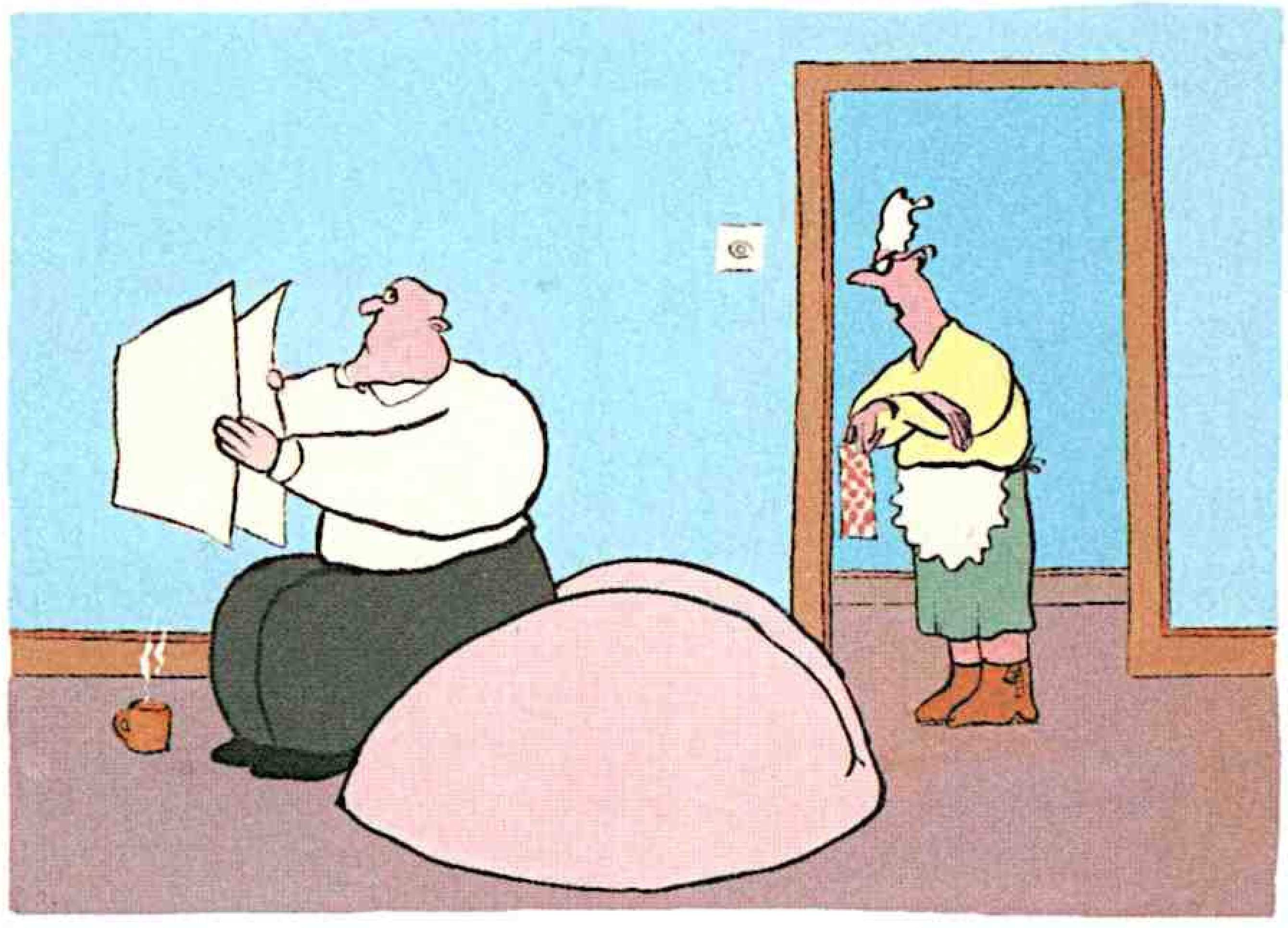
Without turning me around, Alison ran her hands up to my shoulders and hooked the straps of my leotard.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," she whispered, but that was the last thing on my mind! Stretching behind me, I pulled her closer as she peeled my leotard off my tingling body, her hands reaching down towards my hairy, moist pussy.

Before she'd even touched my clit, I shuddered as my first mini-orgasm rippled through me. It was all I could do not to cry out, but Alison was off again, kissing my neck and working her way down my back to the top of my bum. Then, she sank to her knees and pushed me forward so I had to put my arms out onto the drinks machine for support, and spreading my legs she ran her tongue underneath to my already soaking cunt.

This was driving me crazy! A wicked feeling of pure sexiness shivered through me as I felt her hot tongue darting in and out, circling my clit and nibbling away, her hands grasping both my bum cheeks. I was gasping, my face pressed against the cool surface of the machine as I panted like an animal, moaning for her to push her tongue right up into me.

I had never felt anything so incredibly sexy before, and without thinking I reached for her head with both hands, pulling her harder against me in rhythm with the movements of her tongue on my dripping cunt.



"Why don't you get off your arse and do something?"

With another tremor I exploded into her mouth, my come oozing out of me and over her face. This time I couldn't stand up any longer and collapsed to the floor. Alison joined me and lapped up my sticky juices.

"How was that, Jayne?" she smiled, her face still covered in my come. I didn't even have the energy to reply I was still so shell-shocked, so instead I pulled her up and gave her a long French kiss, the taste of my own come mingling on our lips.

Suddenly our little cuddle was interrupted by the door flying open and Mandy, our instructor, storming into the changing room.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing?" she demanded.

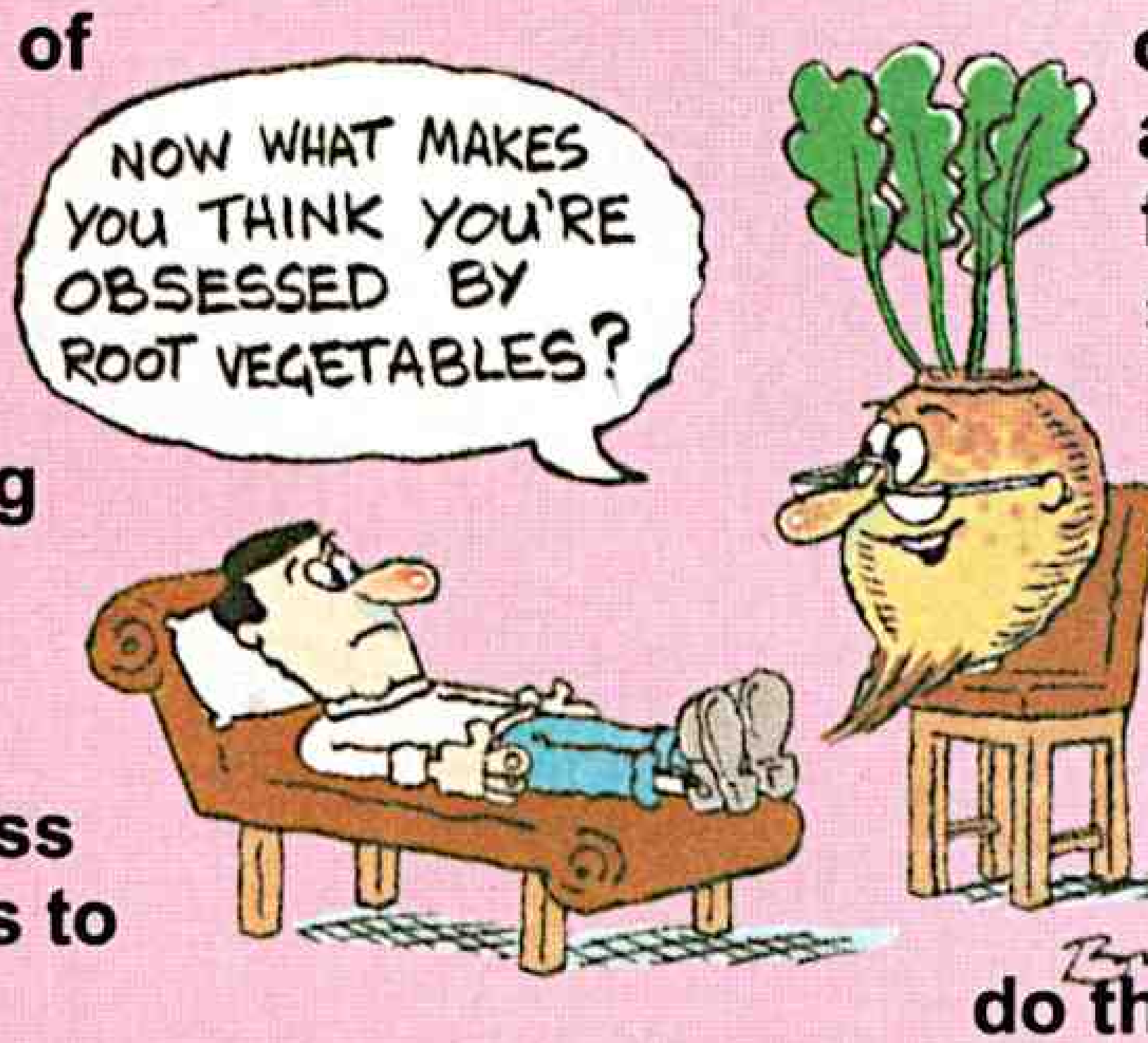
"S-s-sorry..." I began as she slammed the door behind her. But instead of giving us a rollicking, Mandy's face just broke into a broad grin.

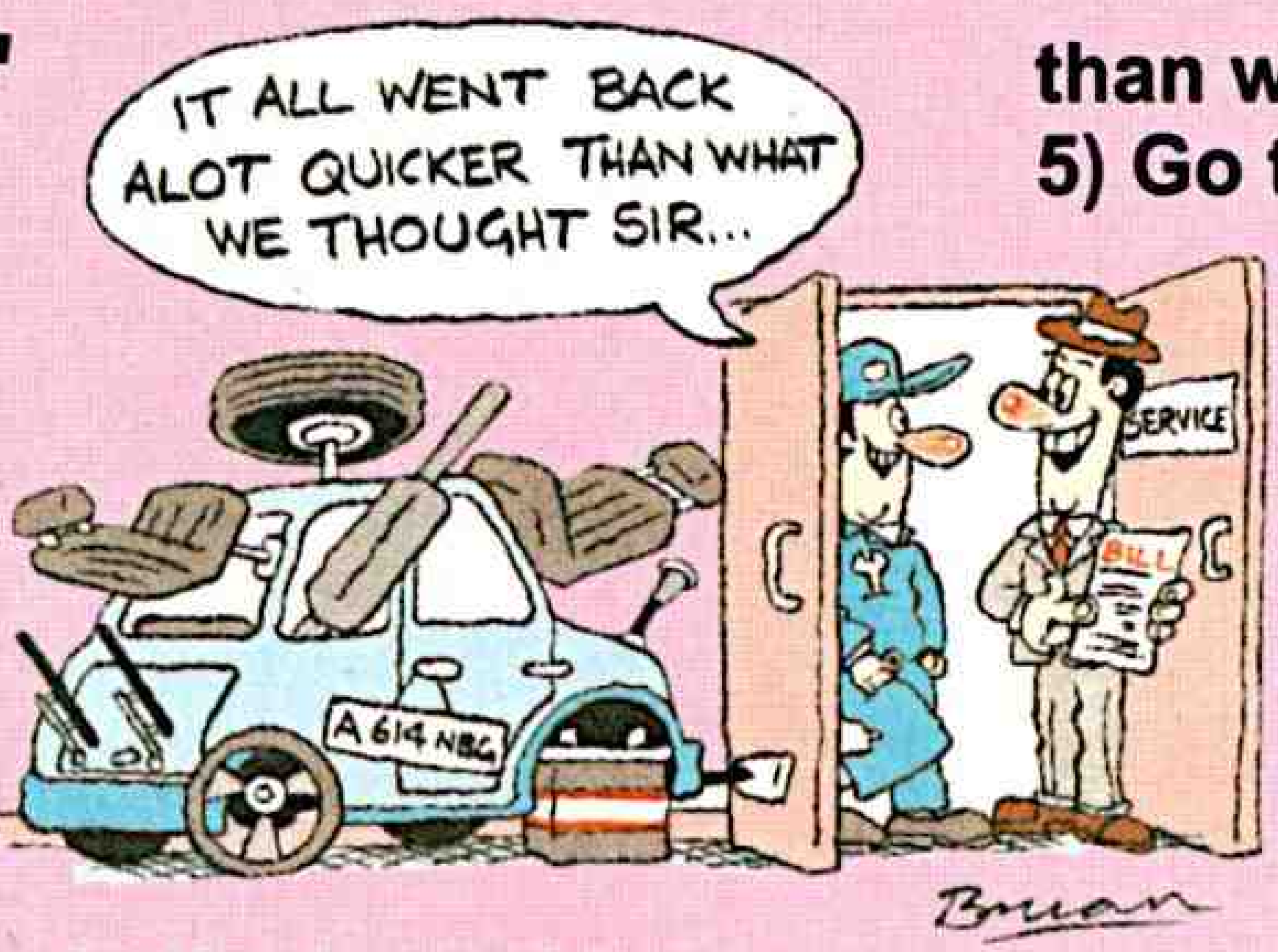
"Yes, what the hell do think you're doing not inviting *me* to join in?" she said, walking over to us, and stripping off her tracksuit bottoms. Mandy has the kind of tanned body that wouldn't look out of place on *Baywatch*, and I had often fantasised about what she would look like naked. And it was just as I'd imagined – fantastic!

"You know what you two need, don't you?" she laughed, helping us up. "A

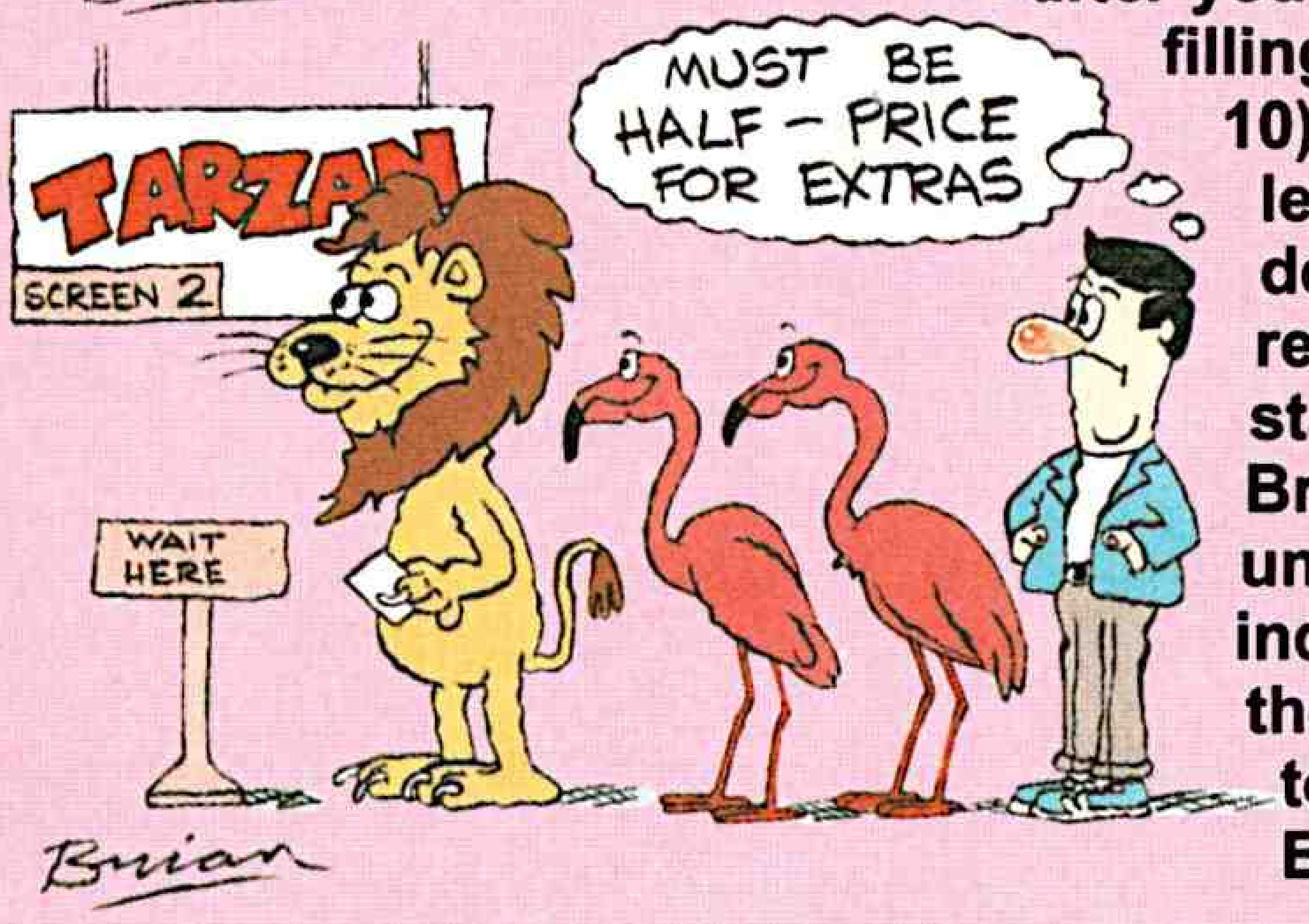
THE POINTLESS BIT

Following the great success of last month's Pointless Bit, loads of you didn't write in asking for even more useless things to do to pass the long winter months. Probably because you knew it was pointless. Totally unable to follow our own convoluted logic, we took this as a sign of encouragement to fill up some space with another list of fatuous pastimes. Here they are – the ten things you must do this month!


NOW WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE OBSESSED BY ROOT VEGETABLES?
Brian


IT ALL WENT BACK ALOT QUICKER THAN WHAT WE THOUGHT SIR...
SERVICE
BILL
A 614 NBC
Brian

1) Look for a Texas Homecare Superstore that hasn't already got a half price sale on.
2) Worry about turnips.
3) Go back to a really good party you went to in 1987 and see if it's still going on.
4) Wait for a garage mechanic to say, "Yes, sir. Your car is ready – and at less than we estimated!"
5) Go to Crawley to see what it's like.
6) Look for a Tarzan film that hasn't got old library footage of a lion jumping at the camera and flamingos taking off.
7) Invest heavily in monks.
8) Watch *Countdown* and scream the answers out at the television.
9) Ask for an injection *after* you've had the filling.
10) Write a lengthy and detailed report on the state of Britain's underpants industry and then send it to Melvyn Bragg. ♣



nice hot shower. Come on..." Still red-faced, we followed her into the showers.

The steam was soon rising as we joined Mandy underneath the hot water jets.

"Come here, Alison. I think I should wash you first," she smiled, and pouring some shower gel onto a sponge began working up a lather on Alison's firm, tanned body. I'd already come more that evening than I had that week, but just the sight of Alison leaning back against the tiles and opening her legs to let Mandy soap her body was getting me hotter than ever.

The water was pouring over all our bodies as I stepped between the couple, and brushed the hair out of Mandy's face. I had fancied her for so long I couldn't believe I was actually about to fuck her, and I kissed her hard on the lips.

Mandy cupped my tits and pulled me closer, as my fingers slid down her body and into her wet cunt. I looked behind me to see Alison wanking herself as she watched us lie on the floor and get into a horny 69.

I couldn't decide what felt more delicious, licking out Mandy's soft, juicy cunt or having her doing the same to me, and the steamy shower was only making the situation hotter – in every sense!

As we found our rhythm it almost became a competition to see who could get the most cunt on our tongues. I rolled over and lay on my back while Mandy sat and wriggled on my face. I felt her head brush against my pubes and her hard tongue set to work again on me.

"Fuck me, Jayne!" she gasped. My jaw ached from all this licking but wild horses wouldn't have stopped me from doing as I was told! Well, by this time Alison was frigging herself like mad and had sunk to her knees, staring in wide-eyed lust at the sight of two wet women writhing around in complete ecstasy.

For the third time that evening I felt my cunt get hotter and my breath quicken, just as Mandy screamed out she was coming. Both clutching each other's bums we came. All this was too much for poor Alison who cried out she was coming too and dived to the floor in a

continued on page 21

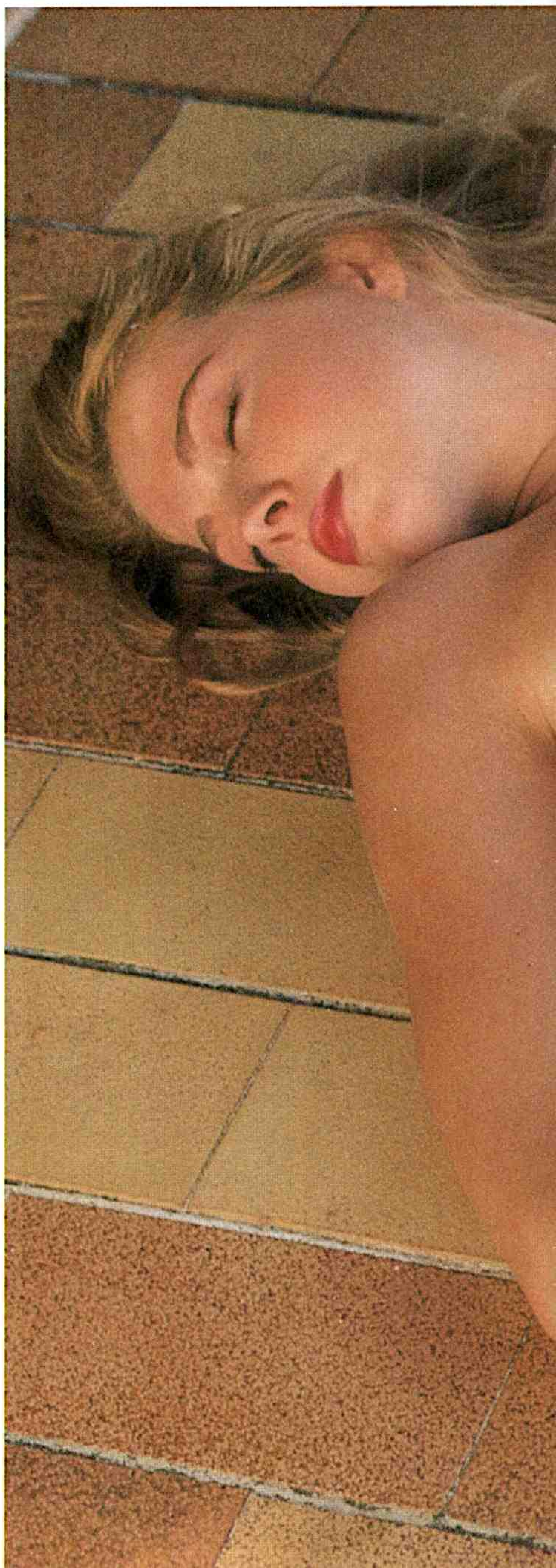
stephanie

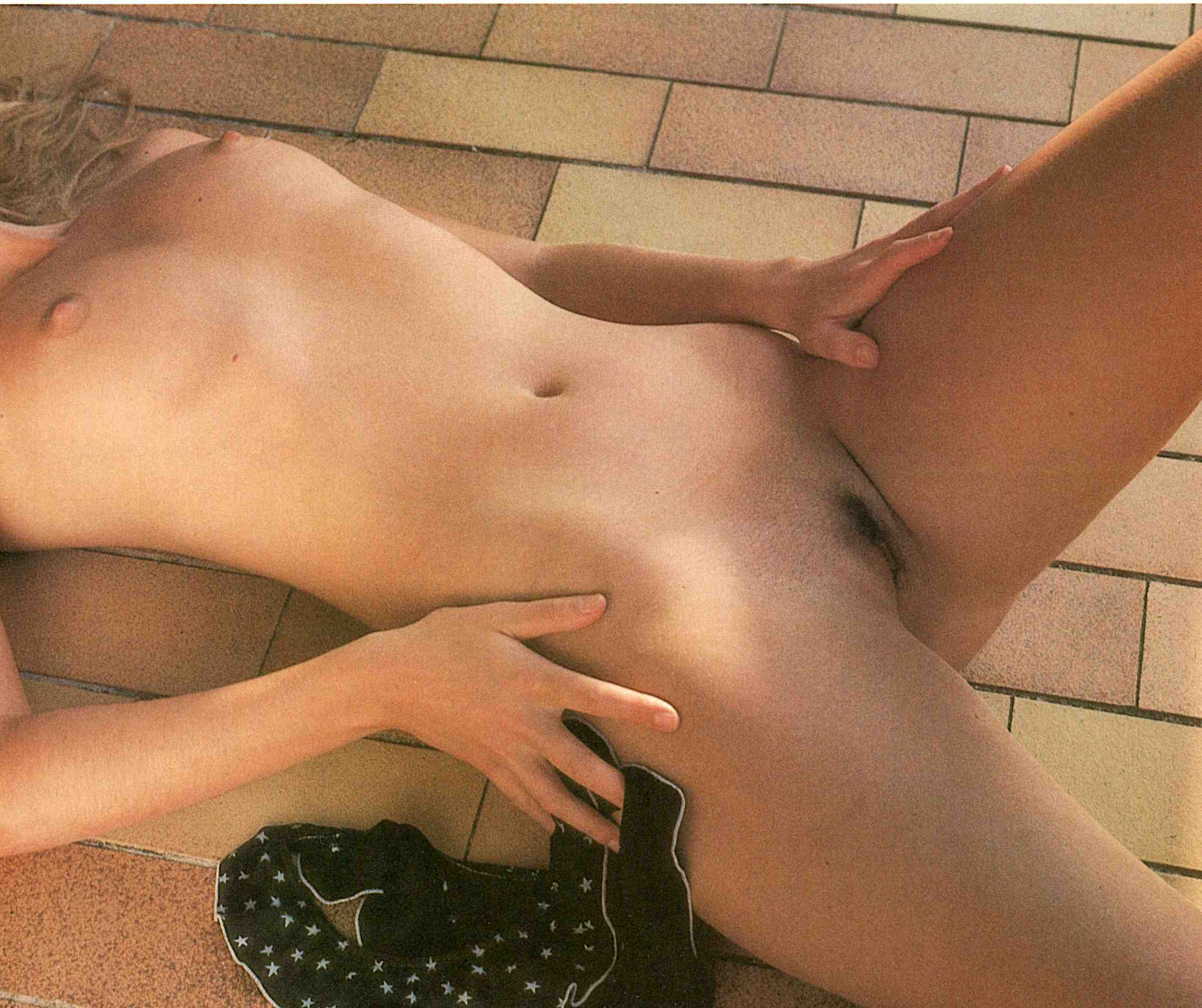
Photographs by Michael Moore

Now this is the life. Lying by the pool in the south of France, soaking up the sun, having a dip in the pool — no wonder sexy Stephanie's smiling!

"It's not all sun, sea and sex, you know," sighed the 19-year-old, who bares her beach balls for us for the first time. "I have to take extra special care I don't burn in all this sun, and there's some areas I just can't reach. If only there was someone here to help me put the suntan lotion on."

Now where did I leave my passport... ♣





gobble!

No. TWOS AT No. TEN

Recession blues? Worried about the state of the economy? Never fear, **Nathaniel Fatbastard** is here – by Royal Appointment!

I was sitting on the old porcelain Parker-Knoll after a particularly good *Steak au Poivre* and chip butty (*Grub-U-Like* £12.99) when something brown and heavy plopped through my slot. Picking it up and ripping the end off, I emptied the contents onto my lap. It was a letter from the Queen. In a moment of patriotic fervour, I stood up, forgetting I hadn't finished what I'd sat down for, and another heavy brown package plopped on the floor. Fortunately I keep a pair of genuine sterling silver-look sugar tongs (*Crapners* £4.99) beside the bog for this very eventuality.

It seems that since my last live column, Britain has been in deeper shit than a Southall sewage worker after the curry houses close. House prices have gone down more often than a tart road-testing her liposuction, whilst unemployment has risen quicker than a willy at the Revue Bar. As for mortgage rates, well, my arse stayed more static when I was fucking Big Brenda on a fairground fun castle.

Judging from her letter, Our Lizzie had had enough and turned to me. Her kingdom was knackered, or as she so delicately put it, "One has a deep recession, Nat, and that's where you come in!" She wanted me up her castle immediately, so I went at once to the Royals' Scottish retreat, Amoral.

After being told by an equerry the correct way to step over corgi turd, I was summoned into the drawing room where the Queen sat with her mum who was looking marvellous for her age.

"Who's that fat peasant?" said the Nation's favourite 190-year-old – God bless her.

"It's Sir Nathaniel Fatbastard, Mummy, one's called him in to help run the country. Sit down, Nathaniel," replied Her Highness.

I sunk into a deep red velvet chair that was so squashy it was like sitting in a hooker's vag.

"Now as you know, one's country is up excrement creek right now," she continued. "And frankly all my PMs have been about as much use as a fireguard at Windsor. Mad Mags was bad enough but that John Major – oh dear! The way he always says 'wunt' instead of 'want' is quite ghastly. He introduced me to Tom Conti at a royal film premiere last Saturday evening – most embarrassing. Anyway, Nathaniel, I wunt you to lick the country into shape. Oh dear, he's got me doing it now."

"My pleasure, ma'am," I replied, bowing deeply and accidentally emitting a rectal blast by appointment to the cheese and pickle sandwich I had on the train.

"Oooh! Is that the midday fanfare already?" the Queen Mum asked. "Great, I could murder a pint of bitter and a sandwich!"

Two days later I was walking in the best-known door in London, and I don't mean Mimi's Brothel in Wardour Street . After posing on the doorstep of No 10 for photographers with my personal private secretary, Ophelia Tackle, who obligingly got her tits out for the tabloid press, I went inside.

For a terraced council house, No 10 isn't bad, but the decor's bloody awful. So within the hour I replaced the piss-poor portraits of former PMs with a rather nice sad clown (*Boots* £2.99). I was just getting an estimate for some rather tasteful stone cladding for the front when I was told I had to address a press conference with my ideas for getting the country back to work in thirty minutes. Half-an-hour to form a complete economic and foreign policy that would revitalise Britain! This called for a few cans, an *Abomino's Supaspicy* deep-pan pizza (serves two) and a good crap!

Thirty minutes later, I proudly walked out of No 10, tripped over the pizza boy's moped, then stood in front of the press. After a hearty belch, I began to regale them with my economic strategy.

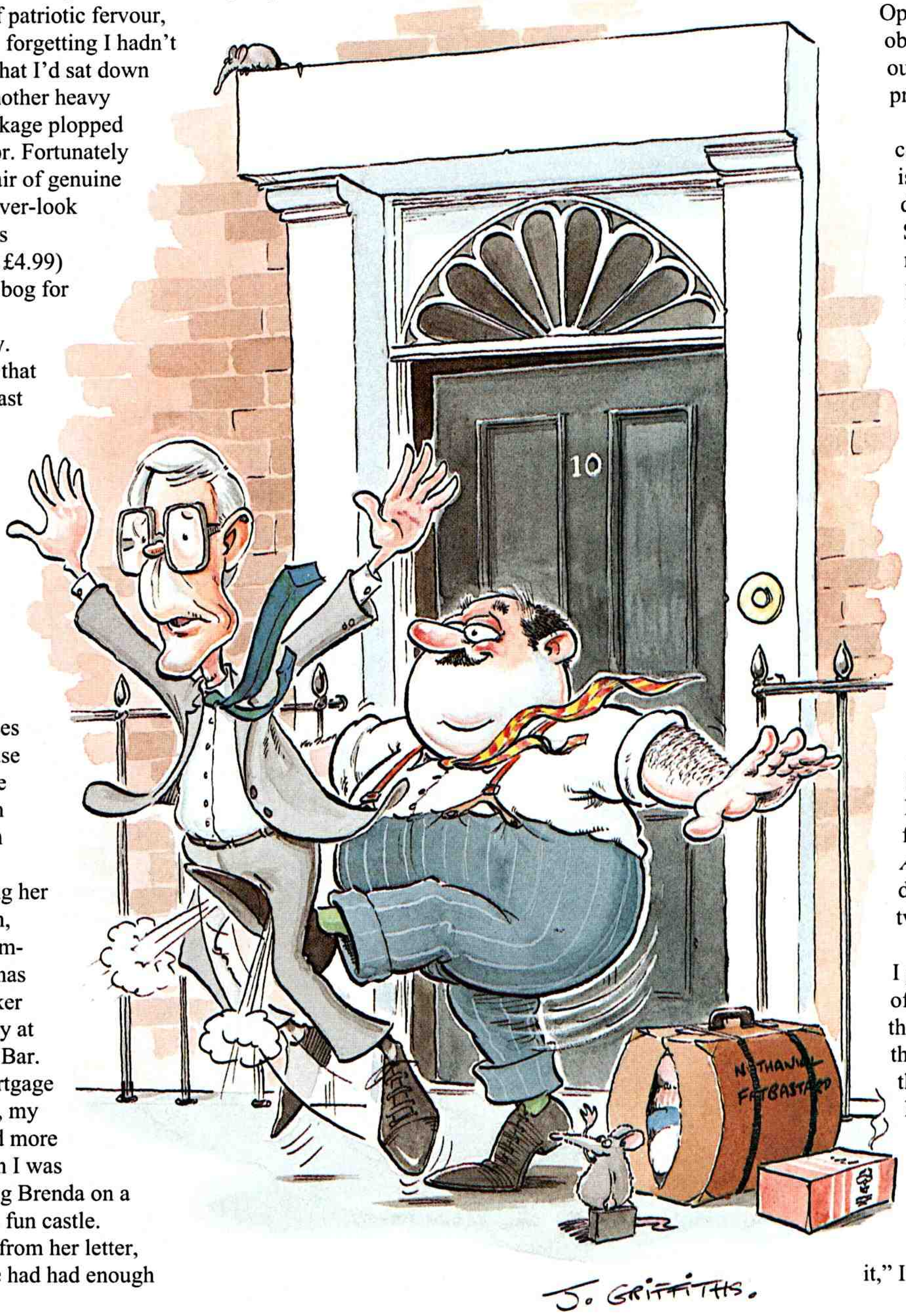
"Okay, lads, I think I've cracked it," I announced. "This is the biggest slump since my ex-wife fell out of her halter-neck halfway through *The Birdie Song*, and we're in the middle of it. No wonder we all feel tits! We must create consumer confidence and new jobs without inflation. This needs a radical new policy. A policy I have here."

I waved an impressive sheath of papers at them

"My amazing new strategy is this. No tax on booze or fags. Thank you. Bye!"

"How will that help?" asked St John Eyesbrows of the *Financial Times*.

"Look, prickface, if booze is cheap, more people will go to the pub, right?" I replied impatiently. "This means more jobs for surly Irish landlords and barmaids with enormous knockers. It will also mean a massive growth in ancillary work like take-away pizza and kebab sellers, mini-cab drivers and mini-cab upholstery cleaners. What's more it will encour-



Dear Sarah,

After I saw your photographs in Club (Vol 21 No 13), I just had to write in and tell you how good you looked. The sight of your lovely firm tits certainly had an effect on me: I could feel that familiar swelling in my trousers!

I have to admit that I'm a big fan of breasts, and I can just imagine peeling off your tight leotard to reveal your wondrous orbs. "Kiss them," you purr, and my mouth moves to meet your pink nipples, sucking them to hardness.

I can feel you grinding your hips against mine, then you whisper, "Fuck me, Alex!" Before I have a chance to make a move, you quickly climb on top of me and start to rub your heaving breasts, offering them to my mouth.

Then you grab my cock and guide it inside your wet pussy and we build up a steady rhythm. Your tight muscles grip me and soon I can feel myself coming. You climb off me and greedily wrap your lips around my dick.

The sensations are too much, and I feel a surge shooting up my dick as I direct an arc of spunk over your breasts. This is my age other non-alcoholic consumer spending."

"How?" demanded a lank-haired lezzie from *The Guardian*.

"Come on, darling, don't tell me you don't buy something fucking stupid when you're rat-arsed? Disgusting prawn cocktail crisps, a crap red rose, *The Warcry*, a pink panther that looks like it's been made by the local mentally handicapped school? Well, multiply that a million times!"

"But what about falling house prices?" demanded the political correspondent of *Exchange & Mart*.

"Fuck 'em!" I replied ministerially. "Does the fact that your house has just dropped ten grand in the last minute stop you buying a pint? No! Get the public pissed and they won't give a shit about the recession!"

"Are you doing anything with Maastricht, Mr Fatbastard?" said a boring cunt from *The Telegraph*.

"Ma Strict? She must be the Chief Whip!" I quipped. "Ask Frank Bough!"

"No, Mr Fatbastard, the European Community. How do you stand on Jacques Delors?"

"In size nine stilettos, jumping up and down!" I replied. "Now if that's all, I have a personal private secretary here who wants to attend to my privates in person. Good night!"

Five minutes later Ophelia had stripped naked and lain down on the oak table in the Cabinet Room.

"Ooooh, Prime Minister," she cried as I pulled off my pin-stripes. "You seem to be suffering from massive inflation!"

Sure enough my pork pound was increasing all the time and at the close of the foreign exchanges was up one. I wunt to be PM for ever, oh yes! ♣

ultimate fantasy, Sarah: do you want to make my dream come true? – *Alex, London*

You sound like a man of action to me, Alex! Actually, my breasts are incredibly sensitive and I'd need a man who could take the time to spend hours and hours kissing, nibbling and sucking them. I'm very demanding when it comes to sex and I've never ever met a man who could keep up with me yet: could you?! – Sarah ♣

INSIDE THE OLDER WOMAN WITH BILL WYMAN

Hello. It's me, Bill Wyman. There's been a lot of bad press about me recently, what with an 18-year-old taking me to court for half a million and then everybody realising that I must have started shagging her when she was still in pigtails and I had to go round her house dressed like a young man so her mum wouldn't know I was actually over 50. So, who better than me to give Club readers a comprehensive guide to the more mature woman, eh?

1) Is she the sporty type?
In other words, does she play netball? Or maybe rounders? If not, she probably sits in an office all day doing filing, in which case she won't be wearing short skirts.

2) What makes her laugh?
If it's something clever like *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* or *Have I Got News For You*, forget it. Go for the ladies that like Gordon the Gopher and have Snoopy wallpaper and bedcovers.

3) What is her favourite food?
If it's sweets forget it – that's childish. I always prefer ones that like Big Macs and milkshakes and popcorn. Candyfloss is a good indicator, too.

4) What is her favourite film?
My personal favourite tester this one. A nice mature girl has shunned the childish trappings of youth and has a highly developed taste of what's right. So go for *Cinderella* or *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* fans, or girls – er, women – who like that *Beverly 90210* thing.

5) What music does she like?
The older woman likes the finer things in life like George Michael, Take That! or New Kids On The Block, or so I've been told. Warning signs include anything classical.

6) What does she do to relax?
I always go for the sort of girl who can make her own entertainment, and likes to use her mind, her imagination. My current girlfriend spends hours and hours playing pretend farmyard games with her My Little Pony set and making lots of trees out of Play-Doh.

7) What are her favourite clothes?
Well, for a gala event, like the release of a new Stones album or my new book, I like something refined and classy that reflects both her maturity and worldly political beliefs. A ra-ra skirt and white socks are ideal.

8) What annoys her most?
If it's the value of her shares going down or rain on Ascot day, steer well clear of her. But if she comes home saying she's been given far too much history homework or crying her eyes out because Jason Donovan and Kylie aren't number one any more, then that's the one to go for, innit?

9) What does she borrow from her mother?
If it's the Jag or her Gold Amex card, forget it. If it's her earrings, perfume or fags, then you know you're onto a winner. Or you soon will be.

10) Finally, what's her favourite meal?
Only one contender here, fellas – alphatabetti spaghetti on toast with a cool glass of Ribena and jelly and ice cream to finish. Yummy!

Well, I hope that's been of some use. And apart from my very short marriage and court case and the ensuing legal expenses I had to pay and the fact I have become a figure of ridicule, going out with a young girl has done me no harm whatsoever. ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Maria Clarke

Right, you lot! After last month's photo-session I got so many dirty letters from Club readers telling me what they wanted to do with me, I thought that would have to be the last time I appeared in just my lingerie, after all, a girl can take just so much.

But then I read them all over again, and guess what? I started getting all hot under the collar — and hot somewhere else, too!

In fact, I got so turned on I just had to have a hot, soapy bath and an early night. And if all that sounds a bit boring for such a randy girl like me, don't worry — you should've seen what I got up to! I was making more waves than a Mexican crowd at a football match, and even my rubber duck was grinning by the end of it!

So here I am again: undressed, unashamed and unfulfilled! So keep those letters coming — just so I can!

Until next month...

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I've loved all your sexy layouts so far, but I'd really love to see you dressed as a traffic warden!

Your luscious, curvy figure would really do justice to that kinky black uniform, even with your lovely red hair piled up under that severe cap, I know you'd be a sight for sore eyes.

I wouldn't even mind you slapping a warning on me! How about it? *– John, Hull*
That would be fine! But I don't think I'd be too popular with most of you guys, even if I did book you up! But I hope I'd find that a lot of you are like your cars – fast, racy and dirty, with your engines throbbing!

Dear Lucy,
In my fantasy, I come home from work to find you watching a naughty film on the telly.

You've got your legs spread over the arms of the chair and your eyes closed with pleasure as you slip your fingers into your knickers, rubbing your pussy as you watch the horny antics of the couple on screen.

I'm so turned on by the sight of you playing with yourself that I just stand there watching as you get more and more excited. But just as you start to come you notice me – what would happen next, Lucy? Because I always wake up from my dream at this point!*– Stan, Newbury*
Such modesty! Well, Stan, I would probably blush bright red and try to cover my embarrassment! But I guess if I was that turned on, anything could happen – and with any luck it probably would! ♣

music

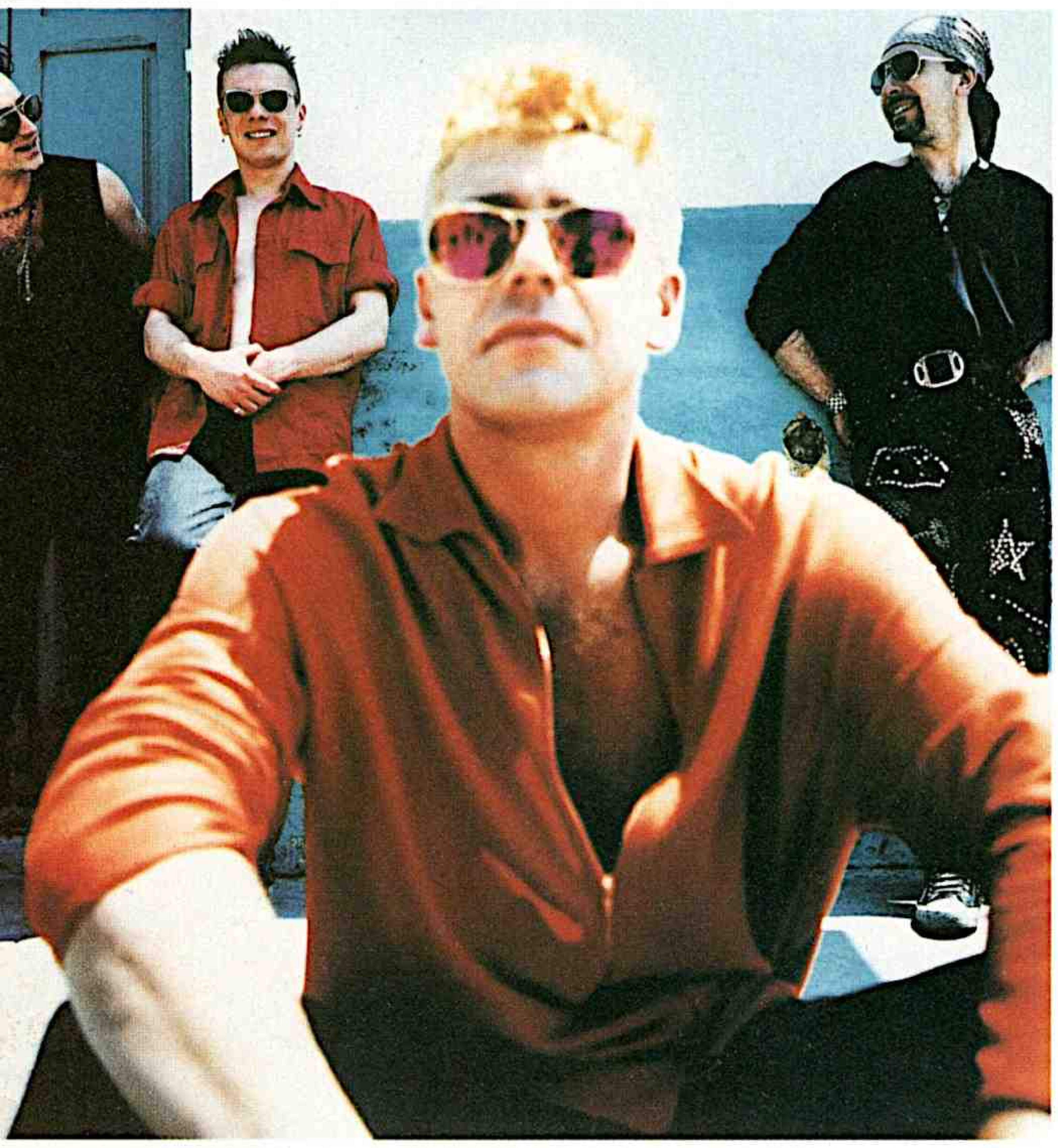
MONDAY MOURNING

James T Bone, the man who is to music what Cindy Crawford is to precision tool making, delivers another sizzlin' look at the mad, bad world of pop...

It's been a tough twelve months for the **Happy Mondays**. After the recording of their last LP, *Yes Please*, was held up in Barbados due to singer Shaun Ryder's health problems (yeah, right) – and the subsequent panning it received – the singer says he's ready to give the band a rest for a couple of years. Citing 'ego problems' amongst his cohorts, plans already afoot include a solo single: a radical reworking of the Blue Mink classic, *Melting Pot*. We reckon *I Don't Like (The Other) Mondays*, would be better. But then no-one asked us.

*Separated at birth?: **Siobhan Fahey** from Shakespears Sister and **Edward Scissorhands**.*

● News also reached us of the demise of **Factory Records**, home to not only the Happy Mondays, but New Order and Electronic too. Founded over ten years ago by Tony Wilson, the Manchester-based label's difficulties were partly blamed, surprise surprise, on the poor sales of the last Mondays LP. Thanks, Shaun. Not so clever now are we?



U2: playing in a Zoo near you soon...

● Irish rockers **U2** bring their hi-tech ZooTV tour to these shores in August. A string of dates have been booked at large outdoor venues in Glasgow, Newcastle and London.

Five years ago, U2 played a series of gigs at Wembley Stadium that were witnessed by almost a quarter of a million people; but their last London concert was a single date at Earl's Court in August 1992, with demand for tickets far exceeding the 12,000 capacity that the venue could handle. The ensuing debacle saw tickets exchanging hands for up to £400 a pair on the night, despite a brilliantly elaborate yet crap computerised system that meant fans had to bring ID to purchase tickets in the first place.

A similar scam on a lesser scale was adopted by indie darlings **Suede** on their last tour. They deliberately played smaller, more intimate venues that sold out weeks in advance, thus creating a 'buzz' in the music press. Smart-arsed buggers.

● **Lisa Stansfield** is taking her old record company to court. Sovereign Music of Sutton Coldfield planned to release an album of songs that our Lisa recorded when she was just 18 years old. Now at the ripe old age of 26, Rochdale's finest claims that she doesn't want her fans getting ripped off by paying extortionate prices, and says she'll sue for damages if any of the songs are released. Nothing to do with the fact that they're crap and might ruin your career dear, oh no. Perish the thought.

● Hippest compilation of the year has to go to the London-based **Talkin' Loud** label. *Talkin' Loud Volume Two* features tracks from Galliano, Omar and The Young Disciples. It's a dangerously funky album that has more brilliant artists than the Tate Gallery; and at a recession-beating price of under a tenner for the CD. Get it with the Boots voucher your gran gave you for Christmas and really piss her off.

● A sign on a burger bar in Athens, Georgia that inspired local band **REM** to name their new LP *Automatic For The People* was nicked last month. The thieves, obviously racked with guilt, returned the sign a few days later with an apology and a $10 bill to cover damages. Marvellous, innit. Can't imagine Rolling Stones fans popping back to the hotel and apologising for smashing it up, can you? Big ponces.

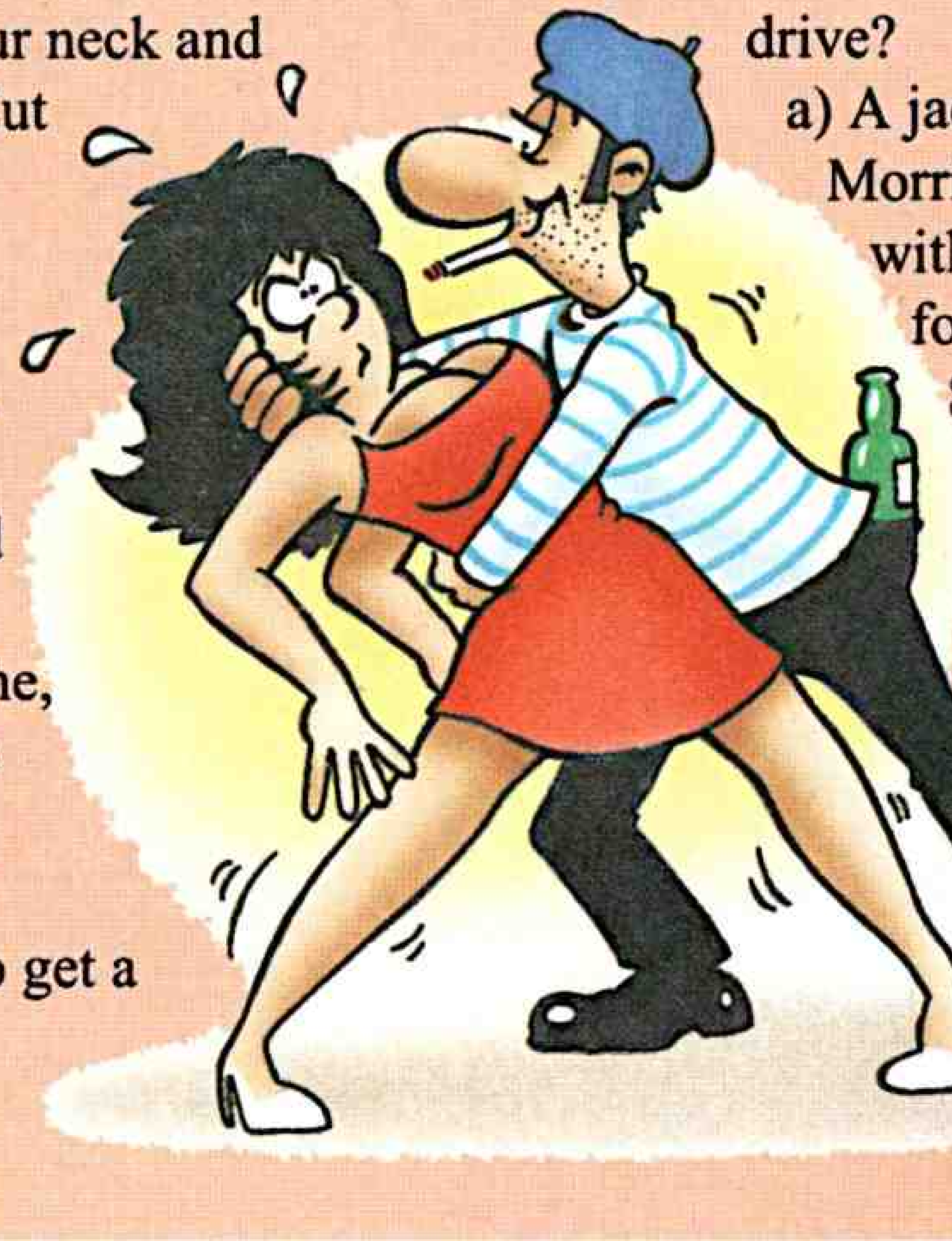
● After Prince's mega-deal with Time Warner ($39 million and a place on the board of directors) and Madonna's with Sire Records (same dosh and her own record, film and media company, *Maverick*), news reaches us of **Elton John's** new mega-contract with Warner Chappell Ltd. The publishing company have

REM: Would you mess with a

quiz

ARE YOU FRENCH?

As ties with Europe become closer, more and more people are suddenly becoming French. Have you fallen victim to this alarming trend? Find out with **Dr Stig O'Hara**...



It is frighteningly easy, as we all know, to wake up one morning only to find out you have become French. Suddenly you're munching on garlic for breakfast, cycling to work with onions round your neck and saying "Zut alors!" loudly at board meetings. To help you avoid such a catastrophe, and make another desperate attempt to get a cheap laugh by attacking foreigners, we have put together our very own scratch 'n' sniff guide to detecting the early warning signs as quickly as possible.

1) What sort of car do you drive?

a) A jacked up Morris Marina with twelve extra fog lights and Starsky and Hutch paintwork.

b) A red BMW.

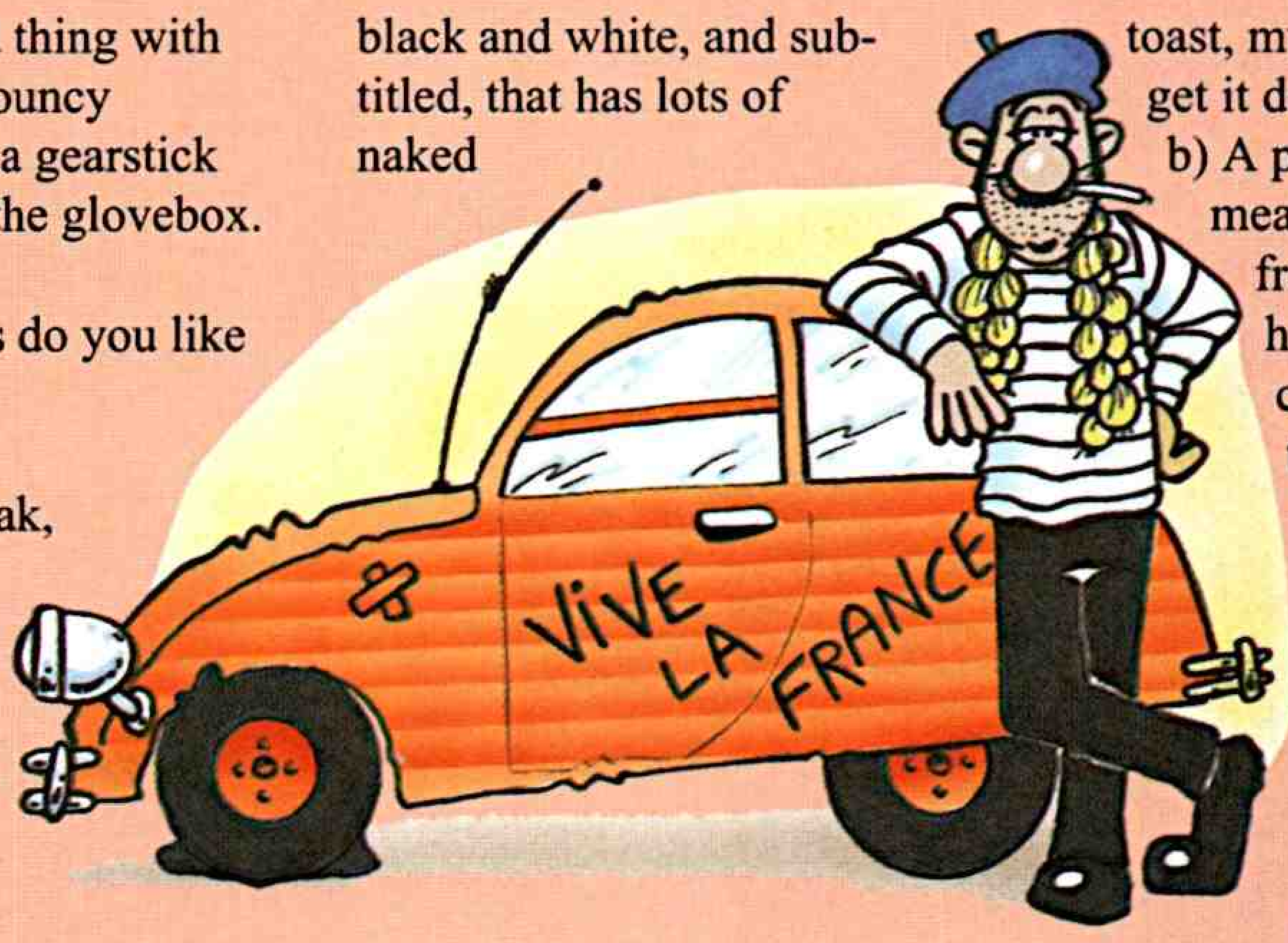
c) A wanky

little corrugated thing with bicycle tyres, bouncy suspension and a gearstick that comes out the glovebox.

2) What records do you like to listen to?
a) Anything by Wham!, Shakatak, or Miami Sound Machine.
b) Something by Kraftwerk or The Scorpions.
c) A clapped out ex-cabaret singer from the 50s with greasy, scraped-over hair, a purple velvet dinner jacket and a voice like old syrup with rust floating in it.

3) If you met a beautiful girl one evening, what would your chat-up line be?
a) Hello darling, you seen my pit bull?
b) Hello. I have two bicycles.
c) Ah, ma cherie! What is your name – no, don't tell me. It is something beautiful, like moonlight. And your hair, so fine and golden... you are a model, no?

4) You take her to see a film, what would it be?
a) Anything with Bruce Willis in it.
b) A badly dubbed American spaghetti Western.
c) Anything desperately arty, black and white, and subtitled, that has lots of naked bonking and painfully long shots of sinks, beds or ashtrays, with an accordion playing in the background.



5) You both fancy something to eat afterwards, but where would you take her?
a) Straight to the nearest Indian for a crate of Carlsberg and a curry hot enough to corrode marble.
b) Just back home to eat sausages.
c) To a streetside cafe to drink bottle after bottle of red wine, listen to a wild gypsy violinist scrape *Je Ne Regrette Rien* and inadvertently become extras in a Renault advert.

6) So you end up in bed together. What would you make her for breakfast?
a) Sausage, eggs, beans, bacon, Frosties, mushrooms, toast, mug of tea – but get it down the cafe.
b) A plate of luncheon meat and a pint of frothy lager in a huge tankard.
c) Six croissants that leave more mess than they actually weigh, a bowl of thick, black coffee, 20 fags and a beret. Then sit on the veranda in bathrobes eating it without cutlery.

7) Where would you take her for a surprise day out?
a) To a football match to stand in the freezing wind and rain and watch Wankdale Wanderers get beaten by the Boy Scouts Second XI.
b) To a beer cellar to sit at a long wooden bench and smash tankards with total strangers all night while singing patriotic songs.
c) To a local park with a group of grumpy 60-year-old men, where you lob shiny metal balls underarm at another stationary shiny metal ball two feet away, and completely miss.

8) Right. So if somebody mentioned 'Waterloo', what would spring to mind?
a) A train station in London.
b) That groovy hit by top swingers Abba that come from Sweden, which is quite near Germany.
c) A grossly misreported battle between a hugely overrated English army who only beat the French because Wellington had the wind behind him and a bigger hat than Napoleon.

9) What makes you laugh?
a) Jim Davidson, Little and Large, *You've Been Framed.*
b) Other people paying to holiday in Germany.
c) Seeing English lorry drivers being refused entry into Dieppe, the England football team losing to France and Marcel Marceaux doing his hilarious 'Walking Against A Strong Breeze' routine.

Well, how was it for you? If you have not already gone down to your local bar to laugh at foreigners and kick stray dogs there still might be some hope. Still, best to be on the safe side and check your score.

Mostly As: No real problem here. Clearly you are not too well versed in the subtleties of romance, the skill of cordon bleu cookery or appreciation of classical art. However, at least you're not French.

Mostly Bs: Again not French, but sadly you *are* German. You are further away from France than Britain, but you could still drive there and therefore you are more likely to bump into a Parisian than we are.

Mostly Cs: Irretrievably French. It's frogs, francs and Pernod frappes for you, mon vieux fils. You also consume vast quantities of Le Piat D'Or, wash in cognac, gesticulate wildly and are incredibly arrogant. Dur fromage, matey. ♣

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paid Elton and his writing partner Bernie Taupin a whopping $40 million in a deal that gives the company all his songs from 1974 and rights to his next six albums. Sad, isn't it? Just think, there's another *six* fucking LPs from our Reg. ♣

band who wear tweed shirts?

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

heap to join us, madly licking us both all over.

So there we were, all three of us moaning and coming together, our cunt juices mingling with the cascading water as we lay there panting.

Eventually, we got out of the shower and dried each other off before heading home our separate ways. Now we re-enact that evening after every lesson. We think there's another girl in our group who'll be up for a bit of fun too, it's just getting the nerve to ask her. But I promise to let you know how it goes! *– Jayne, Taunton*

Soldier Blue!

I'm an officer in the army, and recently I was told to keep the wife of a visiting commander entertained while her husband attended some meetings with my superiors.

Rachel was about forty, with long, brown hair tied up in a bun and a beautiful figure that turned quite a few heads. I escorted her around the city for hours, showing her all the interesting places and famous old buildings. That afternoon, we spotted a quiet restaurant in a back street, and decided to go back there that night.

We met up later that evening. Rachel was wearing a tight, black, low-cut dress, and every time she laughed her tits would jiggle so much it was all I could do to keep my eyes off her quivering cleavage – and my conversation away from sex!

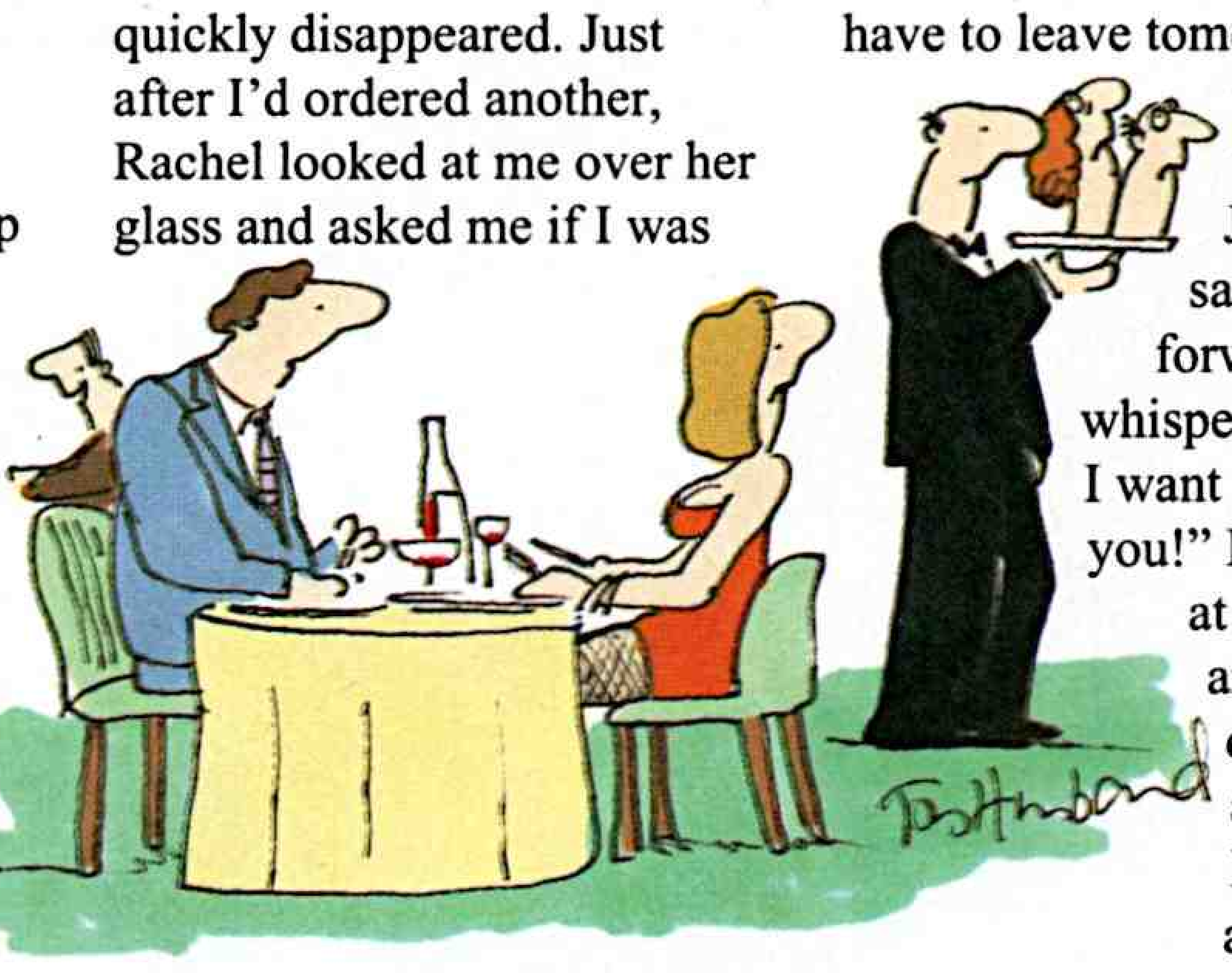
The restaurant wasn't very busy that night, which just made the whole situation more intimate. We had a table in the corner, away from any prying eyes, and our first bottle of wine quickly disappeared. Just after I'd ordered another, Rachel looked at me over her glass and asked me if I was getting much sex.

"I beg your pardon?" I spluttered, nearly choking on my drink, but as I stared at her brown eyes in the candlelight I realised she was serious.

"Well, as it happens, no!" I confessed. "You don't really get many beautiful women sharing your bed when you're in the army. That's why it's so nice to be with you now," I told her.

"I only asked because I have to leave tomorrow, and I want you tonight, Jim," she said. Leaning forward, she whispered, "Look, I want to fuck you!" I just stared at her in amazement, delighted amazement I grant you, as she looked around and then disappeared under the table.

A moment later I felt a hand tug down my zipper and a soft, wet mouth engulf my dick! Soon it was as hard as



"He'll be the head waiter..."

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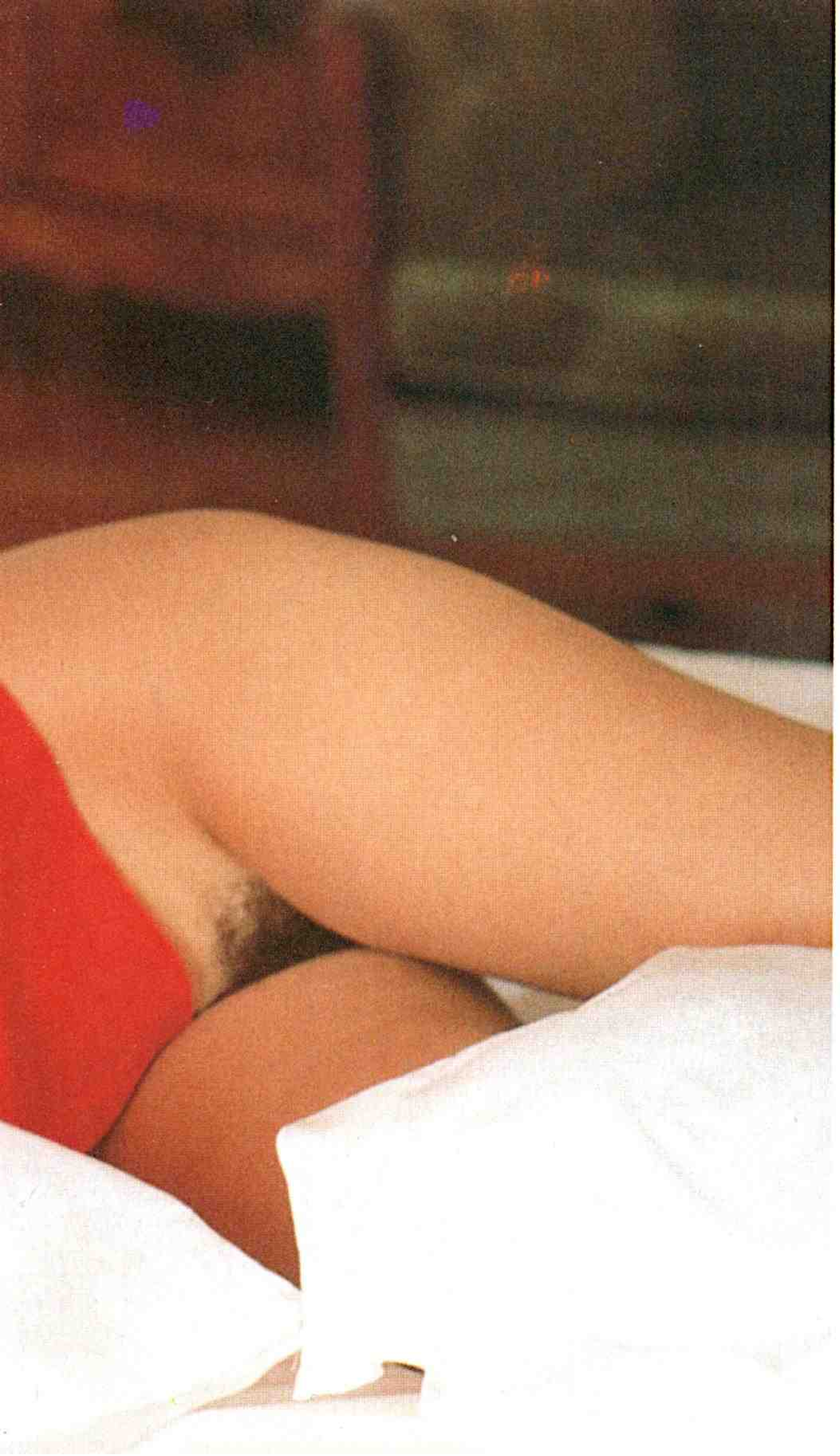
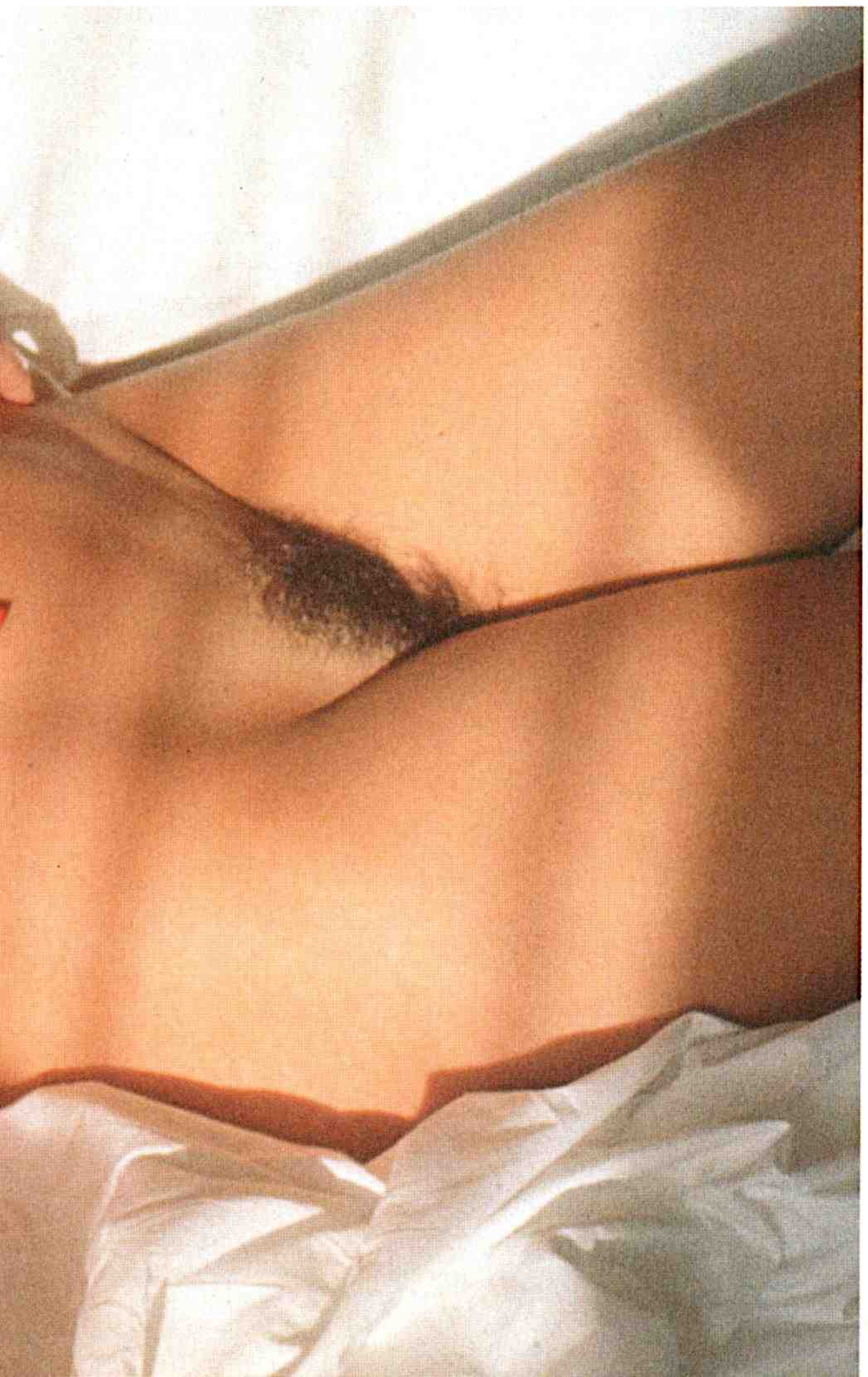
claudia

Photographs by Paolo Tallorigo

French-born Claudia has come to England to get what she can't get enough of in Paris.

"I just love English men! All my French boyfriends have been so dull in bed that I cannot wait to get my hands on some of you boys out there. And as I hate going out and getting out of bed, that only leaves staying in... doesn't it?"♣





campaign

ROOFLESS PEOPLE

How can one national treasure be preserved and another saved from a fate worse than EuroDisney? Only Clubbies have the answer…

What to do? Here is Windsor Castle, one of our oldest and most beautiful thingies, gutted by fire and now more roofless than Al Capone. But who's to pay for the repairs? Us lot? Them lot? We've come up with a few ideas that might not only keep everyone happy, but even earn us a knighthood.

The Windsor Swap

Perhaps the most logical idea. As Windsor Safari Park is giving over some of its land to the Lego company to build a Toytown thing, why not get them to move up the road just a little bit and repair the roof of the castle using lots of tiny, multi-coloured plastic bricks? They could use Meccano for the supporting beams and move it all there on a Hornby train set! Yeah! And, and, and then like, you could stick it all together with plasticine! Or maybe not.

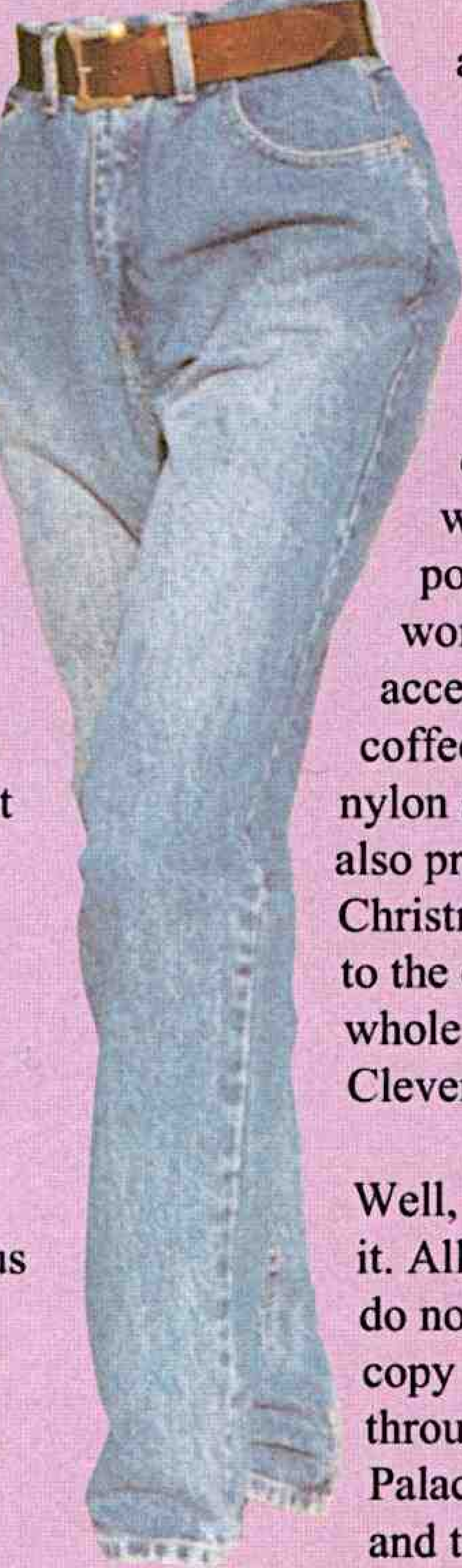
The Bros Album Idea

Quite possibly the most environmentally sound plan short of actually burying the Goss twins themselves and using them as compost. Simply glue all their records together into one massive V shaped cone, turn it upside down and then plonk it on top of Windsor Castle. Very unfeasible, we know, but it would be well worth doing just to piss the boys off and embarrass all the pathetic individuals that bought their sodding records in the first place, don't you think?

The Euro-Blitz Open Air Show

Just rope together all the whingeing old biddies that drone on and on about how bloody lovely it was in the last war when everyone got together in the underground and sang George Formby songs only to pick their way through the rubble back to their burning, hollowed out homes to cheerily make a nice cup of tea round the piano and Brylcreem the cat. Then put them in the castle and let them re-live their bloody experiences until they realise it wasn't quite so sodding marvellous after all. Right, that's got that off my chest.

The Snowash Effect



Run round every shop in Britain that still sells stretch or snowash jeans (or Iceland where they're still terribly popular) and say you're from the Fashion Police and are confiscating every pair. Then get all the old dears (see above) to sew them up and put them on the roof. This would not only rid the world of possibly the worst fashion accessory since coffee-coloured nylon shirts but also provide a nice Christmassy look to the castle the whole year round. Clever, eh?

Well, that's about it. All we have to do now is pop a copy of Club through the Palace letterbox and then wait for the big red Club phone to ring with that all important call from you-know-who with our medals and a nice cushy job for life running the British Embassy in somewhere hot like Malta. See ya, folks! ♣

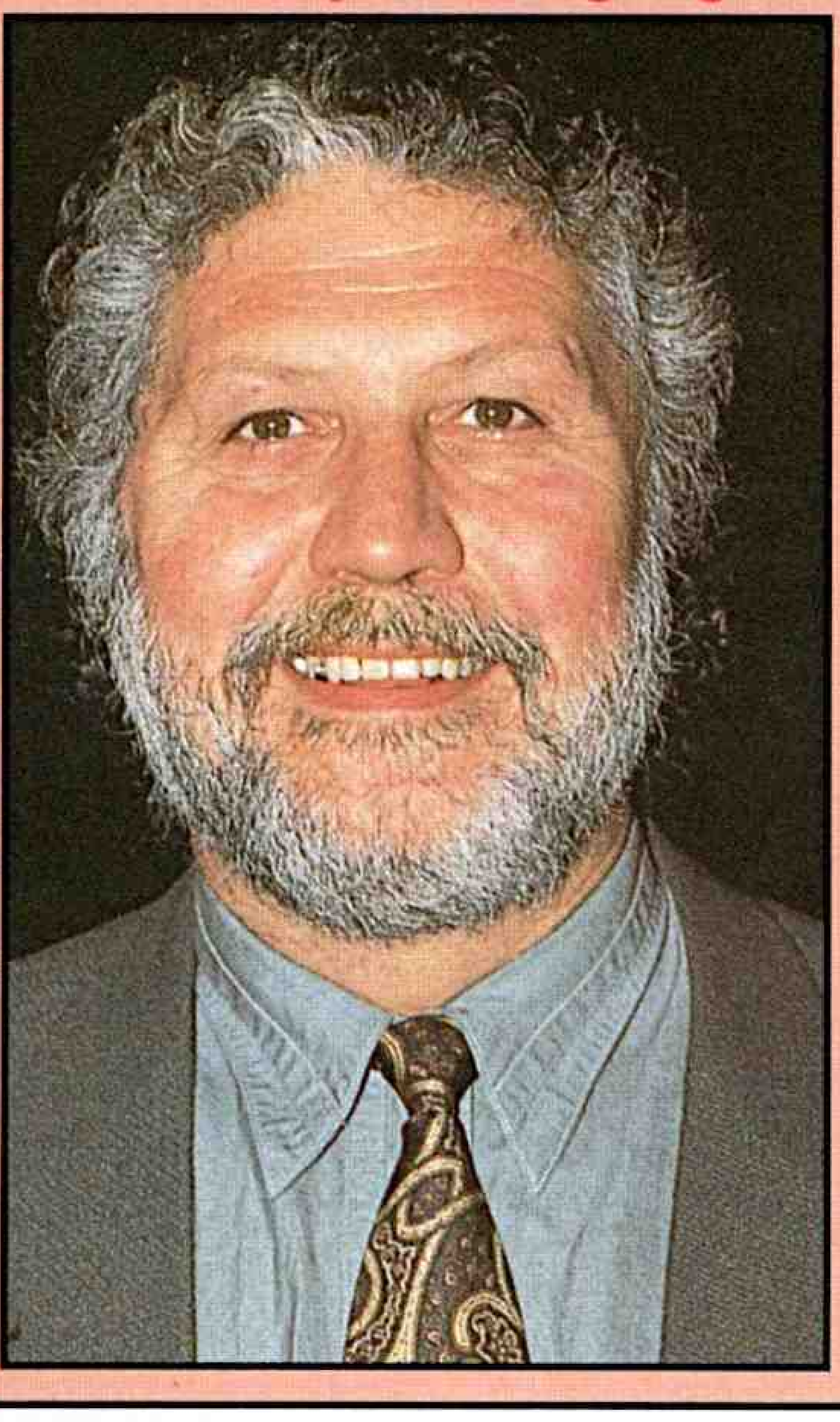
THE WORLD AS I SEE IT, MATE…

This month, top DJ and self-confessed hairy cornflake **Dave Lee Travis** gives us a ray of hope and a few guidelines on how to get by

Howdy mates. You know, it's a funny old world. Isn't it a funny old world? I was driving in today in my funny old Aston Martin from me funny old farm for me totally mad Saturday morning bonkers breakfast slot and I thought, it's a beautiful world and you know, I guess it's the only world we've got… quite literally.

You know, I like to think we're all in this big old boat together, chaps and chapesses. So let's make the best of a bad bunch of it all and go on, give the lady in your life – or the fella – that extra special mornin' hug. Smashin'.

But cor blimey and hang on a sec-a-mundo, shipmates! Are we gettin' a bit serious here, or what? No tears now or you'll get me going too! But – hey! What's going on in here? Stop mucking about you lot! Honestly, Mike my producer has just come into the studio with – what is that on your head? One of those hats with a big spongey hammer coming out of it? You're mad, mate!



Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, oh dear me, stop, ha-ha-ha-ha. I don't know! Ha-ha-ha-ha! It's like a madhouse in here I tell you! You ought to be locked up, sir! Streuth and bonkers! Worse than Noel Edmonds!

You've made me lose me place now – you nutters! I really don't know, oh dear, oh dear, where I was I, oh yes, today's Featured Classic Artist is a personal favourite of mine and comes from the King's Arms in Dorset who are on the phone right now as I speak with me 'Treble Top' dedication with "Snooker On The Radio" for all you newly weds out there, on line one from The Carpenters…♣

IN THE BAG

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steel as she slurped on it, hidden by the floor length tablecloth.

I was getting close to shooting my load when the waiter came back with the wine and asked if I was all right.

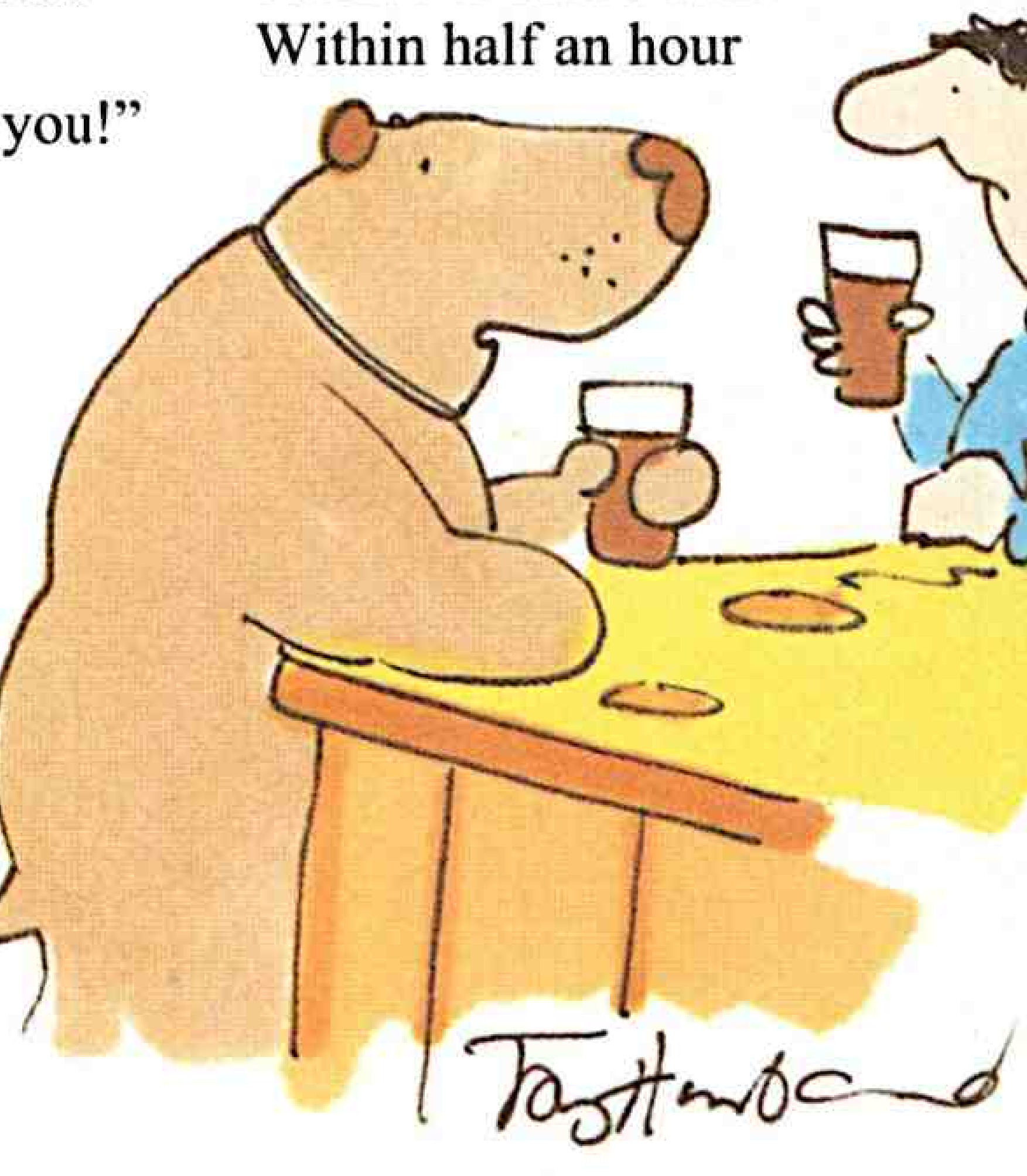
"Yes, just fine thank you!" I said far too loudly, desperate to cover the noise of Rachel's slurping.

The waiter bowed out and left us to it. Meanwhile, Rachel could obviously tell how close I was getting, as she sucked madly until I spurted in her mouth, gripping the sides of the table with both hands and forcing a smile through gritted teeth at the couple a few tables away.

After she'd drank me dry, she sat back in her chair and tucked a wisp of hair away from her face, then picked up her drink as if nothing had happened.

"So, do you still want to stay here and eat?" she asked. Without another word I got up and grabbed her by the hand, slapping some money on the table and rushing outside to hail a taxi. Within half an hour we had booked into a hotel and were in our room quickly ripping each other's clothes off and smothering each other with wet kisses.

I was in a frenzy, and



"His wife wouldn't let him out, so I thought, why should I suffer?"

falling to my knees I grabbed hold of her bum and pushed my face into her soft pubes, my tongue pressing against her clit. I could feel her hands grab the back of my head and pull me harder into her.

I looked up. Her head was thrown back and her hair cascaded over her shoulders and tits as my tongue wriggled around her cunt. Just then I felt her tremble and clutch my head even tighter; she let out a gasp as she came, her love juices dribbling over my tongue.

After I'd drunk every drop, I stood up and carried her in my arms to the big double bed near the window.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I whispered. By way of an answer, Rachel pushed me down on the bed and sat astride my cock.

"What do you think?" she grinned, and gripping hold of my tool, guided it into her sopping fanny. Then she started moving, crouching over me, slowly rocking back and forth to start with, then faster and faster as we found our natural rhythm.

"Oh God yes! Faster, Jim, faster!" she urged me, her eyes shut tight as she took every inch of my cock into her. I held her hips as we bounced on the creaking bed. We could even hear the people next door banging on the wall to tell us to keep the noise down!

But all I could concentrate on was reaching up to suck on Rachel's tits as she screamed the house down with orgasm after orgasm.

I knew neither of us could carry on much longer, and as I shot my load into Rachel, she fell onto me, kissing me and pushing her hips down for the last time as my spunk flooded into her cunt.

We knew we would both be expected back at the barracks soon, so we had a quick shower, dressed and sneaked out of the hotel as quietly as possible. We found Rachel's car and sped back home.

I didn't see Rachel after that night, and didn't hear any more about that evening either until my chief called me into his office. I thought I had been found out and was going to be given my marching orders, but just the opposite. Apparently, Rachel had told her husband I had

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Christine

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Considering it was her first time in front of a camera, Christine certainly wasn't shy during her photosession. "I've found my vocation!" laughed the 22-year-old Mancunian afterwards. "I've had so many jobs I've lost count, but this is the first one that involved taking my clothes off, and I love it!

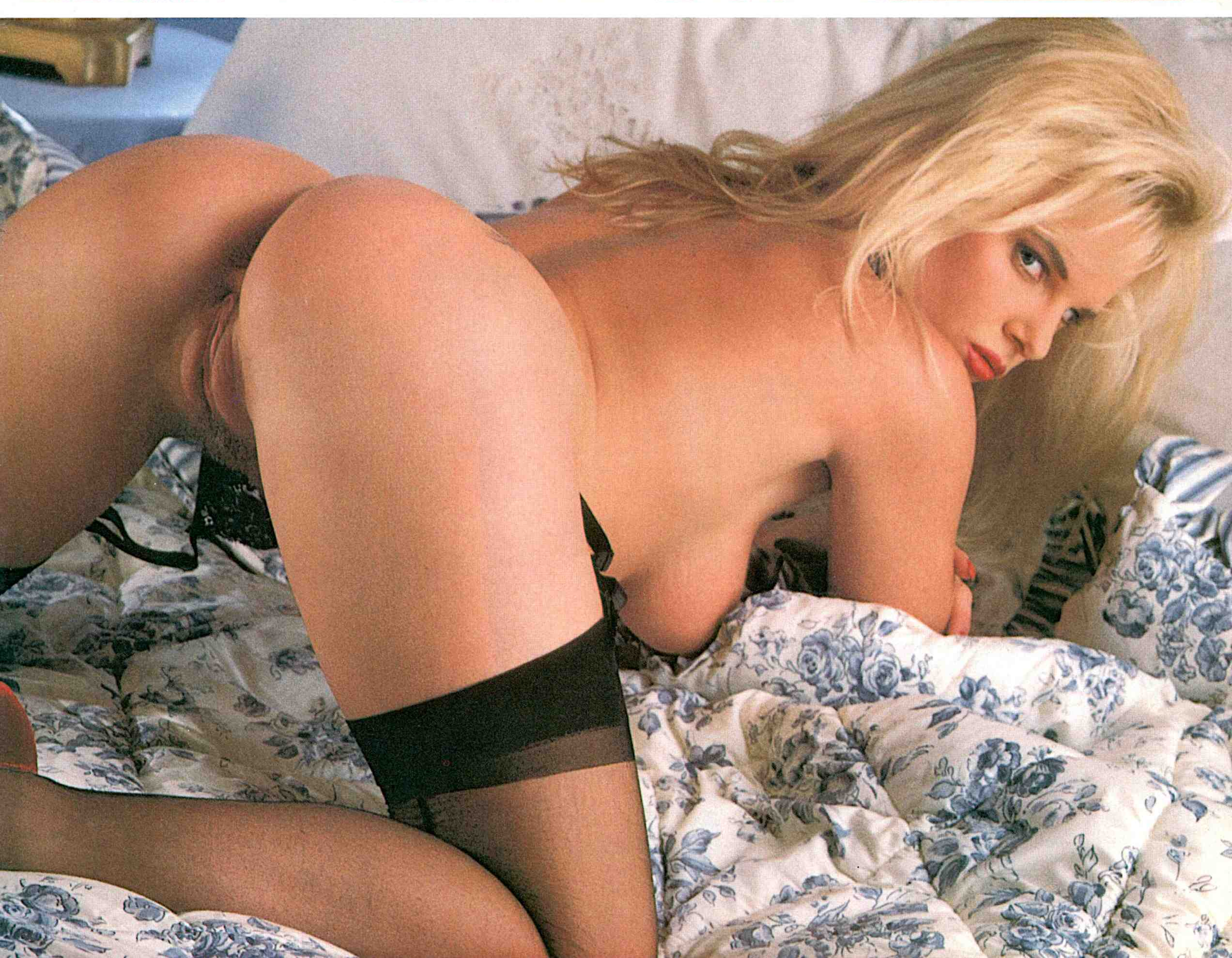
"I did a bit of fashion modelling work while I was at college, but I didn't like the clothes I

had to wear. This time the photographer said I could wear my own out-on-the-town things, as long as I took them off – and that was OK by me!

"I'll admit I was a bit nervous before the shoot, but I couldn't believe how natural it felt as I started to take my clothes off and put my bottom in the air for the camera.

Every girl should try it, it feels so good and sexy!

"I ended up feeling so randy, I played with my pussy right there in front of the photographer! I can't believe I did that... but actually I can't wait to do it again!" What do you think guys – should we let her? ♣



IN THE BAG

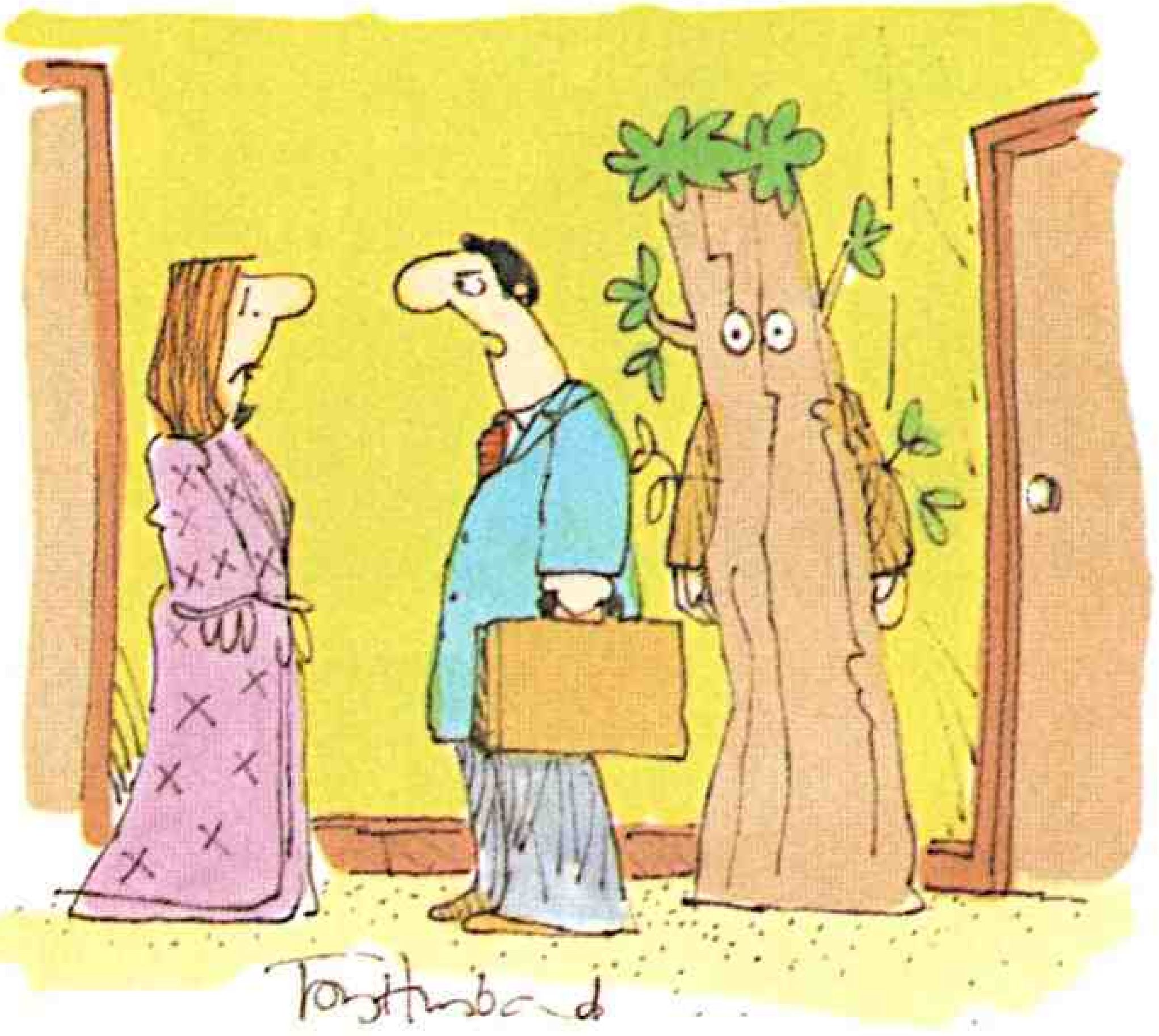
continued from page 29

'looked after her' very well and I was to be officially thanked. What a woman – and what a relief! – *Jim, Cambridge*

Oooh, Carla!

Seeing those pictures of Carla in Vol 21 No 13 sent my cock into overdrive – and gave me the horniest dreams I've ever had!

Every night I imagine I hear a knock at the door, dragging me out of the bath. I open the door only to find you standing there, Carla. You say you're doing a sex survey for Club and wonder if I'll answer a few questions.



"What's this I hear about you and some camouflage expert?"

Forgetting that I'm just wearing a bathtowel, I lead you into the sitting room. I go to fix us a drink, and when I turn round you are taking off your coat and kicking off your shoes. You pat the seat next to you and I sit down.

Gulping, I answer all your questions until you put your pen down and ask me who I would most like to fuck in the whole world. I look into your eyes and say it's you, and before I've even finished the words you pounce on me, rip my clothes off and give me the shagging of my life!

It'll take more than one letter to tell you what we get up to, but when I do write it all down, I'll send you the book! – *Tony, Isle of Man*

Loving Thy Neighbour

My name is Karen, I'm 29 years old and in a state of almost constant arousal! I have a very high sex drive and I simply can't get enough of my husband Steve's cock.

Unfortunately, he's often away on business, so I have to satisfy my urges myself – usually with the help of my big collection of vibrators. But recently I've found a better solution – my hunky neighbour, Guy. And it all started quite by accident...

Steve was away yet again, so I'd gone out with the girls from work one evening to try and cheer myself up. After a while though I was getting even more fed up seeing all these couples getting it together, so I slipped out of the crowd and went home.

As I was driving back, thoroughly depressed, I noticed Guy at a bus stop. I pulled over and wound my window down.

"Fancy a lift, handsome?" I grinned.

"Well, that all depends. How far are you going?" he joked. I nearly said "All the way!" but I bit my lip and told him I was going home. He hopped in next to me and we sped off together.

I could imediately feel the attraction between us as I brushed his leg every time I changed gear. I told him about my miserable evening.

"Sounds as if you're getting a bit lonely, Karen," he said sympathetically as I stopped outside his house. "I'm not doing anything tonight either. Shall I come over later? We might as well be on our own together..." I smiled and said that that would be nice.

"See you about eight then?" he said, giving me one of those wicked smiles of his that got my cunt heating up.

I only had about an hour to get ready, and I decided if Steve was up to no good I'd never hear about it, so I might as well make the most of my freedom. I dressed

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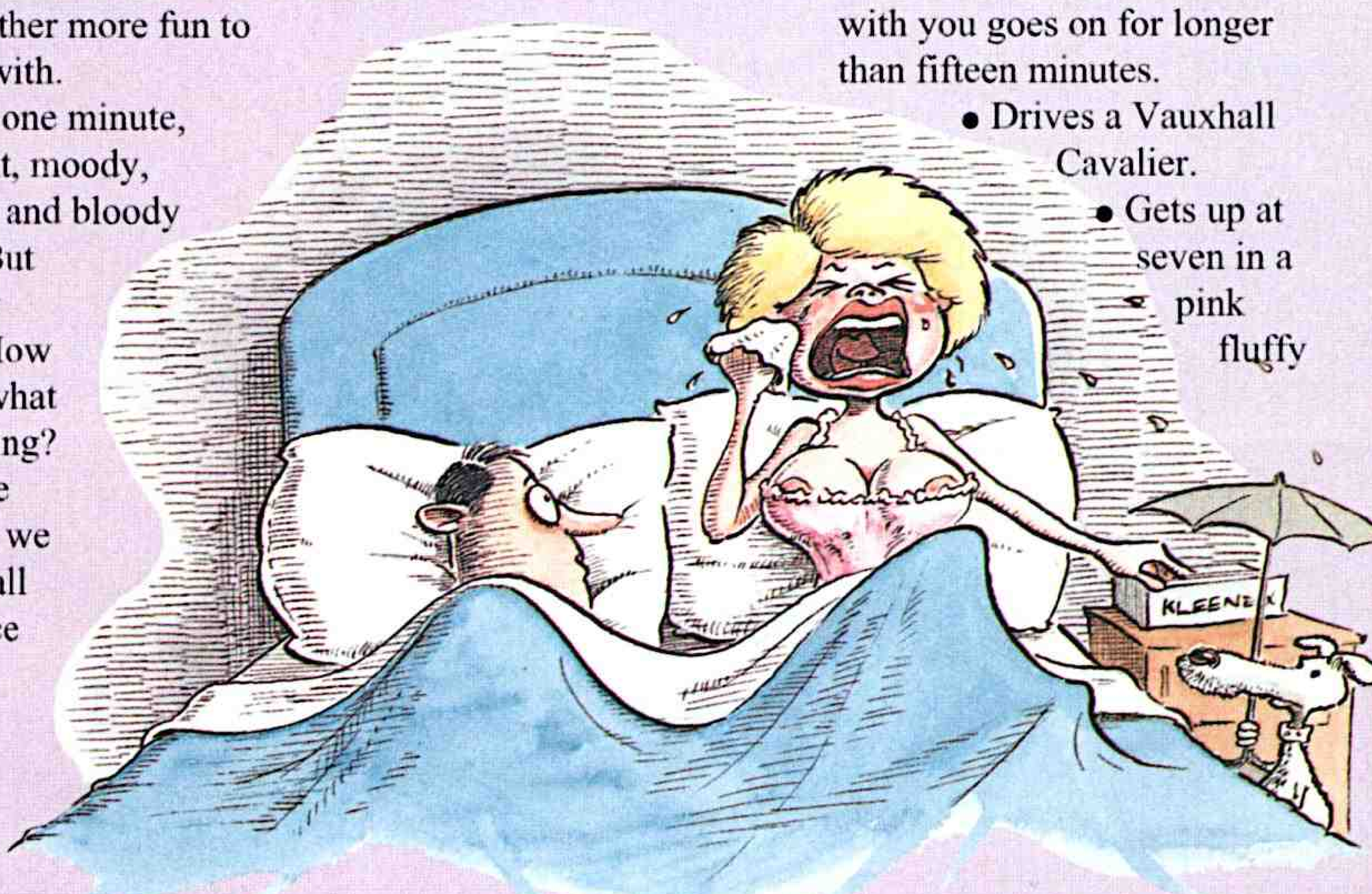
women

CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM...

Is it possible to understand women? Yes, but only if you read our guide by **Anton Uranus**!

Women are funny old things, aren't they? Sometimes they go slow, sometimes too quickly, one moment making a terrible racket and the next sitting quietly in the corner, and they're extremely difficult to understand: much like a programmable CD player, but rather more fun to play around with.

They're up one minute, down the next, moody, unreasonable and bloody impossible. But what are they *really* like? How can you tell what they're thinking? Well, to make things easier, we have pooled all our experience together to give you a little insight into how they work. Possibly.



1) You know your girlfriend is about to leave you when:

- You come home early and she's taping your records.
- She hasn't asked you what you want for your birthday.
- She says things like. "Oooh, why don't you invite that nice mate of yours Terry round..."
- You've got no crockery left in one piece.
- You see her on *Kilroy* talking about how she would like to strangle her boyfriend and then sell him for medical research.

2) You know when a girl you meet in a bar fancies you when she:

- Doesn't walk off/swivel round/laugh.
- Is actually interested in what you're saying.
- Gives you her phone number, and it's her real one.
- Sits so close to you that you can feel her breath on your eyelashes.

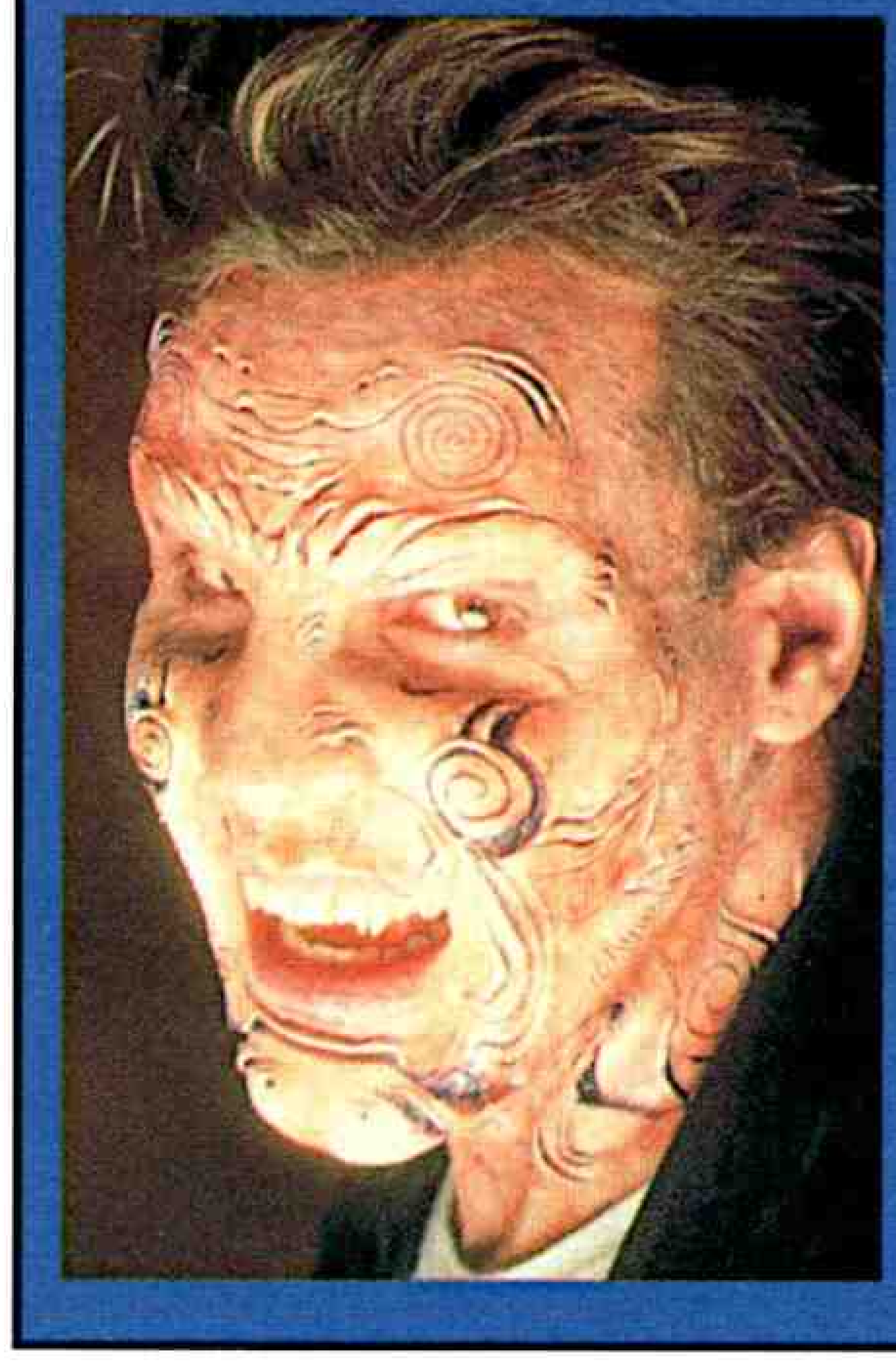
3) You know the woman you are in bed with is married when she:

- Can't believe it when sex with you goes on for longer than fifteen minutes.
- Drives a Vauxhall Cavalier.
- Gets up at seven in a pink fluffy

WORRA NIGHT!

He's a cult is Clive Barker. A right one. So's David Cronenberg. If you put the two of them together, you don't just get a right pair of cults; but a petrifying new movie called *Nightbreed*. It's a blood-chilling ride into the dark recesses of the mind brought to you courtesy of two of the world's most acclaimed purveyors of horror.

Written by Barker, it stars Cronenburg as a freaky doctor with a rather unpleasant bedside manner; but more importantly the film boasts a rather large number of nubile women who can do rather amazing things with their bodies: Olga Korbut ain't got nothing on these babes!



Sexy, silly and just a little bit sick, it's our kinda viewing. Snuggle up in front of this with your loved one, and she'll be clinging to you tighter than Karen Carpenter's slimming corset, believe us.

Naturally, we've got ten

nightie, makes a cooked breakfast for you and goes, "Yes, dear," at everything you say.

- Makes you sandwiches for work.
- Asks what time you'll be home and hopes you'll have a nice day.

4) You know your girlfriend wants to get married when she:

- Watches *When Harry Met Sally* constantly.
- Squeezes your arm and bawls her eyes out whenever you walk past a jeweller's.
- Says things like, "My mum thinks you're wonderful, you know."
- Or, "Have you ever loved anyone more than me?"
- Buys *The Lady In Red* by Chris de Burgh or *Hello* by Lionel Ritchie and insists they were recorded for the both of you.
- You wake up and she's sitting there crying and when you ask what's wrong she says, "Nothing's wrong. I'm just so *happy*..."

5) You know everyone else knows about your affair when:

- People in the office wink and ask, "Have a nice night last night then did we?!" and jab you in the ribs with their elbow.
- Everyone calls you "Stud" at the office.
- People make you tea or coffee and say, "Shall I put some sugar in that for you? You know, to keep your *energy* level up!"
- Or say, "You look knackered. *'Up'* all last night were we, ha-ha-ha!"
- Your girlfriend rings up and the person taking the message says, "Which one are you, then?"

6) You know you've been chucked when:

- Everyone says, "Oh God, are you all right? You look awful!" like you're ill or something.
- Every time you ring your girlfriend she puts on a funny voice and pretends to be her father.
- You can identify with Dot Cotton from *Eastenders*.
- You find yourself walking round museums or art galleries in the middle of the afternoon on your own. And then you go to watch the latest Woody Allen film.

7) You know you've had a one night stand when:

- You wake up and you don't recognise the duvet.
- You start itching.
- You find yourself tiptoeing out of the room with all your clothes clutched to your chest desperately trying not to wake her.
- People say, "Did you then? Eh? Did you? Eh? Eh? C'mo on, you can tell me, you know!? Phwooaargh! Yeah!!"
- You consider going to church.

8) You know you're late home when:

- She's hiding behind the bedroom door with a frying pan above her head ready to lamp you one.
- She's been up all night polishing the rolling pin.
- The big hand is on the 12 and the little hand is on the five.
- The milkman is going home.
- Your dinner is in the cat, and the cat is in the oven.

(What the fuck do the last four of these have to do with understanding women, eh? – Th Ed.)

(Nothing, but I used up everything else I know about women in the first four. Sorry. – Anton Uranus.) ♣

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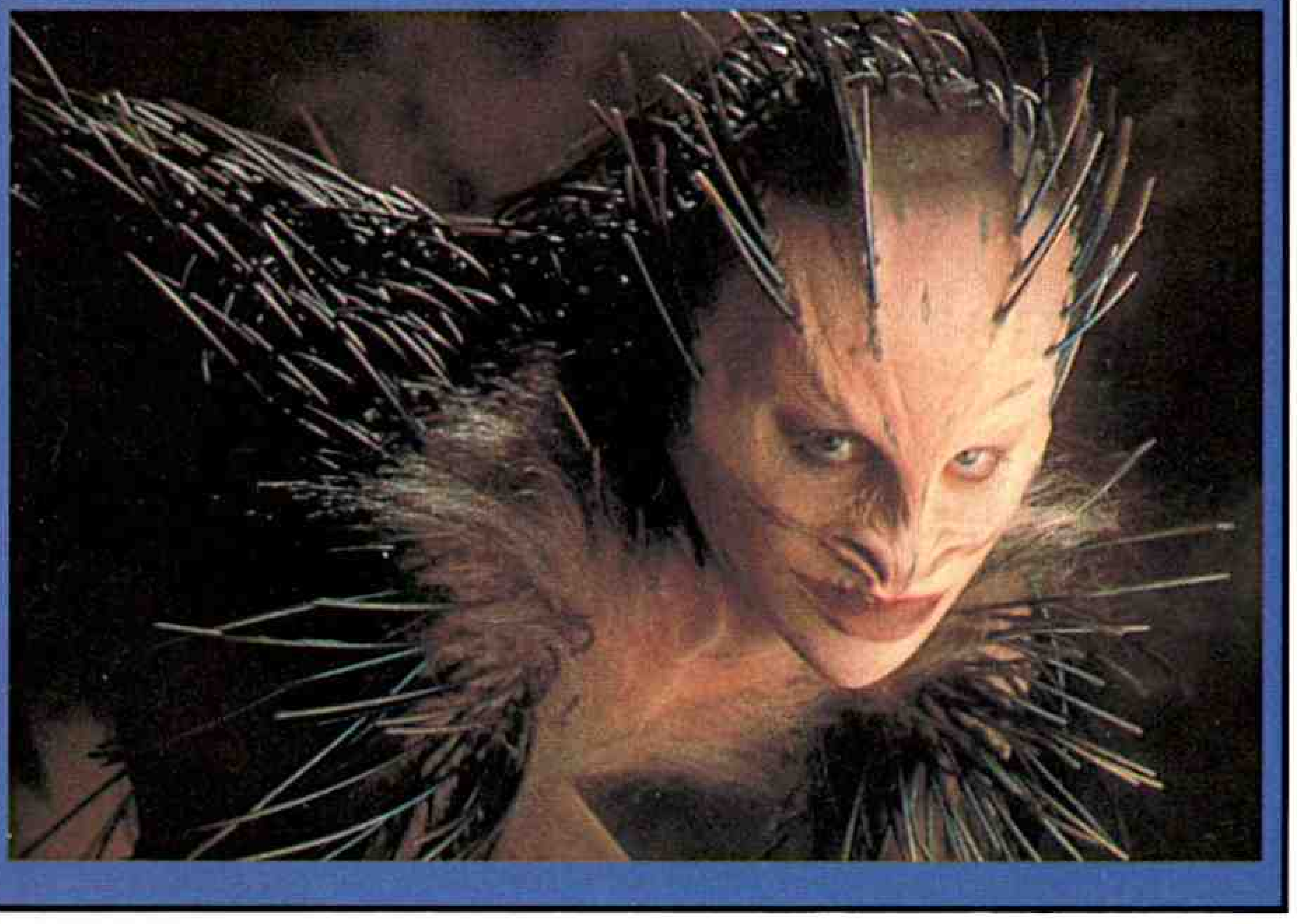
copies to give away, 'cos as you all know by now, we're terribly popular and we're always getting lots of freebie goodies to give away to you, our loyal and slightly smelly army of readers.

If you think you're hard enough to watch this video, then just write in and tell us which horror film is based on another of Barker's stories. Is it a) *Hellraiser*, b) *Brides of Frankenstein* or c) *Friday the 13th Part 44*?

Answers on a decapitated goat's head to Cult Competition, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. The first ten pulled out of a rotting sheep's brain win the goodies! ♣



WHAT'S THE WORD?

Ten words that don't exist, but probably should, so we don't all have to say 'ummm'

1) **Ermmling**
That embarrassing moment when you're all standing at the bar of your local pub in complete silence looking at your feet and mumbling, hoping someone else will get the first round in.

2) **Floozle**
The horrible last bit of something you always end up with. Like the very last chocolate in the box or the last bit of toothpaste in the tube, or the last ropey old boiler left in the club when all the lights go up and you're left standing alone.

3) **Wetdarlinged**
What happens to you when lots of elderly female relatives come round and then proceed to slobber over you like cattle.

4) **Arumbingum**
When your toothache mysteriously disappears as soon as you walk into the dentist's waiting room.

5) **Yoncer**
One of those bastards that *alway* say things like "Can you lend me 10p, it's just that I don't want to break into this pound, you know?" You know the sort, I'm sure. When you were at school they would never lend you their felt tip pens because they thought that you'd press down too hard and ruin them. Tight bastards, eh?

6) **Booraboora**
The noise your workmate makes when grunting along to the office stereo, trying to outsing Mick Hucknall.

7) **Yurken**
That wonderful feeling you get when the cashier puts the 'Position Closed' sign up just after she's served you. Not that it happens more than once per lifetime.

8) **Squartred**
The way your face goes when the fat slag you drunkedly shagged rings you up and tells you she's pregnant.

9) **Inhasuck**
The feeling you get when you prove to a know-it-all bastard that you're actually a lot smarter than they are.

10) **Flurble**
That urge you get when you pass an open pub. And you've just been paid. ♣

Photographs by Michael Moore

HELENA

After her debut in Club (Vol 21 No 12), so many of you wrote in asking to see more of Helena, we just had to oblige – even though there's not much you haven't all already seen before!

"All those naughty letters!" the sexy 22-year-old blushed. "I've been reading about ten every night for the past month, and I'm still only half way through! And I'm quite worn out

trying some of your sexy suggestions!"

What's this? Has one of you out there brought a glow to our innocent Helen's cheeks? You have? You lucky, lucky bugger... ♣

ANIMAL MAGIC

What's the connection between soccer and wildlife? Our man **Maurice Short** spends half an hour in Vinnie Jones' jockstrap...

Those of you who regularly run an eye over my forthright little column will know by now that I am never one to shy away from sticking my nose in when something sticky turns up. Which is why, while other sporting experts are bleating on about England's World Cup prospects, or Wee Willie Carling and his merry band of perverted professionals ("What did you do at the weekend, Peter?" "Oh just the usual, Bob. Spent 80 minutes with my head stuck between some bloke's thighs"), I am going to probe the puzzle that has perplexed man for generations – namely, the connection between soccer and animals.

What connection, you may well ask, aside from the obvious fact that Man City manager Peter Reid closely resembles cartoon canine Deputy Dawg? Well, take the players' nicknames for example. Amidst the trawler load of 'Wrighties', 'Brighties' and 'Knighties' we find Peter 'The Cat' Bonetti (so named because of his use of the famous 'Cat Flap' – a feeble and ineffectual attempt to deal with West German crosses during World Cup Quarter Finals); Emlyn 'Crazy Horse' Hughes (dubbed not in honour of the Sioux Indian chief, but after his manic playing style. Perhaps 'Deranged Donkey' would have been more accurate); Jack 'The Giraffe' Charlton; Tommy 'The Flying Pig' Lawrence; and Gary 'Rabbit Killer' Lineker. *'Rabbit Killer'*? Yes, it appears Britain's roving ambassador for football earned this sobriquet while playing for Barcelona. Some say this is because the phrase is the Catalan equivalent of 'the poacher'.

Peter 'Deputy Dawg' Reid

Gary 'Rabbit Killer' Lineker

Personally, I prefer to take the view that Lineker earned the title by sadistically slaughtering thousands of cuddly Spanish bunny-wunnies. Though I could be wrong.

Then, of course, there are the hundreds of robust midfielders routinely described as 'little terriers'. If my Aunt Nelly's scotty is anything to go on, this presumably means that David Batty and his ilk spend much of their time farting loudly and attempting to have sex with cushions.

● Many clubs too derive their sobriquets from our friends in the wildlife kingdom. Millwall are 'The Lions', Norwich 'The Canaries', while West Brom fans love their 'Throstles'. This is a type of thrush. Which might explain why some of their players are uncomfortable around the edge of the box.

In this area of the game, as in so many others, we lag far behind our continental counterparts. Abroad, the clubs are actually called after animals. The Finnish team Ilves Tampere translates as 'Wildcats Tampere' (what price 'Mad Moggies Middlesborough'?) and French club Chamois Niortais are named after the Alpine Mountain goat. Quite fitting really when you remember that Lee Chapman once played for them. Also, Avenir Beggen of Luxembourg have a badge which features a jolly little troll smiling away as he apparently enjoys carnal relations with a large football – nothing to do with animals admittedly, but I'm glad to get it off my chest.

● Next we come to the mascots. Many clubs seem to feel that an animal will bring good luck to the team. And it certainly seemed to in the case of the successful Carlisle United side of the Seventies. At Brunton park during those glory days the players were preceded onto the pitch by a stuffed fox. This was then placed in the centre circle to entertain the fans (if you're wondering how an unanimated version of Basil Brush could entertain anyone, then you obviously haven't been to Carlisle). Shortly after their promotion to the first division the fox disappeared, and the rest as they say, is history...

A similar penchant for dead animals is displayed by fans in El Salvador. They are pretty passionate about their football – they once fought a war with Honduras over a disputed goal in a World Cup qualifier. In a bid to ensure their heroes march on to victory, fans at the Cuscatlan Stadium usually bring a few deceased cats with them. Superstitious belief in the power of the recently departed? Voodoo? No, something far more practical.

Jack 'The Giraffe' Charlton

IN AND OUT

Terence Trendy's guide to what's hot and what's not

IN	OUT
Sexagesima	Valentine's Day
Cock sucking	Toe sucking
Keith Richards	Cliff Richard
Bunk beds	Futons
Basil Brush	Ed the Duck
Pig's Eye Pilsner	Tennent's Pilsner
Clogs	High heels
Dracula	*Frankenstein*
Claudia Schiffer	Linda Evangelista
Tight boxer shorts	Baggy pants
Big boobs	Pert paps ♣

The knowledge that the opposition goalkeeper seldom plays well when being pelted with feline stiffs. Brings a whole new meaning to the term 'pussy whipped'.

In the same part of the world, though on a slightly more conventional note, one of Bolivia's top teams have a vicuna as a mascot. This is an animal similar in appearance and temperament to Michael Jackson's old chum, the llama. Football fans claim that their vicuna is such a reliable footballing barometer that one glance at the expression on its face before the match is a sure-fire way of knowing the coming result. If it is smiling it means their team is going to win. On the other hand, it could simply mean the vicuna's just had its nose in a pile of Bolivia's most famous export.

● By far the best performance by a footballing animal occurred in none of these glamorous locations, however, but in the more homely environs of Windsor Park, Belfast during a Northern Ireland international match. Fans were entertained at half-time by the band of the Welsh Guards, accompanied as always by their mascot, a long-haired mountain goat.

As the band began to march off, the goat decided it simply couldn't wait to relieve itself and came to a sudden and embarrassing halt. The Sergeant Major who was leading it tried to budge his errant charge, but to no avail, with the result that the following bandsmen had to file around it in order to leave the pitch. This left the crowd with an unimpaired view of the billy goat crapping all over the touchline (and as one wag commented, this wasn't the first shit seen on the fields of Windsor Park). The goat eventually evacuated his bowels successfully and quickly trooped off after the band.

Sadly, no one thought to inform the ground staff of his behaviour, with the result that several minutes after the second-half kicked off the opposition winger went flying down the flank, slipped on the turd pile and skidded into touch. Upon which the Irish fans wittily chanted, "Goat shit! Aaaaaaaargh!" ♣

CLARISSA

Photographs by Maria Clarke

"My flatmate Anne says you guys love to see a well-filled bra," smiles curvy Clarissa, "so I hope my titties will bring a bulge to your boxer shorts!

"I've always imagined how sexy it would be to wrap them around a man's prick and wank him

off into my cleavage, but I've never experienced anything more adventurous than a quick fumble under the covers," blushes the voluptuous 19-year-old. "Maybe a few of you fellas out there will take the hint now! Otherwise I'll just have to make do with Anne sucking my nipples, and it's not really the same..."♣

club
CLARISSA

Big Foot, poltergeists, Ann Summers receipts 87-88 – more files from the archives of **Brenda D. Cupp**, inventor, scientist and author of 'Planet of the Crepes', the best selling sci-fi novel set in a future time when the earth is ruled by a race of sinister super pancakes.

Brenda D. Cupp's GLOBAL PHENOMENA

Now in retirement, Brenda D. Cupp continues to monitor the world's mysterious happenings on her MacApple computer – a Glaswegian adaptation of the AppleMac, designed to increase the programmer's performance by head-butting him when he makes a mistake.

Beyond The Ursa Major

Since time immemorial, as man has gazed up into the night sky – up beyond the Milky Way and into the far Galaxy – his mind has been filled with a veritable selection box of questions: where does the universe end? How far away is Mars? Why have I got this sudden craving for chocolate? But, as we stare at those great star constellations – Orion's Belt, the Supernova, Sierra's head gasket – each one providing enough light to sustain a thousand solar systems such as our own, the most common question that flits across the stage of our consciousness is: Is there life on other planets?

Yes, is the Universe as lifeless as Amanda de Cadenet, or is it capable of sustaining other intelligent beings? This is a query so large that even Julian Clary wouldn't wrestle with it on his own. A puzzle that has exercised the minds of the greatest thinkers this century. David Bowie, for example, who has asked himself, 'Is There Life On Mars?' and supplied the answer that yes indeed there is, in the form of a group of spiders who play rock music and wear dresses even though they're male.

Implausible perhaps, but not impossible, especially when you bear in mind that, according to pop legend, the universe also pays host to a fat, bald 'Rocket Man' who was born in Watford; and a starship trooper who carried off Sarah Brightman's heart and also seems to have taken her head as well, replacing it with that of a constipated chipmunk.

A Load Of Obelix

For thousands of years mankind has attempted to find out the truth. But perhaps it has been staring him in the face all along. That at least is what cosmologist Derek Von Heineken believes. In his opinion, the earth has been acting as a kind of Inter-Galactic Shopping Centre for years now. He bases his theories on studies of some of the Ancient World's strangest buildings. I went to interview him at his laboratory, deep in the heart of Peckham.

The Peruvian Pyramids

"The most famous of these was built by the ancient Stincas – a race of people whose architectural brilliance was counteracted by a woeful lack of personal hygiene," Derek told me.

"However, it wasn't because of B.O. that the Stincas were so named, but because they always wore too much aftershave. It was this, along with their fondness for medallions and the fact that their largest monument was named Macho Picup, that led me to conclude that centuries ago alien visitors used Peru as a sexual playground."

A sort of outer space Stringfellows?

"Probably more like Peckham's own palace of pleasure, Ropeyblokes. Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

What did these aliens look like?

"Probably much as we do, albeit with considerably more chest hair and deeper sun tans. They would land in the Andes and proceed to Macho Picup. Here they would attempt to get their hands on the beautiful Stinca maidens."

The legendary 'Papyrus III' girls whose images adorn a thousand jugs? Or should that be the other way around?

"The very same. As super-intelligent beings who had travelled light years across the galaxy for sex, the aliens obviously had pretty sophisticated chat up lines."

Such as?

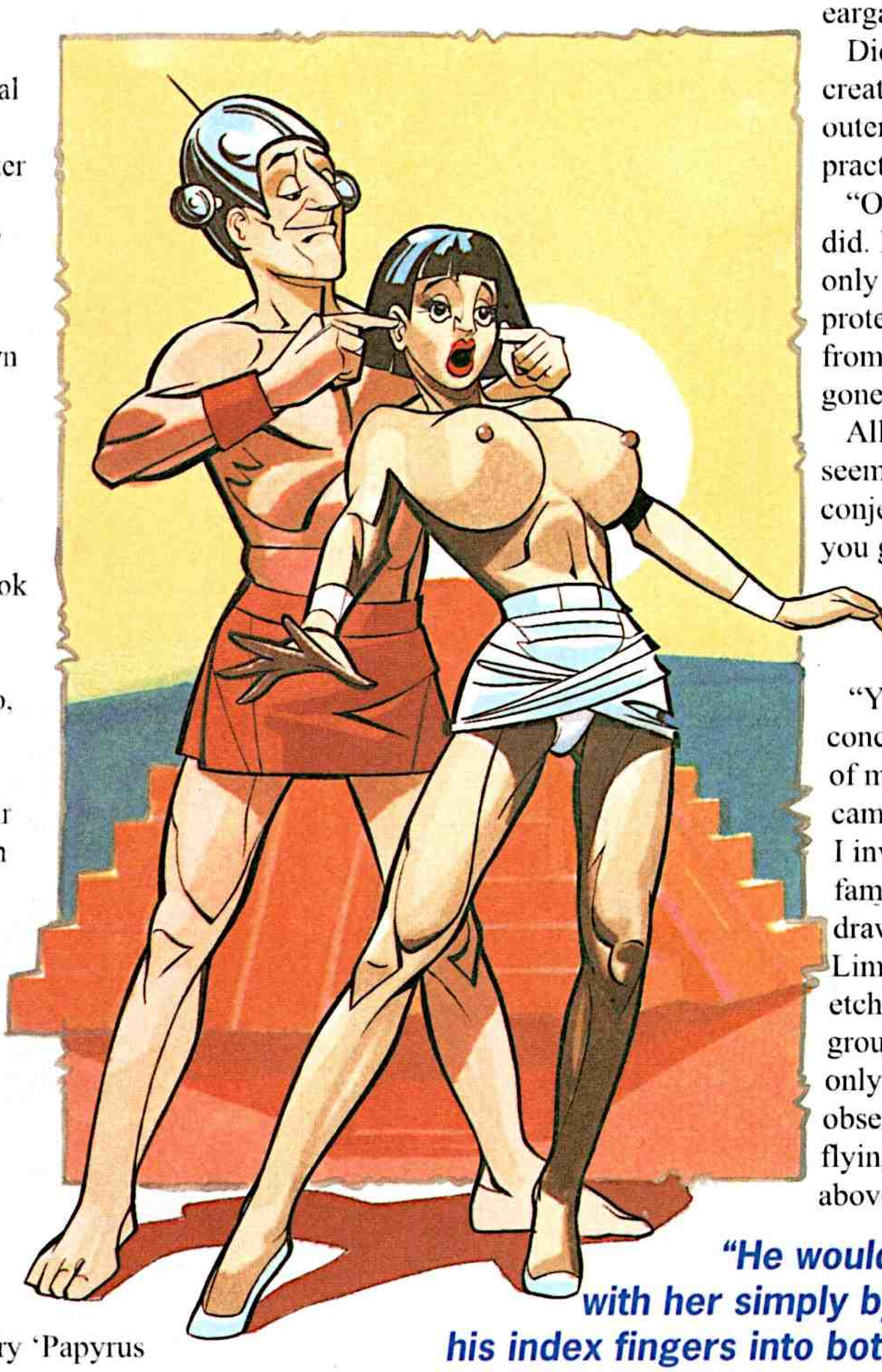
"Oh, things like, 'I've got a big rocket. How'd you like to sit on it, love?' Or 'Cor! Prepare the teleport. I wouldn't mind beaming you up!' Whoohuhhuhugh!"

What happened then?

"I'm afraid I just got a bit over excited thinking about the Stinca maidens. Have you got a damp cloth handy?"

No, I mean what happened after the alien had chatted up the earthling?

"He would have sex with her simply by pressing his index fingers into both her ears for thirty seconds."



"He would have sex with her simply by pressing his index fingers into both her ears for thirty seconds"

A sort of lobe job?

"Indeed. This method of sex was convenient for the alien as it meant he did not have to remove his trousers. However, it did tend to ruin the girl's earrings. It also led to the greatest invention of all – the Q tip."

Obviously this was pleasurable for the alien, but did the earth maiden get any pleasure out of it?

"Yes. She experienced eargasm."

Did these creatures from outer space practice safe sex?

"Of course they did. It was the only way to protect themselves from contracting goner-ear."

All this evidence seems to be at best conjecture – have you got anything more substantial?

"Yes. Final conclusive proof of my theory came about when I investigated the famous rock drawings of Lima. These are etched onto the ground and can only be properly observed by flying 300 feet above them. They show a Stinca king, a princess sitting on top of a pole and a kangaroo. Using my expert knowledge of hieroglyphics I quickly saw that this was a warning

Illustrations by Adam Willis

message from one alien to another: 'The chief's daughter's up the stick, so hop it.' "

And was she pregnant?

"Of course not. That would have been impossible. You see, the Stinca maidens all took precautions."

The cap?

"No. The balaclava."

Stonehenge

"Britain too was frequently visited by space beings."

Were these the same as the ones who visited Peru?

"Totally different. This country was visited by a race of giant nymphomaniacs known as the 'Nen'."

How can you possibly know that?

"Simple. The name Stonehenge is a corruption of the ancient British word 'Stonkerhinge'. This indicated to me that the stones was known by our ancestors to be a vital part of the sex aid used by the Nen."

But if Stonehenge was merely the hinge, then what was the stonker?

"The Pennines. Which is, of course, an anagram of 'Nen Penis'."

Very convenient. How did the Nen plan to raise the Pennines into a suitably erect position to satisfy their immense sexual appetites?

"They tried to arouse them by hiring a beautiful, but insane, earth woman to dance about Stonehenge, masturbating furiously."

What was she called?

"We don't know her real name, only her nickname – 'Mad-onanist'."

Doubtless all this has something to do with the famous 'Lay Lines'?

"Not at all. They were simply a parking restriction. You see, the Nens were very concerned about traffic jams. That is why they built the pyramids. They were the earliest form of moveable 'no waiting' bollards."

But the pyramids aren't moveable.

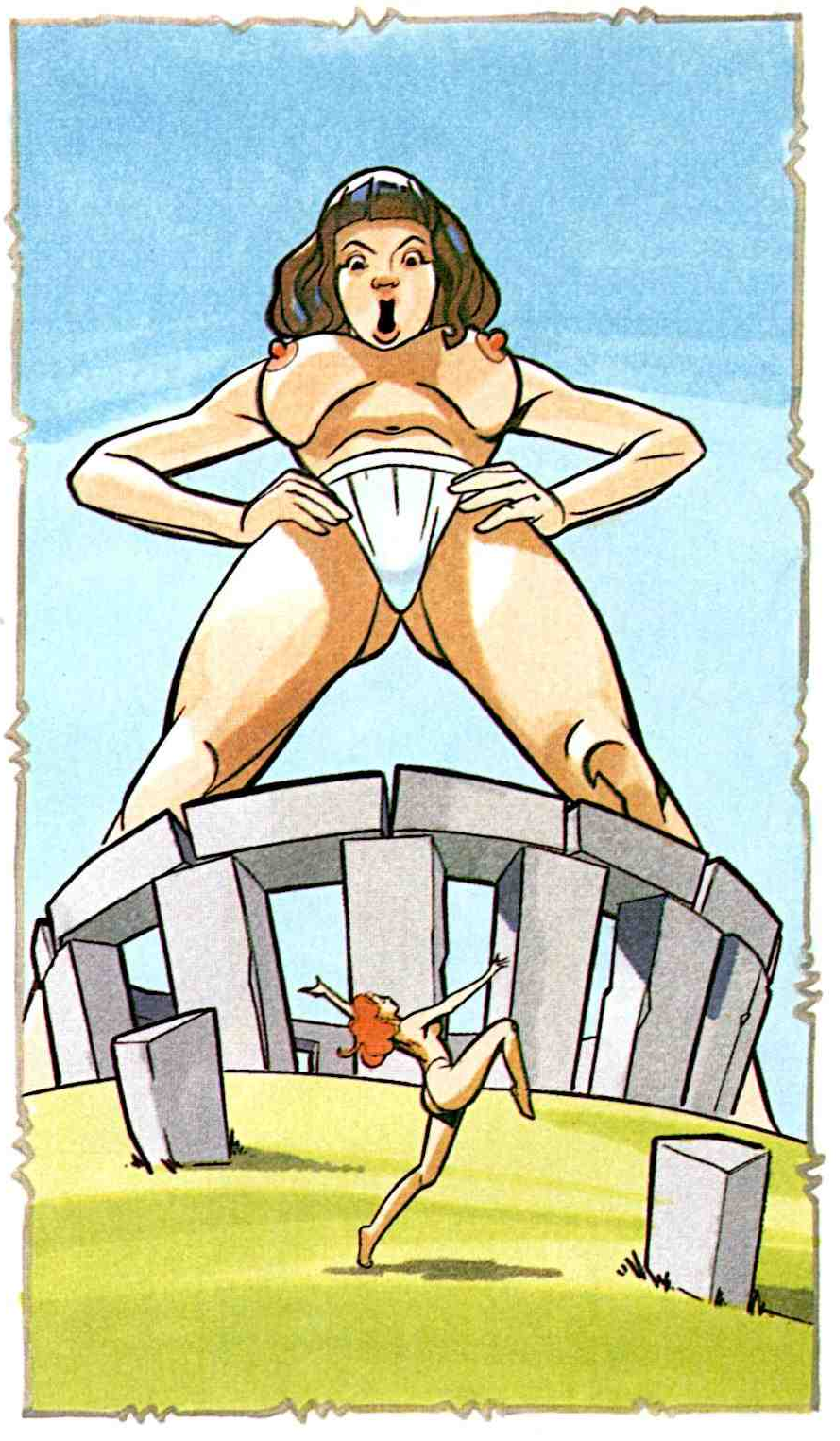
"They are if you're a 300 foot tall, sexually frustrated, outer space nymphomaniac."

So how come they put them in Egypt, then?

"Because of the immense popularity of Cleopatra's vibrating needle."

But Cleopatra's needle doesn't vibrate.

"It does if you plug it into the top of Mount Vesuvius."



"They tried to arouse them by hiring a beautiful, but insane, earth woman to dance about Stonehenge, masturbating

Hang on a minute. Mount Vesuvius is in Italy. You just said the Nens put the 'no waiting' pyramids in Egypt.

"Yes, well, that's where the Nens parked when they visited Vesuvius."

Why didn't they park in Italy?

"Are you crazy? Have you seen the way the Italians drive? It would have put up their insurance premiums."

Let's go back to Stonehenge. Did the attempt to raise the Pennines succeed?

"Unfortunately not. You see the hills were bored to death with the sight of Mad-onanist masturbating. As a result, the Nens gave up on this and instead trained a tribe of local men to rub their erogenous zones for them."

The Celts?

"Yes, and the nipples too on occasions."

And how is it that Stonehenge is not now attached to the Pennines as your theory has it?

"It has become unhinged."

It's not the only one...

Saucer Confusion

Whatever you might think of Derek's theories – and personally I think they're about as likely as a gang-bang at a Care Bears picnic – the fact remains that someone in Britain sees a UFO every fifteen minutes. I decided to pay a call on him.

Arthur Anorak lives in Orpington. His house is semi-detached. And so is he. Mr Anorak is the head of MAMS – the Movements of Aliens Monitoring Service. He has devoted his life to UFO research. And developing the worst skin condition ever seen outside a toad colony. Arthur began our interview by telling me of his recent encounter with space beings.

"It was about midnight and I was just coming out of McDonalds when I saw an object circling over a nearby playing field. It was shaped like a hamburger."

A sort of Unidentified Frying Object?

"Hur, hur. That's funny that is. Do you like *Red Dwarf*? I think it's brilliant. Did you see the episode where there was like this virtual reality machine and..."

Sadly not.

"Pity. It was really amazing. Anyway, I saw this object come down to land near the forecourt of a petrol station. I snuck up as close as I could and observed events from behind an oil drum.

This alien got out of the space vehicle and approached one of the petrol pumps. He said, 'G'day, Harold. What's it to be, mate?'"

Why did he speak like that?

"I reckon it was because he learnt English watching daytime TV. Anyway, the petrol pump obviously didn't say anything, so the alien repeated the question several times over. Eventually, it called for assistance and a more senior alien came out.

"My mate here's not very talkative, boss," the first alien said. "He don't respond to questions."

"Of course not, you idiot," the senior alien said crossly. "He can't hear you. He's got his dick stuck in his ear." "

So what happened next?

"The aliens must have spotted me and turned their stun guns onto me, because the next thing I knew it was four in the morning and I was waking up with a headache in a pile of what I can only guess was alien crap."

You had a close encounter of the turd kind?

"Hur, hur. I guess so."

Could you gauge anything about the aliens diet from studying their doo-doo?

"Yes. They seemed to exist on diced carrots, fries and Chicken McNuggets."

What a surprise.

"I think after they stunned me the aliens flew off to make a corn circle in Kent."

Why would they do that?

"To warn their companions about me."

You mean you think the geometric shapes of the corn circles are actually saying, 'Watch out, there's a bloke down here with the remains of last night's curry down the front of his t-shirt who lives in a house that smells like a badger's bottom?'

"Well, something like that. Anyway, aliens do make corn circles. Sarah Smiles the actress says so."

Ah, yes. But she also says that drinking your own urine is good for you. In terms of scientific evidence her opinion is about as worthwhile as that of Skippy the Bush Kangaroo after night on the Castlemaine XXXX.

"Don't take the piss out of Sarah Smiles."

There'd be very little point. She'd only pour it straight back again. On that note I think I'd better leave.

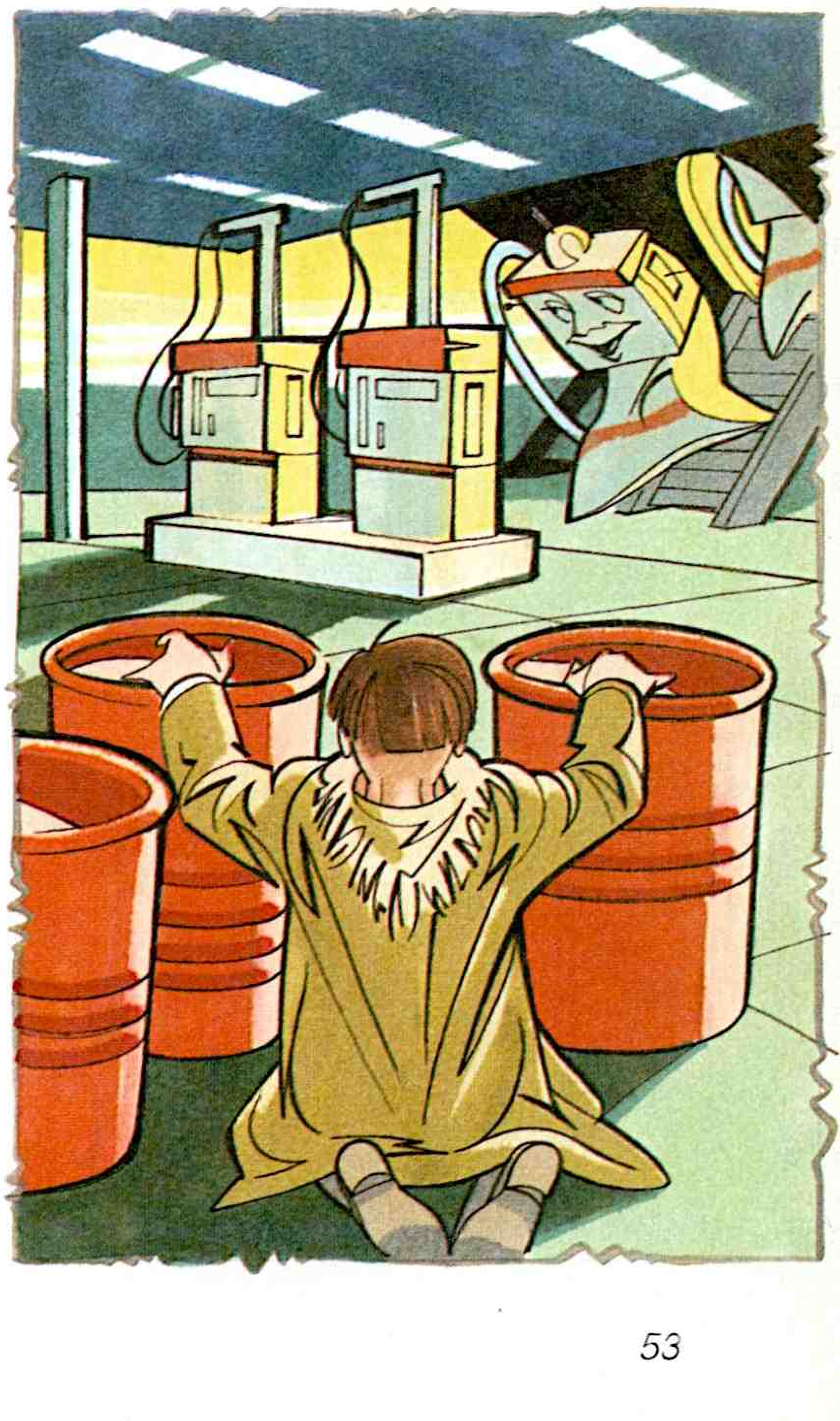
"Not yet surely. I haven't told you about the time I saw the aliens humping the traffic bollard!"

I'm afraid the 'E.T. Bone Cone Incident' will have to remain a mystery to me. Goodbye.

Conclusion

My investigations amongst the aliens experts have left me unconvinced as to whether there is life on other planets. One thing is certain, however. If there is, it won't be long before Danny Baker is appearing on their TV screens. Until next time. ♣

"He can't hear you. He's got his dick stuck in his ear"

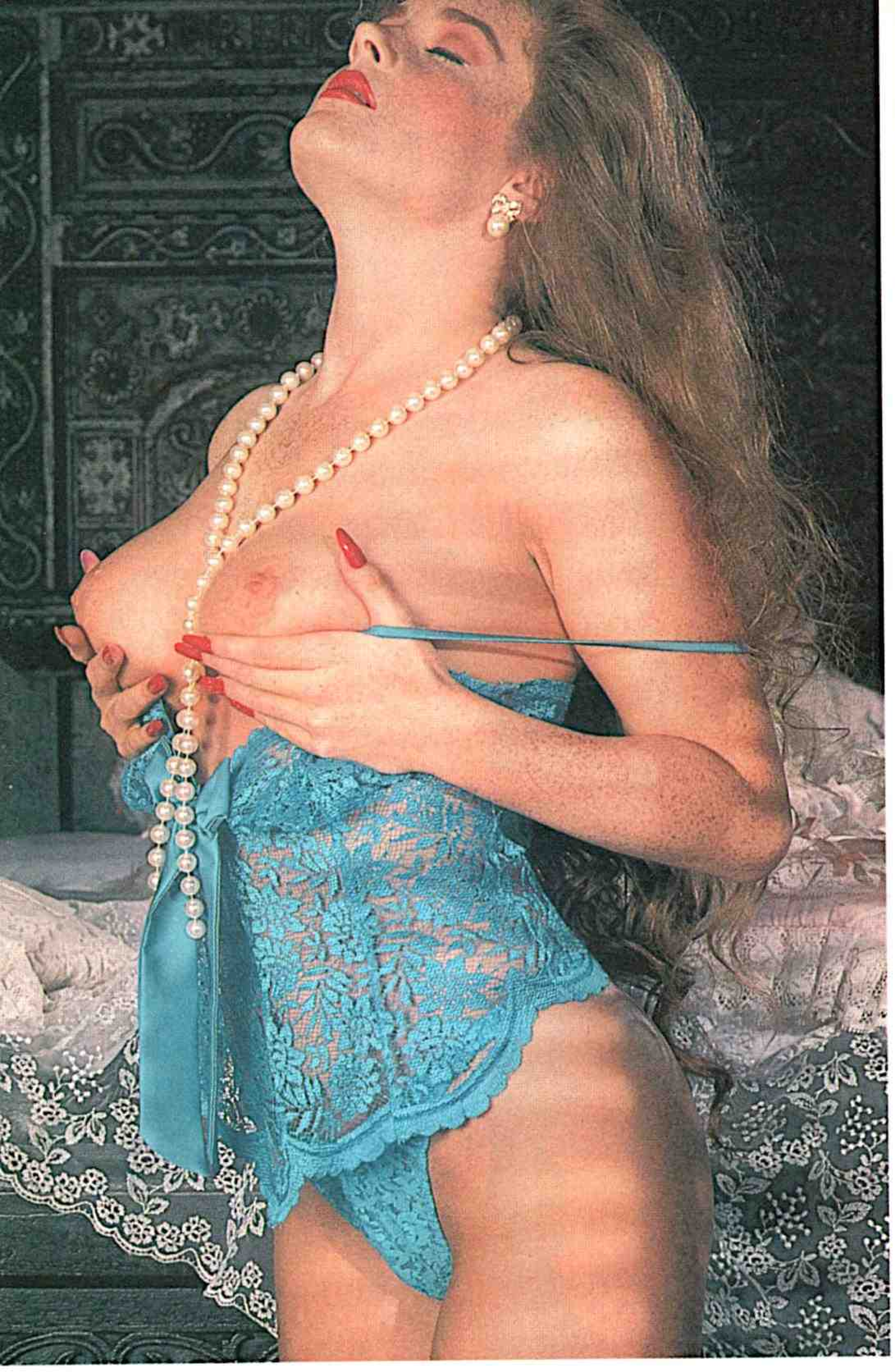


adrienne

Photographs by Jack Harrison

"You Club readers really are the naughtiest lot," giggles our cheeky redhead, Adrienne. "I was in my local the other night, playing pool, and these three lads kept staring at my bum. It turned out they were all regular readers and had recognised me!

"Every time I bent over the table in my tight jeans to pot a ball they went mad, whistling and cheering. In



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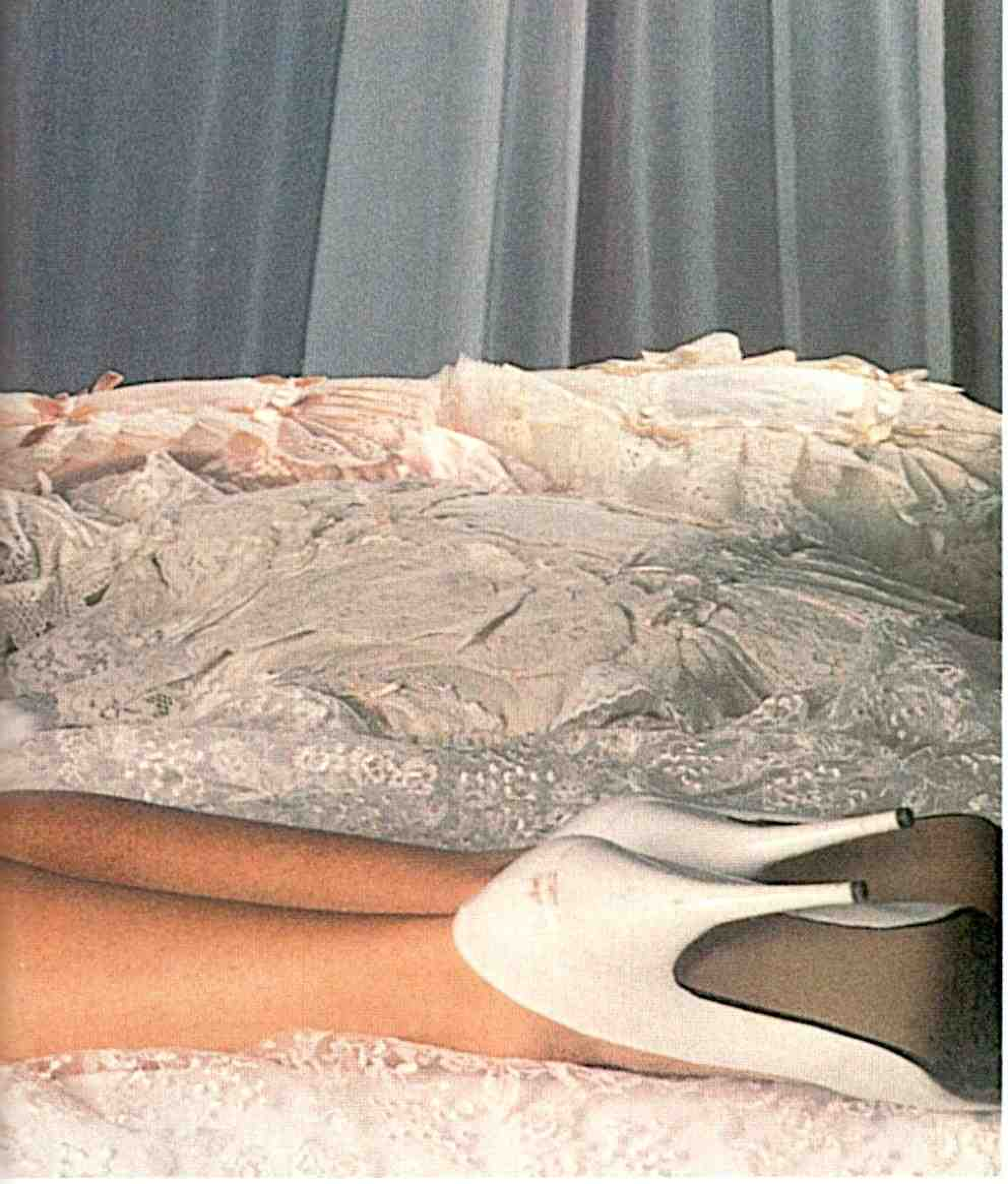
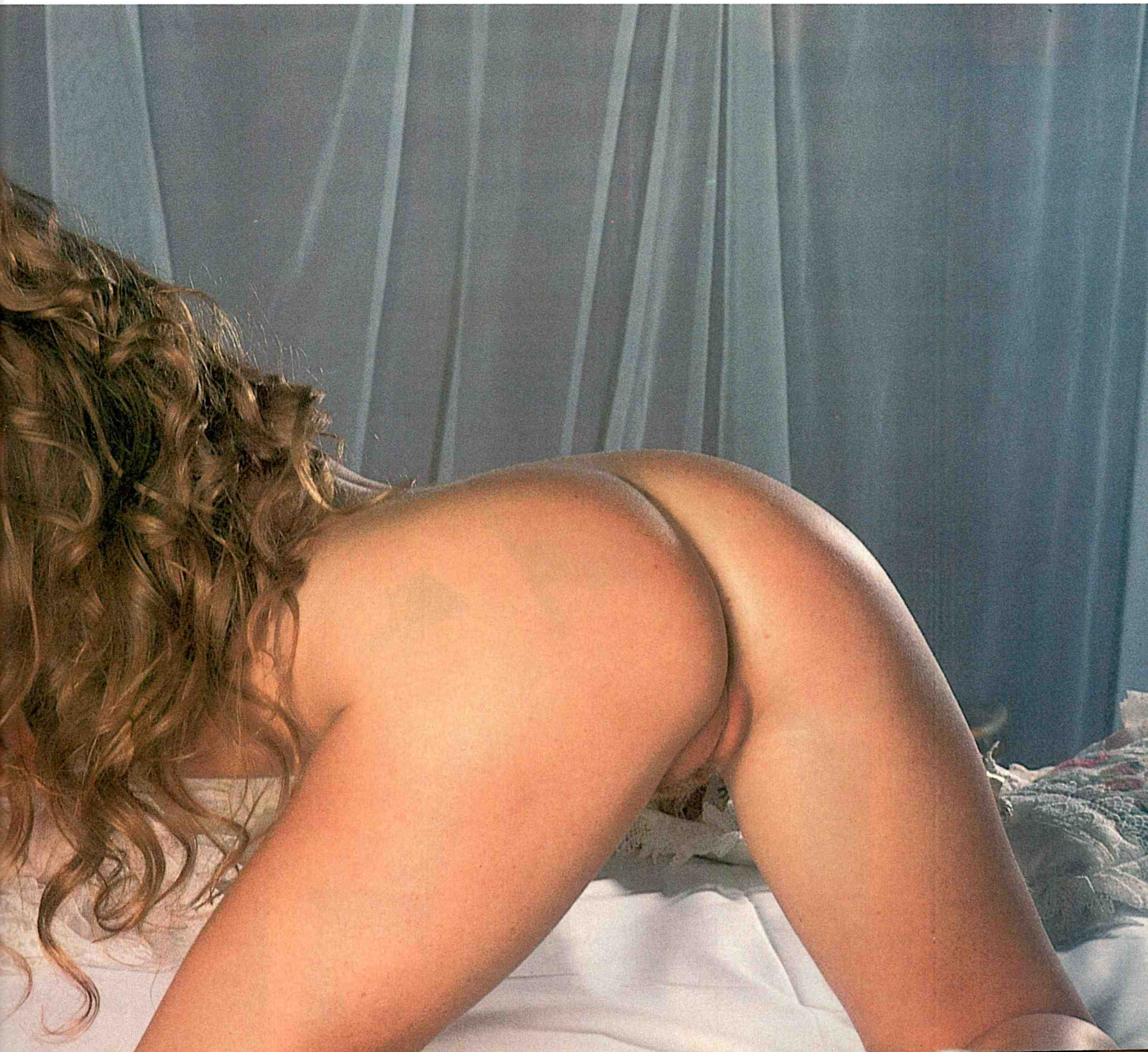


the end the whole pub was concentrating on my bottom!

"It was a bit embarrasing really; they distracted me so much I lost the game. Still, I did score with all three later on!" ♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Cock Sure

My name's Janine and I'm a busty, blonde 21-year-old who loves to suck cock. They're all so different, as I'm discovering with each new prick I suck.

I first tried it with a fella two years ago. We were in his car, parked at a lovers' spot just outside town. We had gone to the pictures on a first date and he had suggested the drive.

He went straight for my tits and I gave him a free rein. He had my big, bouncy boobs out in seconds and started to kiss and lick them. My hand went to his flies and I was happy to find a big bulge straining to break free from his trousers.

I got his big, fat cock out and started to wank him off. The thought of it pushing its way up into my pussy made me get so wet! He pulled my micro skirt up to my waist and pulled down my lace knickers. His hand went straight to my cunt, rubbing my clit.

Just when I thought he was going to fuck me, he said, "Go down on me, baby."

I hesitated for a moment. Men had asked me to suck them off before, but I'd always avoided it. This time though, I actually wanted to.

I lowered my head over his prick, kissed the tip, licked it and then took it into my mouth. It was so hot and hard. I soon got into the motion of blowing him, moving my head up and down, getting a good rhythm going. I was so horny, I really loved doing it – and I loved it even more when he shot his salty spunk down my throat.

That was the start of it. After that, I'd suck fellas off when they were least expecting it. My second blow job was on a guy as we were in a long line of cars at a drive-through MacDonald's. Talk about a quarter pounder to go!

I started to compare notes with my friend Angie who also loves to suck cock. It got to the stage where we'd actually go out individually, looking for dicks to suck just so that we could compare notes afterwards. We both wanted to out-do each other with the dirtiest story.

One day I suggested that we worked as a team in our hunt for the 'perfect cock to suck'. We didn't find it right away but we had a lot of fun searching!

One of our favourite pricks belonged to a fella called Ben who used to work in our local supermarket. Once Angie and I had worked out our plan, we put it into action one lunch hour. Wearing our sexiest gear – tight t-shirts and shorts – we went into the supermarket and asked Ben if he wanted to have a bit of fun with us.

We led him out to Angie's car, put him in the back seat and both went to work on his rock hard cock, taking it in turns to suck and lick it. He couldn't believe his luck!

It was educational to see someone else give a blow job, particularly at such close quarters. Angie's technique was pretty much the same as mine but she used her tongue more, whereas I'm more of a lip girl.

Anyway, we led a very shaky, misty-eyed Ben back to his place of work after an hour of the best cocksucking he was ever going to get. He couldn't thank us enough.

Since then, Angie and I have started going out together, tracking down cocks to suck. Two fellas chatted us up one evening at a local pub. They were both good-looking hunks. We climbed into their car and

went for a ride with them.

They took us back to their posh flat where they opened a bottle of chilled champagne. Angie made the first move by standing up and slowly peeling off her clothes in time to the sexy music.

I saw the looks in the guys' eyes, and the bulges in their trousers, as they gazed at Angie's big tits, long legs and neatly trimmed pubes. One of them got on the floor and knelt between Angie's legs. He started to lick all the way up her inner thighs until his tongue found her clitoris.

Following Angie's lead, I leaned over to the fella sitting next to me and asked him, really matter-of-factly, "Can I suck your cock?"

You should have seen the expression on his face. He looked like he had just won the pools. I took his expression to be a 'yes, please' and quickly unleashed his cock.

I licked my lips and got down to sucking his meat. Every now and then, I glanced up to see the other guy and Angie in a 69 on the opposite sofa. At one point, Angie looked up at me and smiled happily. I returned the smile. After all, we were two very happy sex kittens who had got the cream – or were about to!

While I sucked off my hunk, he removed all my clothes until I was on all fours, naked with his prick buried in my mouth. By now, I was really into sucking his big, wet cock, holding his shaft with both hands and going at it like a kid with a lollipop. In that position I found I could get it right into my throat, which I hadn't been able to do before. I concentrated on swallowing it until my lips were at the base, rubbing against the guy's pubes.

That was when I felt a tongue on my pussy and a hand holding my tits which were swinging down beneath me. I glanced around and saw Angie's guy with his face buried in my fanny, while Angie fondled my tits. I have to say, I was enjoying the attention.

Angie asked me if I wouldn't mind sharing my bloke and I took his cock out of my mouth and, with a hand wrapped around the shaft, handed it to her. She took over from where I left off and really got into it.

When I sensed that he was about to come, I said, "C'mon Angie. This is my one and I want to bring him off myself."

"Sure," she said, taking his hot meat from her mouth and putting it back in mine. Just in time too, because that was when my man shot his load. It was hot and creamy and I swallowed it all, washed down by a glass of cool champagne. He really knew how to treat a lady!

The other fella's tongue, meanwhile, was still buried up my cunt. It slipped in and out of me fast, and suddenly I came hard, grinding my cunt against his face. It was incredible – my arse was trembling and I was groaning and screaming.

I was gasping for air and exhausted afterwards, but, as if he hadn't shown my pussy enough action, the guy took his cock and pushed it up inside me from behind. It had me going again, and I was shuddering and gyrating, fondling and licking my tits. I soon came again.

Then Angie and I attacked his prick with our tongue and lips. There was plenty for two and we really went to town on it. We had come a long way together since we both sucked off Ben in Angie's car. We knew exactly where and how to touch him – and with what: our tongues, lips, fingers and even Angie's pussy, which left me licking the guy's cock as it went in and out of her.

When he finally came, I had a mouthful of his spunk and Angie's love juices. Talk about a feast!

These days, Angie and I often operate as a team. There's so much more fun to be had for a girl who really loves to suck cock – and doesn't mind sharing it! – *Janine, Cornwall*

White Lies

I'm the kind of girl who hates getting tied down in relationships. Maybe one day I'll feel like getting serious with someone, but in the meantime, I just wanna have fun!

I do set myself a few rules though – I always steer clear of married men, and fellas who I know have steady girlfriends. That way I have a trouble free sex life... and I love it!

So when a gorgeous new guy called Sam started work at my firm, I was very careful to quiz him about his private life before taking the plunge. I guess he must have seen the gleam in my baby-blue eyes when he told me he'd finished with his long-term girlfriend a few weeks earlier – because he immediately asked me if I fancied going out for a drink with him later on that night.

I spent the rest of the day wondering if he'd fuck me, and what he'd be like in bed. My knickers were pretty damp by six o'clock, when I went to meet him at his office.

"Come in and close the door," he said, barely looking up from his desk as I sat down. "I've just got a couple of things to finish up..."

Fifteen minutes later I was still sitting there, feeling rather neglected as he worked away. Suddenly he looked at his watch, then looked up at me and grinned.

"I think everyone must have gone home by now," he said. "You see, I didn't want us to be interrupted. And I couldn't wait to do this to you..." As he spoke, he knelt on the floor in front of my chair and ran his hands up my

SILKY SLIP UPS
0898 122 102

KNOBBED THROUGH NYLON
0898 122 100

MINI SKIRT, NO KNICKERS
0898 122 103

GET IN MY KNICKERS
0898 122 101

I'LL STRIP THEM FOR YOU
0898 122 104

KNICKER SUCKERS CALL
0898 122 106

DRIPPING IN MY PANTIES
0898 122 105

HUNGRY BOTTOM

I LOVE IT IN MY AXXX!! 0898 884 228

PLAYING BETWEEN MY HAIRY LIPS!! 0898 122 128

0898 122 108

I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS
0898 122 111

My tantalising tongue
0898 122 114
I lick Betty Swallocks
0898 122 112
Forced to swallow it
0898 122 117
Deep in my throat
0898 122 113
I'll swallow your hot lot
0898 122 116
Dildo dreams
0898 122 120
Sweaty, salty mouth sex
0898 122 118

0898 122 127

Tracey only sucks the end 0898 122 115

What I do with the neck of a bottle
0898 122 121

I'll go down and suck you off
0898 122 119

Fingering myself to climax
0898 122 123

My ice cube cools me down
0898 122 122

The first time I did it
0898 122 125

TOPLESS TARTS ON THIS NUMBER 0898 122 142

SUCK MY HARD NIPPLES!!!
0898 884 226

TOPLESS SHOCKER! 0898 122 140

UNCLIP MY BRA 0898 122 146

SOLID KNOCKERS 0898 122 143

BERTHA THE BUSTY WENCH 0898 122 141

DOWN MY CLEAVAGE 0898 122 147

FONDLE MY ERECT NIPPLES 0898 122 145

TEASE MY TINY TITS 0898 122 144

COTTON SPORTS BRA TO SUPPORT THIS PAIR 0898 122 148

TOSS BETWEEN MY TITS 0898 122 149

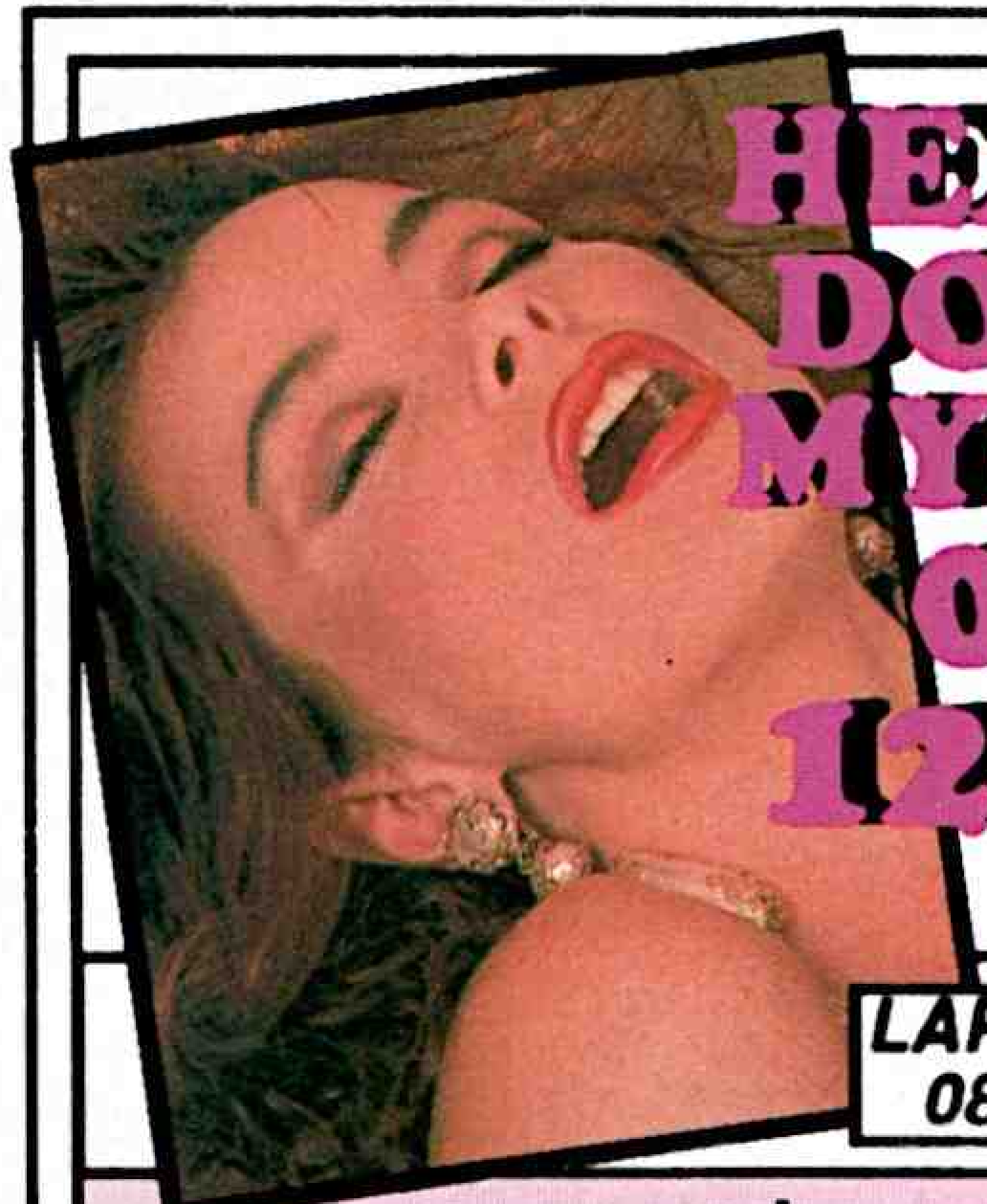
HOT, SEXY & DYING FOR IT
0898 884 218

I'LL GET YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE
0898 884 728

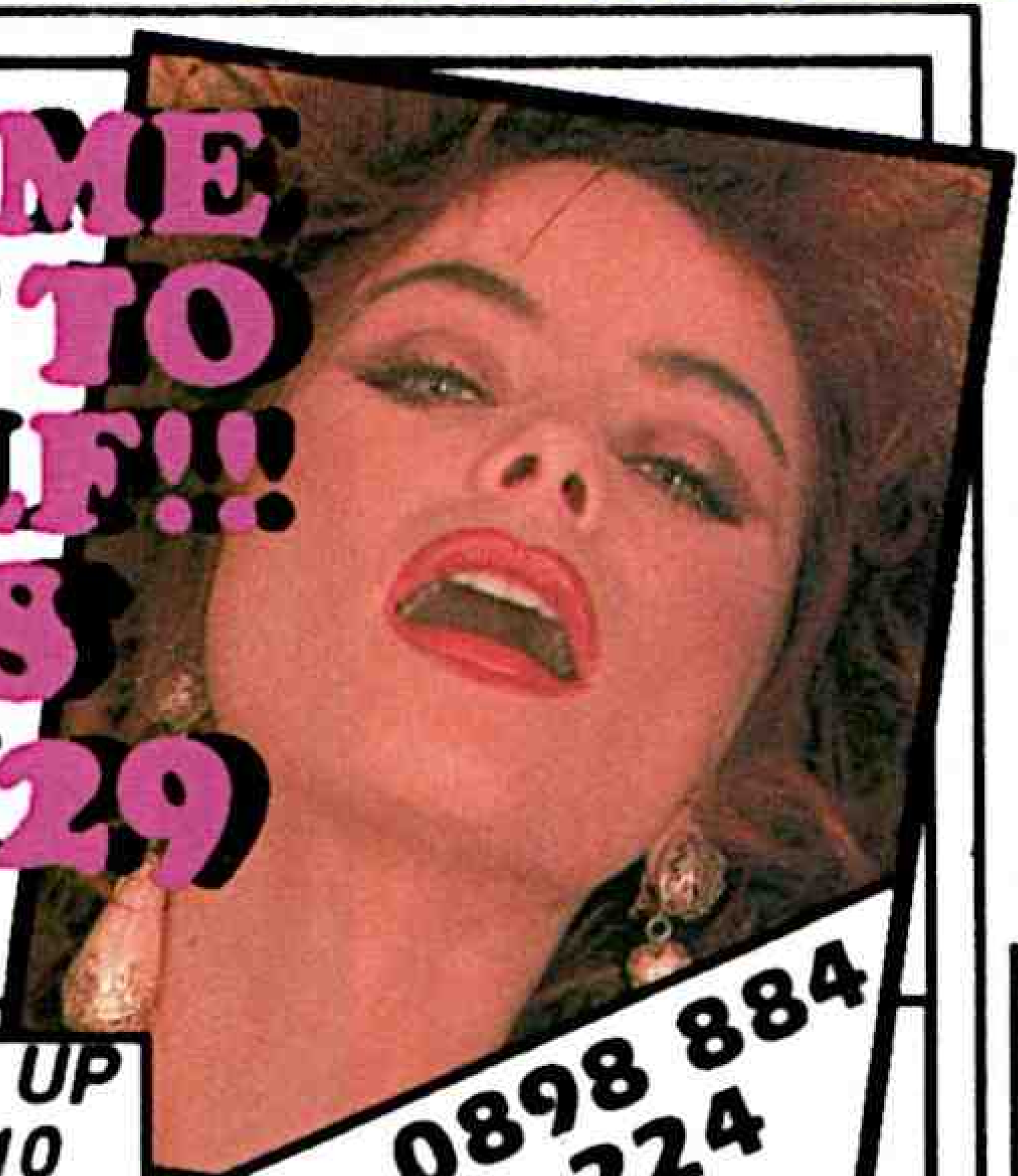
MY MOUTH IS OPEN READY - USE IT
0898 884 727

MY SISTER IS A LESBIAN!
0898 884 221

HOUSEWIVES COFFEE MORNING CONFESSIONS 0898 122 132



HEAR ME DO IT TO MYSELF!! 0898 122 129



LAP ME ALL UP
0898 122 110

0898 884 224

DRIPPING DOWN MY FINGERS
0898 122 124

MY SISTERS CAUGHT ME AT IT ALONE
0898 122 126

GROPE IN MY KNICKERS
0898 122 107

I'LL JERK MYSELF OFF!!
0898 884 720

LISTENERS WIVES OWN RECORDINGS
0898 122 130

LEGGY HOUSEWIFE WANTS A BIT OF ROUGH
0898 122 137

HUSBAND CAUGHT ME WITH THE POSTMAN
0898 122 136

BENT OVER SO YOU GET A FLASH OF MY CROTCHLESS ONES
0898 122 109

TIED UP ON THE LINE
0898 884 719

MY WICKED WIFE WILL TALK YOU OFF!!!
0898 884 717

WHAT MY HUSBAND DOESN'T KNOW 0898 122 138

CLASSIFIEDS

Nympho housewives do the business
0898 122 131
Newly wed bimbo takes it the hard way
0898 122 134
Bare bottom - do what you like
0898 884 716
Cream between them
0898 884 229
Shaven mistress at your disposal
0898 884 715
Fishnet Fanny wants it now! 0898 884 718
My husband can't satisfy me - can you?
0898 122 135
I'll sit on your face
0898 884 722

Fishy mongers wife needs bonking
0898 122 139
She rubbed me up & I loved it 0898 884 721
Bend over you bad boy
0898 884 723
Gymslip & wellies - now bend over
0898 884 724
I'll talk your rocks off
0898 884 725
Shaven & oiled - ready for slick lips
0898 884 215
Men needed for horny housewives
0898 884 217
I'll cool down your throbbing member
0898 884 227

BEND OVER & TAKE IT!!! 0898 884 223

MILK THEM FOR ME 0898 884 726

SPREAD MY LEGS 0898 884 216

HOLD MY BOOBS & DOME 0898 884 729

WHAT YOUR FINGERS CAN DO 0898 884 220

BONK ME OVER THE DESK 0898 884 219

FORTY & FRUSTRATED 0898 122 133

I'M BENT OVER SO YOU CAN LICK 0898 684 222

SUCKING YOU OFF 0898 884 225

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legs, starting at my ankles and stroking all the way up to my thighs. His fingers lingered on the warm flesh above my stocking tops.

I lay back in the chair, my hands roaming over my boobs and pinching my hard nipples through my blouse as he spread my legs apart and zeroed in on my soaking pussy. I think he knew I was too hot for preliminaries now; he just eased the sticky crotch of my knickers to one side and ran his tongue all the way along my juiced up slit. Then he lapped at my plump, smooth-shaven pussy lips, teasing me until I thought I'd die of frustration, just keeping me on the boil with the occasional brush to my throbbing clit.

"Oh God, do it to me!" I moaned. "Make me come!" At last he let me have it in earnest, frigging my clit with his fingers as he plunged his tongue right into me. I felt so wicked getting tongued by a guy I hardly knew, in the office – and loving every second of it!

I must have come three or four times before Sam pulled away, his face glistening with my juice, and said, "C'mon, let's get out of here! I want to take you to bed." The state I was in, I would quite happily have sucked and fucked him anywhere; but the thought of a big bed to romp in was quite appealing, so I let him lead me out to his car and drive me to his place.

I'm surprised we didn't crash on the way, since I took the opportunity to get acquainted with his cock, squeezing it through his trousers as we drove along. He didn't find it easy keeping his eyes on the road as I rubbed up and down his shaft, wriggling one hand between my thighs to stroke my cunt at the same time!

As soon as we got indoors we raced up to the bedroom. Sam undressed me down to my stockings and suspenders, and pulled me down on top of him so I was sitting on his face as I made a grab for his cock. I love to feel a dick lengthen and expand in my mouth as I suck it, licking all around the head and taking it all the way down – and Sam seemed to love it too as I went to work on him.

He was getting close to shooting his load – and I was getting hotter and hotter at the thought of drinking his spunk – when I heard a door slam. A moment later, a tall, slim, sexy blonde walked into the room.

"Hi, I'm Lauren," she said casually, taking in the sight of me with Sam's cock halfway down my throat as he sucked on my cunt. "I'm Sam's girlfriend. But don't let it bother you."

Totally nonplussed by this turn of events, I rolled off Sam and lay gazing stupidly up at Lauren. Sam grinned apologetically as he said, "I didn't think you'd fuck me if you knew. But Lauren likes me fucking other girls..."

This sounded about the lamest excuse I'd ever heard – but Lauren just nodded her agreement as she started to strip off and reveal the slimmest, sexiest body I'd ever set eyes on.

"Carry on – don't mind me," she smiled, her eyes roaming over my near-naked body as she licked her fingers and burrowed them into her blonde bush.

Why the hell not, I suddenly thought. "Okay then, Sam," I said, getting onto all fours, "gimmee that big cock of yours!" I felt his cock nudge between my pussy lips, then thrust all the way in. It fitted so snugly that I soon forgot all about Lauren as he shafted me hard and fast. His hand was between my legs, rubbing my clit and spreading my juice all over my thighs as he fucked me into seventh heaven.

As I began to come, Lauren wriggled under me, and I felt her tongue lap my cunt and the root of her boyfriend's cock as it slid in and out of me. That sent me right over the edge, and I buried my tongue in her cunt and licked her hard as I came.

"Fill her cunt with your spunk," she panted to Sam, and then I felt him tense as he pumped his hot cream into me. As he withdrew, Lauren's tongue replaced his cock, and she licked every drop of spunk out of me, while I sucked her pussy to another sticky climax.

After that, I didn't know whether to be angry with Sam for lying to me, or grateful because I'd got to meet his horny girlfriend. One thing's for sure – it might have been my first threesome, but it won't be my last! – *Carol, Warwick*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

I've only been with my boyfriend Mike a few months, but it's been fun all the way. He's great company, a good laugh – and, most importantly, he's as oversexed as me! Very few guys I've met can keep up with me in bed, and so I usually have three or four of them on the go at the same time. It does tend to make my love life rather complicated, but it adds a bit of spice!

Mike is permanently horny though, and since his idea of a perfect evening is licking my pussy for a hour or so, fucking me several times, drenching me in spunk and then taking me into the shower, soaping me up and starting all over again, I hadn't felt the need to screw another guy since I met him.

Who knows how long I might have been faithful for, if Mike hadn't suggested we go on holiday together. Not that he minded me straying – in fact, I think he found it all as exciting as I did...

We decided to go camping in the South of France for a couple of weeks. I'm usually into posh hotels and luxury resorts, but I thought it might be nice to spend some time in a secluded place where we could get up to all sorts of things in the open air. We found a campsite that was practically deserted, and on our first night there I dragged Mike outside to watch the sunset. I soon started feeling randy and I slipped my hands down inside his shorts to find him already erect.

He panicked a bit when I started undressing him, but when I told him there was nobody around to see us, and wrapped my hot mouth over his throbbing shaft, he surrendered totally. It was the first time I'd ever sucked a cock in the great outdoors, and I really made the most of it, caressing the head of his prick with my tongue and sucking the whole thing in and out slowly, making it last until by the time I let him shoot his salty load down my throat it was completely dark.

After that sexy start we fucked every chance we got, getting bolder and bolder until we were doing it in broad daylight whenever the campsite was quiet. We weren't careful enough though, as one time when Mike was lying on his back in the long grass while I straddled him and rode his big cock, I looked up to see a cute blonde girl watching from the other side of the site. I smiled and waved cheekily, but she ran off.

From then on, I kept bumping into the girl, at the water pump, going down the road to fetch milk, everywhere. She was really gorgeous, with long blonde hair and tanned legs that seemed to go on for ever. One day I met her struggling with a heavy pail of water and I helped her to carry it back to her tent. She told me her name was Bettina – she wasn't French, as I'd first thought, but Belgian.

"I'll make some tea and we can have a chat," she smiled. "My husband's still asleep in the tent."

I was starting to get the strangest feeling that Bettina was interested in more than talking, though! She chattered away as she made the tea, and I found myself liking her more and more. And I had to admit, she was one of the sexiest girls I'd ever met. The way she crossed and uncrossed those lovely long legs had me squeezing my thighs together, secretly stimulating my pussy. I started daydreaming then, imagining her gentle fingers brushing over my plump mound, seeking out my tingling cunt lips and parting them to get to my juicy hole.

"So, Sharon, you like girls too?" Bettina giggled, and I realised I must have been staring at her luscious body for ages. Why bother pretending, I thought as I nodded shyly.

Without another word, she put her hands on my shoulders and slipped the straps of my tight hotpants down. I shivered with pleasure as her hands caressed my boobs, stroking and moulding the soft flesh until my nipples were hard and throbbing. She pulled my cropped t-shirt off and her mouth went to my tits, licking and sucking.

I was melting with lust and the need to come as she pulled my shorts off and we sank to the ground together.

"Lick my cunt, Bettina," I moaned. "I want to feel your tongue inside me..."

Her hot tongue darted over my pussy lips, wriggling between them to stroke my hard clit. In what seemed like seconds I was dripping wet, my cunt getting the most thorough tongue fucking I could ever have dreamt of. I squeezed my tits as Bettina brought me to a massive climax.

"Bravo, girls," said a sleepy voice. I looked around to see a big, dark haired guy wearing nothing but an impressive hard on! There was really nothing much I could say, under the circumstances, except, "Your wife's just made me come!"

"I know," Xavier grinned. "I've been watching for ages! I hope you'll do me the honour of letting me do the same?"

I weighed it up for a couple of seconds. Okay, I'd been faithful to Mike for a while now... but here was this well hung guy with a terrific looking cock all ready to service me, and I hadn't even got my hands on Bettina's pussy yet. How could I resist!

I beckoned Xavier over as I got on my hands and knees. I was so wet from Bettina's licking that I was ready to take his cock in one thrust. He rubbed the tip against me, just letting me feel the first inch inside.

"Give me that cock!" I sighed. "I need it all!" At once Xavier shoved his whole length into me, filling me with the thickest, longest prick I'd ever taken.

Bettina watched avidly as Xavier fucked me doggy style, pulling that long cock almost all the way out with each stroke, then slamming it deep inside. I was yelling with pleasure, my head and forearms flat on the ground to brace myself against his powerful thrusts.

"Oh, baby, fuck her good and hard," moaned Bettina, slipping one hand into her tight shorts to frig herself as she watched me getting screwed by her man. Her free hand went to his balls, fondling them and stroking my pussy at the same time.

"Bettina, show me your cunt," I panted, barely able to get the words out as Xavier powered into me. I'd just had a little orgasm and I was building up to a big one, but I was still desperate to get a taste of Bettina – and she looked like she needed some attention!

She wriggled out of her cut offs and spread her legs so I could feast my eyes on her cunt. Her pubes were so blonde I could barely see them and she'd shaved herself completely around her plump pink lips, exposing her juicy hole.

I turned over onto my back and Xavier held my legs high so he could fuck me even more deeply than before as Bettina crouched over my face. I stretched out my tongue and ran it lightly over her wet slit. She moaned and sank down lower onto my face and I started eating her, sucking on her clit and pushing my tongue as far inside her as I could.

Watching Xavier fuck me must have got her really horny, because in no time at all she was coming, her pussy juice flooding my mouth. Xavier kissed her passionately as she bucked and writhed, and then he groaned loudly and I felt his hot spunk pump into my cunt.

We disentangled ourselves and grinned at each other, all three of us tingling with that just-been-fucked glow.

"Sorry folks, I've gotta go!" I said, pulling on my crumpled clothes and looking hopelessly for my sandals which I'd flung into the long grass. "Mike will be waiting for me."

"Oh yeah, that sexy fella I saw you humping," said Bettina. "Bring him over for a visit soon..."

We all kissed goodbye and I headed over to our tent, barefoot. Well, Mike took one look at me and knew I'd been up to something. He was a bit disapproving at first, but as I described how I'd felt when Bettina's tongue slid into my dripping cunt, I could see the bulge in his shorts swelling to mammoth proportions. He pulled it out and started stroking it as I told him how Bettina got off on watching Xavier fuck me, and how I knew I'd feel just the same if I could watch him with his cock buried inside her cute blonde pussy.

"You mean you wouldn't mind me fucking another girl in front of you?" he asked, incredulously.

"Better hurry up and do it before I change my mind!" I whispered, pulling him to his feet and leading him towards Bettina and Xavier's tent. The two of them were kissing and feeling each other up, and as they saw us approach they got even naughtier, Xavier pulling out his stiffening dick as Bettina took her top off and flashed her boobs at Mike.

When we reached them and Bettina held up her tits for Mike to suck, his cock was so hard it was poking out of the top of his shorts in a thick ridge. I took Bettina's hand and wrapped it around his shaft, moving it up and down in the rhythm I know he loves. She began to really get into it, wanking him hard and fast as I undressed him. Then the two of us knelt in front of him and started sucking him off, both licking his balls and sucking him in turn. Meanwhile Xavier had got behind us and was finger fucking us both, one with each hand.

Watching Bettina suck my boyfriend's cock was so horny – I loved the way she did it, taking it right down her throat and then pulling it all the way out of her mouth and licking it all over. Suddenly I got an incredible urge to eat her cunt again, so I wriggled under her and started licking. I heard her moan, though the noise was muffled by her big mouthful of cock!

All I needed now was to get my own cunt filled with prick, and I soon got my wish as Xavier crammed his meat inside me. By now Mike was fucking Bettina's tits, his wet shaft sliding easily up and down her cleavage. I still wanted to see him with his cock in her pussy though.

"Mike, Bettina's cunt is so juicy and sweet," I said. "Why don't you try it for yourself?"

He must have been waiting for my approval, because as soon as I said that, he got on his back and pulled her on top of him. I saw his meat

slide into her wet hole an inch at a time, stretching her wide until she'd sunk all the way down on it. She looked amazing, riding him hard, sliding up and down on his wet pole like that.

Xavier and I got in the same position next to them, and Bettina and I held hands and groped each other's boobs as we each fucked the other's man.

"When he starts to come, take his cock in your mouth and drink his spunk," Bettina whispered to me. "I'll do the same with Mike."

As I felt Xavier's spunk begin to spurt into me, I pulled off and managed to catch three or four jets of his salty come in my mouth. I let the rest dribble down over my neck and boobs, rubbing it into my nipples.

The sight of me getting soaked with another fella's spunk set Mike off too, and I was treated to the delicious sight of Bettina drinking his come. She took some of it on her tits too, and we gave the guys a good show, rubbing our sticky boobs together and then getting into an even stickier 69 while they caught their breath and stroked their cocks back to hardness, ready to fuck us again.

Xavier and Bettina left the site a couple of days later, but Mike and I spent the rest of our horny holiday fucking like rabbits – and I've got a feeling we'll be doing it for a long time to come, if sexy things like this keep happening to us! – *Sharon, Telford*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Most men I know are really curious to find out what goes on at girls' nights out – and most women I know wouldn't dream of telling a bloke anything about it! That's especially true of hen night parties, I suppose – and that's exactly why I just had to share with Club readers the details of what happened when I went to one a few weeks ago.

One of the girls I work with, Sarah, was getting married, and so of course the suggestion was raised that we should all get together and go out on a hen night so that we could really let our hair down before she signed her life away forever. Her wedding was to be a really posh white do – well, cream actually, as Sarah can't lay any claim to being a virgin bride! – so we knew that we all had to be on our best behaviour there: the hen night was our only chance to be really out of control.

Then Robyn, one of the other girls we work with, announced that she'd found this restaurant locally which did special 'ladies' nights' – where they arranged a meal, a lot of alcohol... and a couple of male strippers to keep the patrons entertained for the evening!

She booked it up, and when the night arrived we rampaged into the restaurant already having partaken of more than a few cocktails, all dressed to kill in our skimpiest dresses and highest heels. One of our mates, Samantha, had brought along her hand-held video camera to record the whole event for posterity – and so we'd have some good ammunition for bribery, too! There were about ten of us, and about ten other similar groups of women, all obviously out for the same thing – the strippers!

As it came close to show-time, the sound of hands and glasses banging on the tables was deafening. There were about 80 women in there, and if they were anything like us they were a bit pissed and very horny! So the reaction when the first of the two strippers appeared was unbelievable!

I can hardly describe it: the pounding of the music and the fists on tables as this six foot tall, really hunky guy with one of the best bodies I've seen since the Chippendales strutted his stuff in front of us, the way he circled his hips in front of all the tables, teasing every one of us and urging us on to even more excitement...

I was working myself into a frenzy after just a few minutes, my nipples hardening like organ stops, my cunt so wet that I thought I was going to slip off my chair! And looking around at the state of the other girls on our table, he was having the same effect on them. It was all flushed faces and stiffening nipples poking through blouses, and I took a good guess that before long there would be well-manicured sets of fingers creeping up between smooth thighs and playing around above stocking tops.

The stripper (his name was Gary) came over to our table then, and we all went wild as he pulled off his G-string and started waving this really long shlong about, right in Sarah's face. He must have been tipped off that it was her hen night as he pulled her up out of her seat and into the middle of the floor... and that's when the chaos really began!

Sam was busily recording the whole thing next to me, and we all strained forward to see what Sarah would do at the sight of some much lean cock meat in front of her. We didn't have to wait long: she grasped it firmly between both hands and crouched in front of him, pretending to suck him off!

The crowd went wild, though I think they thought it was all part of the act. To a great cheering and banging of glasses, Gary began thrusting his pelvis forward, his head thrown back and his eyes closed as he mimed the actions of a bloke on the receiving end of a really throaty blowjob. This isn't normally supposed to happen at these do's, I thought to myself as I moved forward for a better view – but what the hell, we were getting more than we'd paid for!

It was then I realised they weren't miming after all! From my previous angle Sarah's arm was in the way, wrapped around Gary's bum, and I couldn't properly see what was going on. But standing on my toes I had a clear view of her lips clamped around his long cock as it slid down her throat! Perhaps it had started off as a joke, but now Sarah was giving this guy some *serious* head.

It was really horny to watch my workmate getting so abandoned: she was massaging his balls and the base of his shaft with her long nails, taking his whole length down her throat. I wondered how long it was going to take her to make him come, when Robyn leapt up from her chair and joined in! She knelt behind Sarah and pulled down her strapless top, letting her generous boobs fall out and rub against the stripper's hairy legs, before beginning to knead and fondle them so that Sarah became wildly excited. I'd never imagined she could be like that before: she was sucking away at the guy's cock like a woman possessed.

It was at that moment that the second guy appeared – he was wearing a 'New York city cop' outfit. What a turn-on! The crowd bayed wildly, and I could see that Sam was having to bite her lip hard as she stood and carried on filming the whole orgy.

All our party had edged closer and closer to the stage, and now some of us started to climb on it to get a better view. We could see that Gary was nearing his orgasm. The way his balls were stretched taut as her fingers probed them, you could tell. The whole table of us gathered around her as she sucked him towards his climax, cheering her on. His face was screwed up and his muscles bulged as he held her head at his crotch, jerking his hips – God, he was so close we could feel it!

The city cop – Steve, I discovered later – was obviously pretty turned on by the sight too, judging by the huge lump in his outfit. He grabbed me from where I was standing and told me to strip him off right then and there!

I felt incredibly hot and aroused as I pulled off his city cop uniform – which was held together by bits of velcro for easy access! – and started to fondle his gloriously well-muscled body. I had him naked in no time, and he looked incredible standing there gleaming with oil, with his fat cock standing straight up against his belly.

As I ran my hands over him, down towards his cock, I felt a pair of hands start to grope and stroke me from behind. I turned around to find that it was Robyn.

"Sarah's busy," she said, nodding towards where our workmate was swallowing a load of come to applause from the crowd. Then, to my surprise, Robyn began kissing me, pushing her tongue right into my mouth, standing really close to me so that I was sandwiched between her and Steve, his hard, naked cock pressing right into my back. Robyn's and his hands were all over me, under my skirt, unbuttoning my blouse, arousing me, making me wet between my legs – as if I wasn't wet enough already!

"Are you getting this all on film?" someone shouted behind me as the cheers of all the watching women became deafening. I glanced over at Sam; she was still on her feet (just!), holding the camera with a shaky hand and obviously needing to get in

on the action. Then, to my amazement, one of the women from one of the other tables came over, motioned to her friend to hold up the camera... and started getting off with Sam, dispensing quickly with her clothes and running her hands up and down Sam's firm young body.

The other woman filmed the whole lot, especially the bit where her friend sucked Sam's tits, making big circles around the nipples with her tongue before taking them right between her teeth, one after the other. Her hands worked their way between Sam's legs and started to play with her clitty, slowly rubbing it. After filming all that action I think Sam really needed to come, because she lay back and pulled her knees up to her chest, opening up her pink cunt for everyone to see. The other girl knelt between her legs and chewed her pussy hard, and within seconds Sam was yelling and screaming that she was having an orgasm.

The sight of that really excited me. I turned to Steve, who was reaching around to fondle my bare tits now, and kissing my neck. "I need you to screw me," I told him, starting to rub the length of his shaft with my fingers to make sure he was fully hard for me. "And I want to do it on film!"

Always the showman, he knew exactly what to do. Right there in the middle of the floor, he steadied himself with his legs firmly planted in the middle of mine, then wrapped one of my legs around his waist, so that he was completely supporting me. I could feel my toes curling inside my high heels, as I contemplated what I was about to do – have sex with a virtual stranger in front of a rabidly eager crowd of onlookers!

I was already wet and juicy so Steve had no problem sliding his cock into me, and I clenched my cunt muscles around his length as I revelled in the feeling of him slowly pushing up and down, up and down, inside me. It felt fantastic to have such a fat cock thrusting into me, and even better that an eager crowd was watching every movement we were making and getting turned on watching.

I was losing myself in the deliciously slow screwing I was getting, so I was only vaguely aware of someone shouting that Sarah ought to get a fucking too – as it was her hen night, it was only fair. As soon as the idea was suggested, Sarah was on her back next to where I was getting a good seeing-to, her legs in the air, offering her cunt for Gary's attentions. He didn't need any prompting, kneeling down between her legs and parting her wet love lips gently before sliding his fat helmet inside her. Sarah wrapped her legs around his waist and really let go of all her inhibitions. As the woman with the camera moved in on them she moaned and writhed, first pinching her tits and then gripping her ankles to hold them right above her head. That gave Gary deep access to her open cunt, as well as giving the camera a great view of his cock pounding into her!

I could tell by the way he was panting loudly that Steve was soon going to unload his balls inside me. "I want your spunk," I groaned. "I really want to feel you shoot your sticky spunk up my pussy..."

I was still quite a long way from orgasm, but when Steve unloaded his come inside me, the hot spurts started me off; first came the little orgasmic ripples, then I finally started coming in earnest, bucking my hips up and down and really gripping his shaft hard with my cunt muscles. He made sure that, despite the fact that he'd just come, his cock stayed hard enough for me to grind myself on to it until I was completely satisfied.

Sarah was still getting fucked by Gary – and she was making a real meal of it too, really playing up for the camera. "I want you to come over my tits!" she gasped out loud. Gary withdrew, knelt up and wanked his cock furiously – and in seconds it spurted spunk all over her tits and face. Sarah wanked herself and moaned that she was coming as wad after wad of spunk landed on her, running over her swollen tits and trickling down her

cheeks into her hair. All this in front of the camera and a crowd of breathless, horny women who were watching every second!

Just as Sarah was recovering from that all the house lights went on! Some rat had got hold of the manager to tell him what was going on. He told the two guys they'd never work again, but I don't think they cared after a fuck like that!

Six of us, plus the guys, went straight back to this girl's flat. The moment we got in the door everyone was stripping off and grabbing boobs, cunts and cocks! My lasting memory of that night will be when I looked up about half an hour later to take in the scene. It looked like this:

Right under my face was this girl Brenda's open pussy – I'd just licked and finger-fucked her until she came. In fact I still had three fingers buried up her tight cunt. Two girls were in a 69 on the sofa, their boobs rubbing on each others' tummies and their faces buried in each others' cunts. The guys had our bride-to-be in the doggy position on the floor, one with his cock down her throat and the other humping her pussy – her eyes were glazed with pleasure, and the way she was rocking back and forward meant that whenever one cock was pulling out of her another was driving in. And Sam, who had got the camera back, was sitting stark naked, with her legs spread: with one hand she held the camera, filming every thrust and lick, and with the other she was ramming a big pink dildo in and out of her snatch so fast it was a blur!

A couple of weeks later, after the wedding, we had a girls' night in to watch the tape: in the last section the picture was a little bit jerky, but God, it was really hot stuff! Sarah blushed pink and said she was so embarrassed, she couldn't believe she'd acted like that, it was the drink, and so on. But we got her to admit later that she'd watched the tape on her own quite a few times since, and it had got her so hot she'd wanked herself off right there and then! Now she's only got to make sure that her husband doesn't find it... – *Mary, Sussex* ♣

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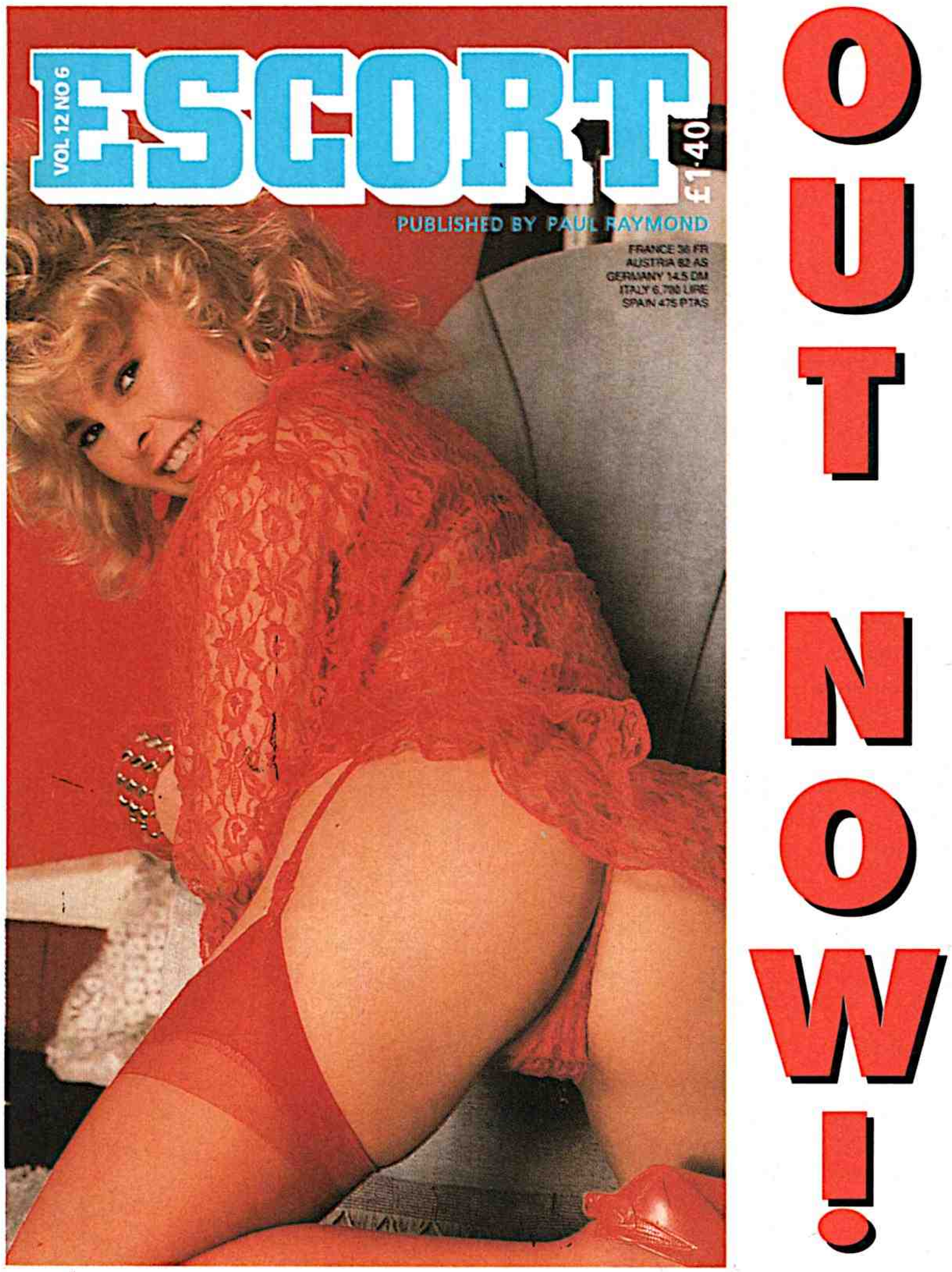
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THIS week I have personally been watching the hottest, horniest videos I've ever seen in my life—what a week!

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I have been able to get hold of sixteen, yes sixteen, **uncut uncertificated** films of highest quality from **Scandinavia** and can offer them to you at a fraction of what they should cost.

To get around import restrictions I've had to offer these very special films in pairs and sets of four but this will also reduce transport and handling costs so they come to you **even cheaper!**

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WARNING: The following videos are uncertified, imported from USA/Europe. They are totally uncensored, hardcore explicit videos not for sale through any outlet in the UK. These are NOT similar to anything else on the market, they are truely hardcore and completely UNCENSORED by the BBFC. The hardest videos available in the UK. You have been warned.

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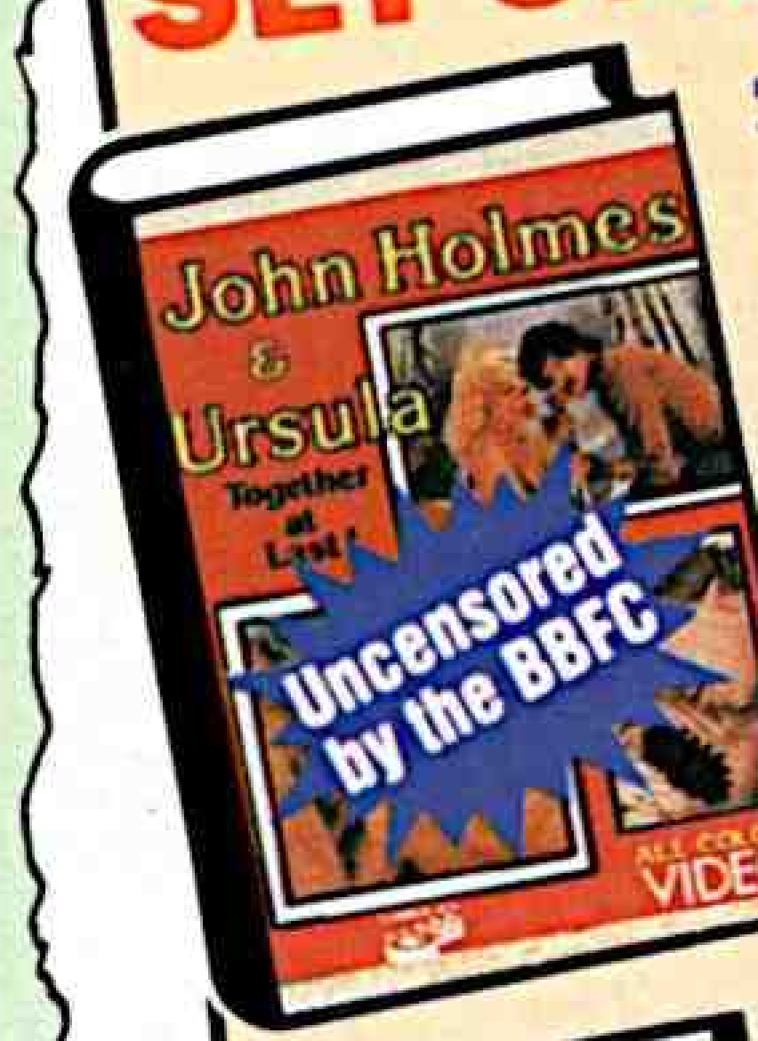

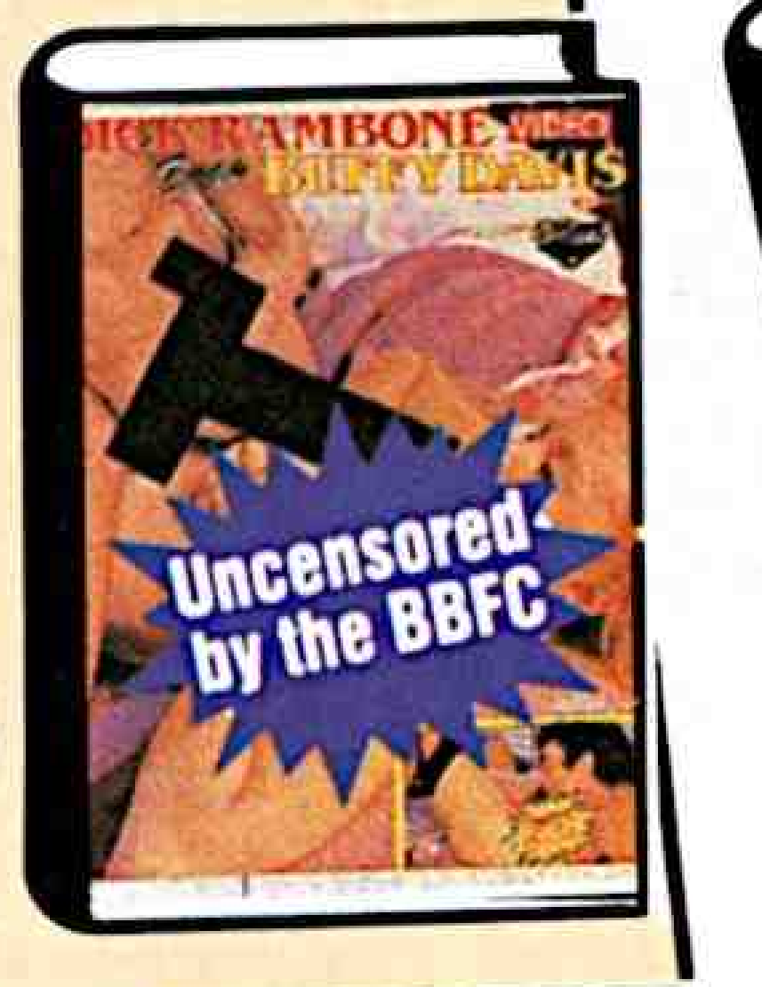

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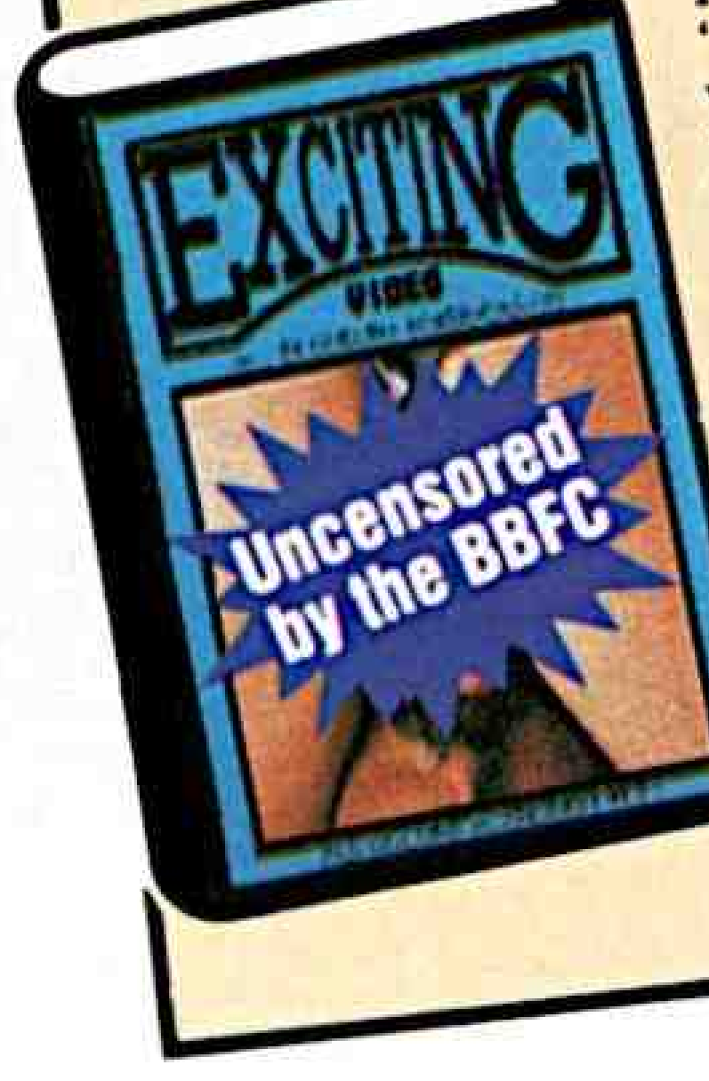

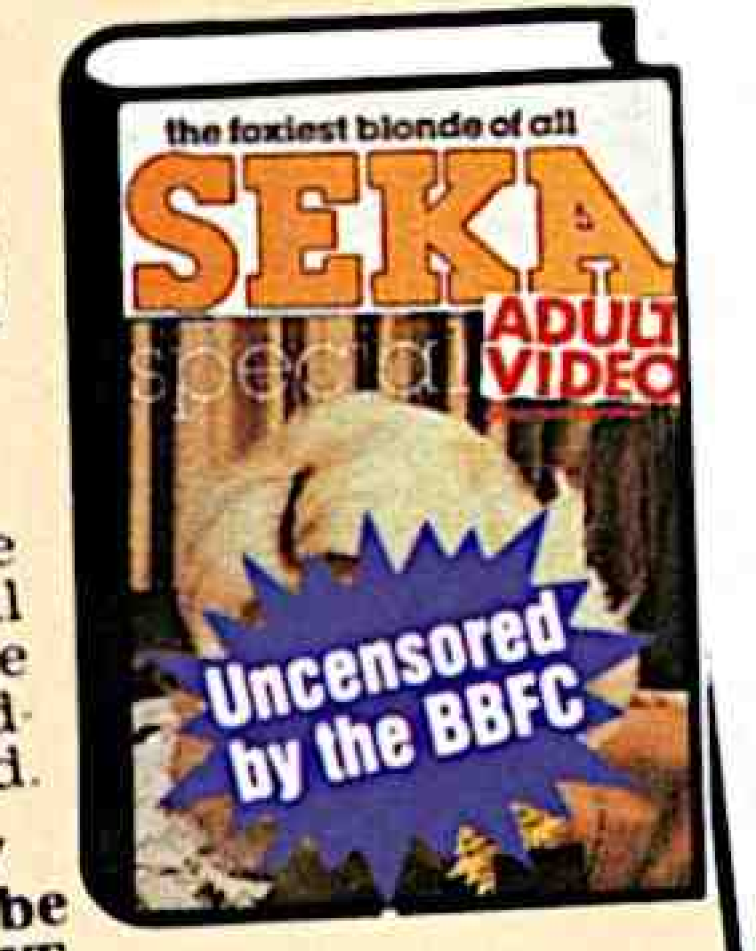

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Sexy Girls

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Color Climax 125

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Blue Screw

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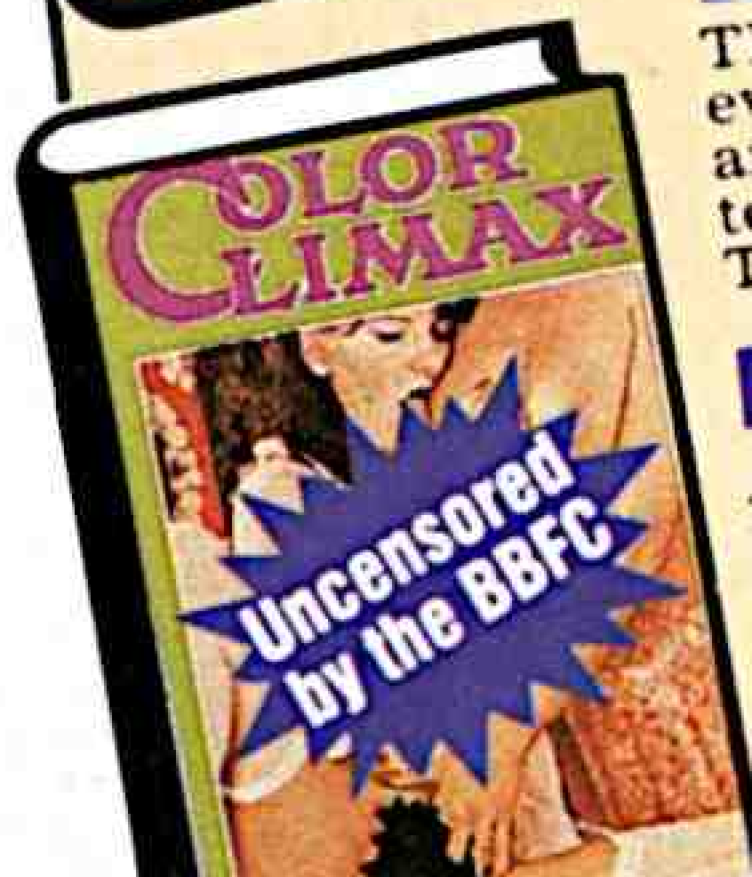

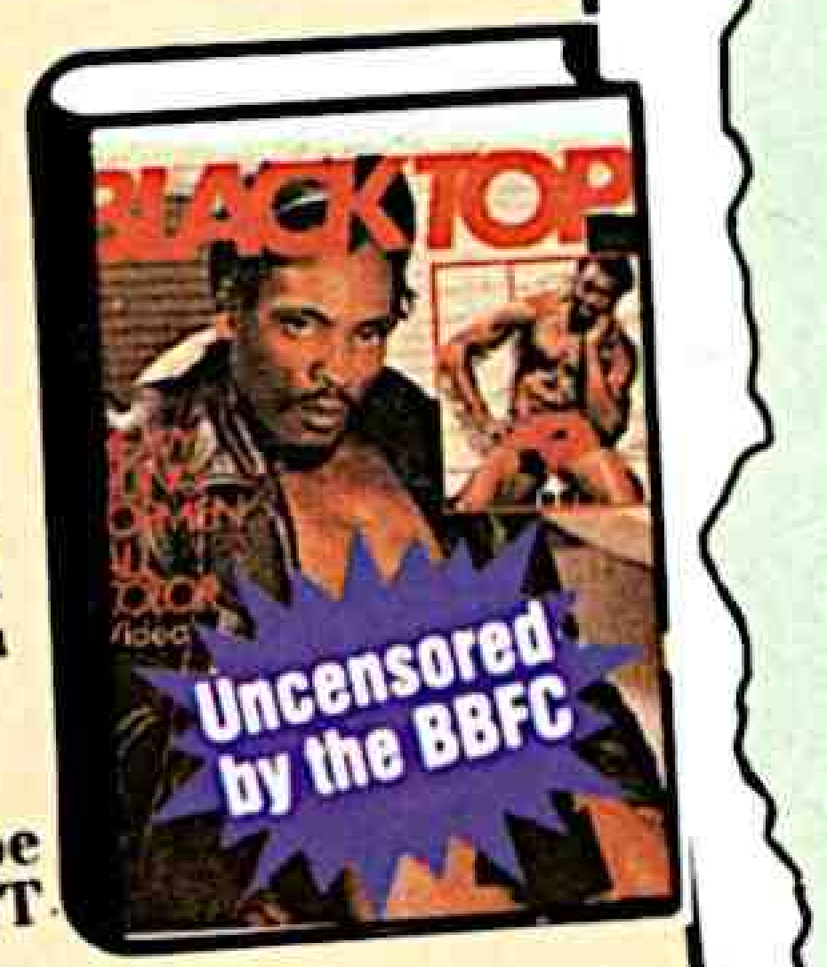

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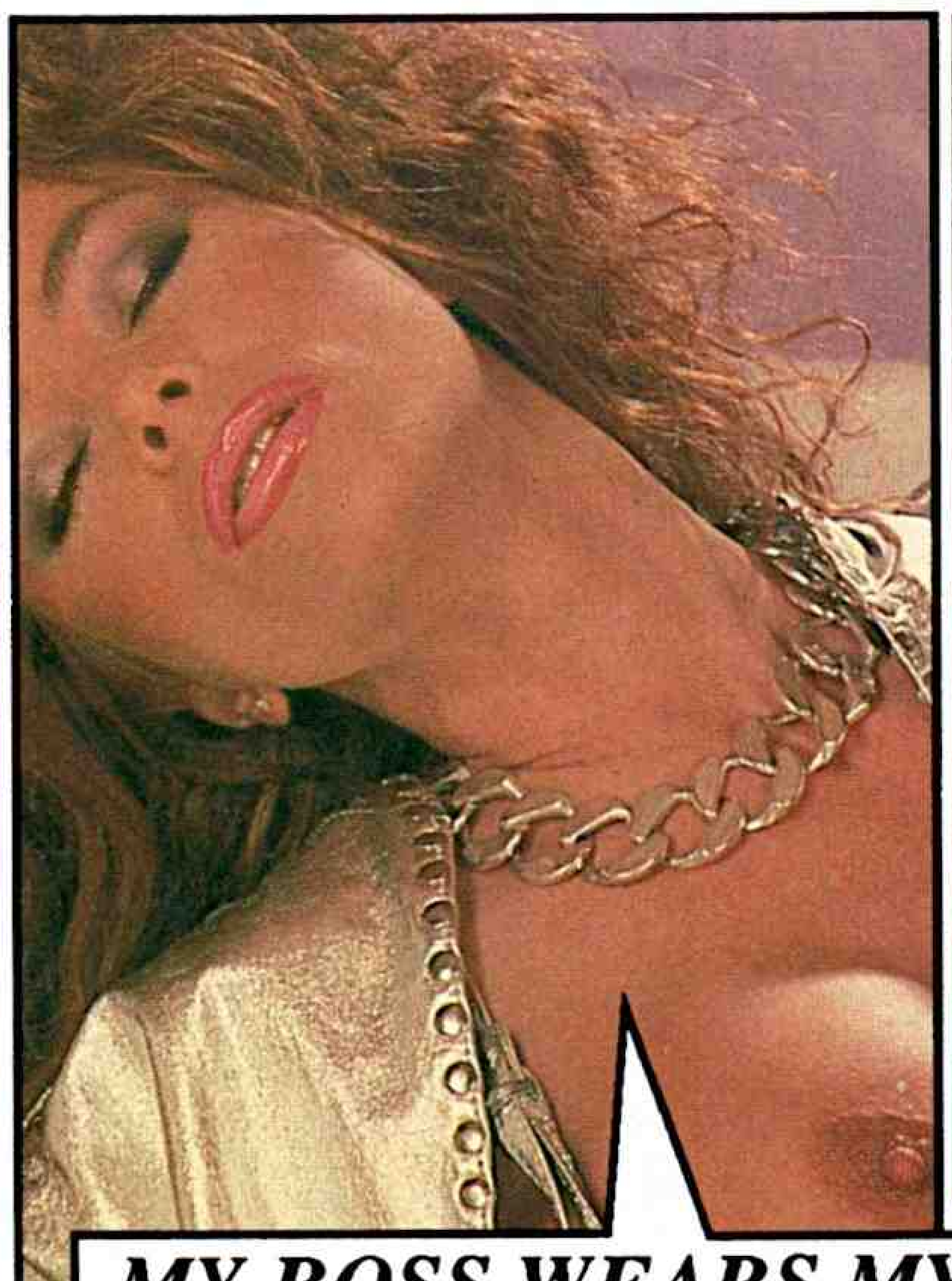

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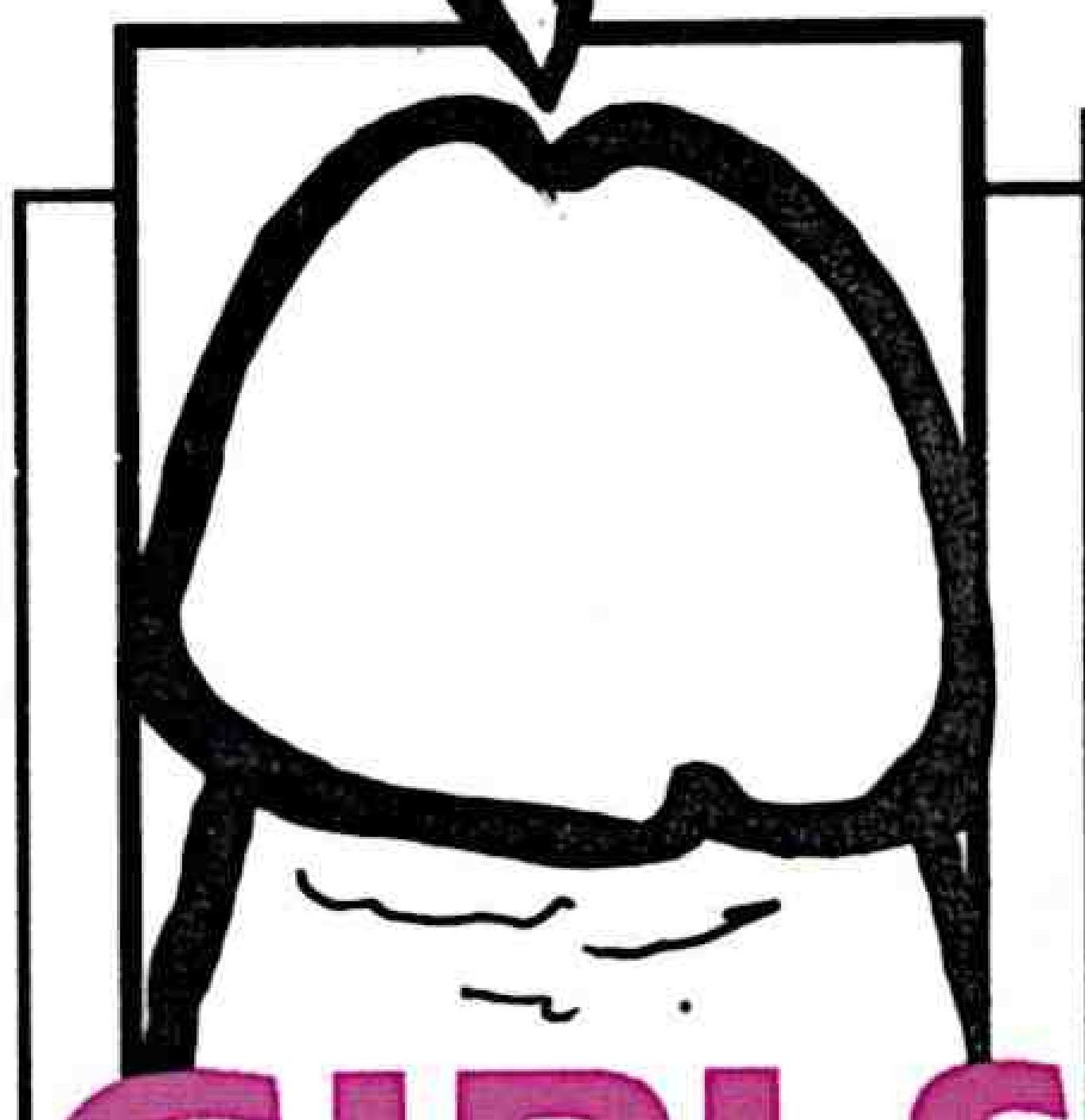

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1-Hour Sample Video £9.95

3-Hour Video £24.95 and

6-Hours of Videos £39.95

Postage and package is FREE. WE ACCEPT ENGLISH postal orders, cheques or cash. *Remember, to send a letter to Holland you need to put on a 24p stamp.* So — get the best and hardest videos in Europe — fill in this order coupon.

C.I.

SUPERNOVA,
POSTBUS 1230, 1000BE,
Amsterdam, Holland
Please send me the following
on VHS only:

☐ 1-Hour Sample Tape £9.95
☐ 3-Hour Video £24.95
☐ 6-Hour Video £39.95

The subjects I want on the tape are: ____________

____

I enclose cheques/ postal order for £________
I understand that P&P is free.

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________

____

____

POSTCODE ____________

I am aware of the nature of these Videos and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18.

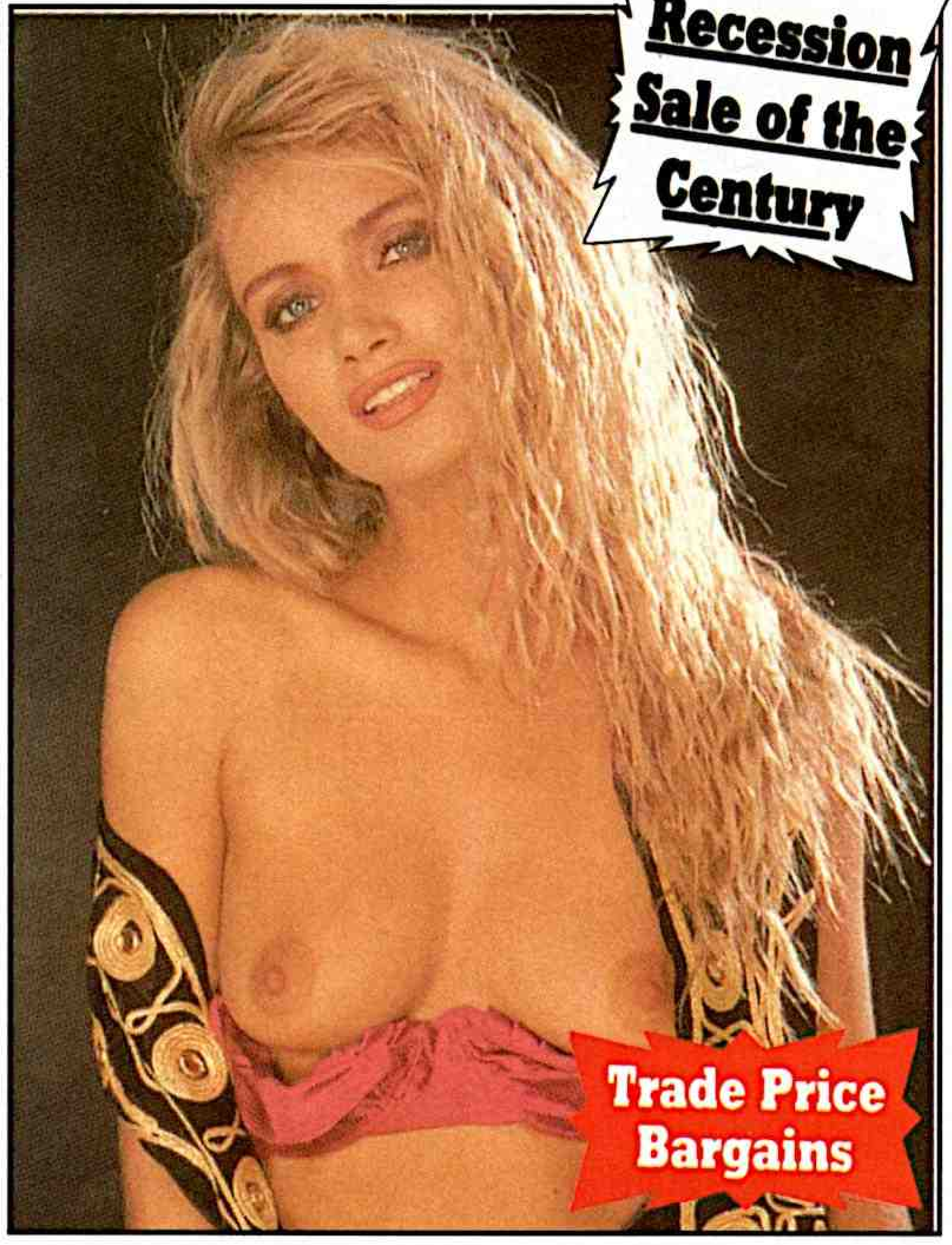
Signed: ____________

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

INTRODUCING TARA BARDOT'S:

BANKRUPTCY BULLETIN

Recession Sale of the Century



Trade Price Bargains

AS the recession deepens and becomes a full-blown depression, literally thousands of companies are fighting for survival, and many companies are failing.

Stock is being sold at trade prices in desperate attempts to bring in cash, and incredible bargains are available if you know where to look.

I have put together a team of experienced researchers to bring readers the very best bargains from all over the country as more and more companies prepare for bankruptcy.

Quality

Stock has to be sold at trade prices to avoid the liquidator, so make sure you benefit from this unique financial phenomenon.

Every month I'll be able to offer an assortment of the highest quality adult goods at prices which may never be repeated. I personally guarantee the quality, and despatch will be confidential and quick.

Order today and ensure you don't miss out on the **Bankruptcy bargains of the year.**

☎ 'Dirty sex talk, I go all the way'.
0898 886 400
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

☎ CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE
081-534 8855 (24 hrs.)

PRIVATE LINES 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

	Example Retail Price	Bankruptcy Bulletin Price
MARITAL AIDS		
Multi-Headed Vibrator	£25.00	**£6.50**
Penis Developer	£20.00	**£4.95**
Luxury Vibrator	£13.00	**£4.95**
Ejaculating Dildo	£15.00	**£7.95**
G Spot Vibrator	£28.00	**£7.45**
Double Finger Vibrating Vibe	£25.00	**£6.25**
Bumper Condom Pack × 40	£20.00	**£5.50**
Big Man Impotence Ring	£10.00	**£3.95**
Coloured & Flavoured Condoms × 20	£7.00	**£3.95**
Inflatable "Peggy" Doll	£25.00	**£8.95**
"Up & Down" Moving Vibrator	£25.00	**£6.95**
ADULT FUNWEAR		
Baby Doll Nightie	£15.00	**£5.25**
Lacy Bra, Brief & Suspender Set	£20.00	**£7.50**
Seamed Stockings	£2.00	**£1.00**
Fishnet Stockings	£3.00	**£1.50**
Wet-Look Bra/Brief/Susp. Set	£20.00	**£9.45**
Mini French Maid Uniform	£30.00	**£19.95**
Two Pairs Open-Crotch Panties	£15.00	**£5.95**
Thong & Suspender Set	£10.00	**£4.75**
Full-Length Lace Nightie	£20.00	**£7.95**
Male Posing Pouch	£10.00	**£4.75**
MAGAZINES		
Contact Mag Pack	£25.00	**£3.95**
Explicit Adult Mag Pack	£30.00	**£4.95**
"One For The Ladies" Mag Pack	£20.00	**£3.95**
BOOKS		
Advanced Sex Positions	£15.00	**£3.75**
Illustrated Fanny Hill	£15.00	**£3.95**
Sexual Medical Curiosities	£15.00	**£3.75**
Sex Stars' Favourite Positions	£7.95	**£1.95**
XYZ Of Love	£15.00	**£3.95**
Sexual Fantasies	£20.00	**£4.95**
VIDEOS —VHS Only		
Uncertificated Video Sampler 1	£49.95	**£4.95**
Uncertificated Video Sampler 2	£49.95	**£4.95**
Full-Length Explicit Video 1	£39.95	**£3.95**
Full-Length Explicit Video 2	£39.95	**£3.95**
Full-Length Explicit Video 3	£39.95	**£3.95**
Full-Length Explicit Video 4	£39.95	**£3.95**
All Six Videos	£259.70	**£19.95**
PILLS, POTIONS and LOTIONS		
Luxury Lubricant	£7.00	**£2.75**
Male Pheromone	£15.00	**£5.95**
Female Pheromone	£15.00	**£5.95**
Spanish Fly Drops	£13.00	**£4.50**
Spanish Fly Cream	£13.00	**£4.25**
Spanish Fly Capsules	£13.00	**£3.75**
Erecta Prompt Cream	£9.00	**£2.50**
Male Delay Cream	£9.00	**£2.50**
Enlarge Development Cream	£12.00	**£3.95**
Female Climax Cream	£7.00	**£2.75**
Delay Spray	£13.00	**£3.75**

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat. 9.30am-6pm (Fri. 8pm)
Prices or offers shown are for mail order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. SP22

PRIVATE LINES (Dept. C I), 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE
Please send me the items as listed below:

Product Description	Quantity	Total Price
	Grand Total	£

I enclose cheque/P.O. for £________ made payable to M.O. DIVISION, (if paying by cheque please add name and address to reverse).

Name ____________

Address ____________

____

____________ Postcode ____________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18. ____________ Signed

1685

HORNY TALK

AUNTY IN LESBIAN ROMP 0898 884 321

ON ALL FOURS 0898 884 319

I'LL SIT ON IT 0898 900 506

PHONE - A BUST 0898 884 326

CLASSIFIED

Hold onto my wobbly ones 0898 900 510
I'll do what the wife won't 0898 900 511
Sex with the secretary 0898 777 819
Large breasts smothered in oil 0898 777 826
You thrust, I'll swallow 0898 777 822
Bimbo in lycra 0898 900 504
Do you fancy a jump? 0898 900 505

JUNIOR DESIRES 0898 900 501

BE MY OFFICE SLAVE FOR A DAY 0898 884 201

LISTEN TO ME DO IT NOW 0898 884 203

RANDY LESBIANS IN RUBBER 0898 884 202

BARE BOTTOM WAITING 0898 884 209

SUCK MY LACY PANTIES 0898 884 200

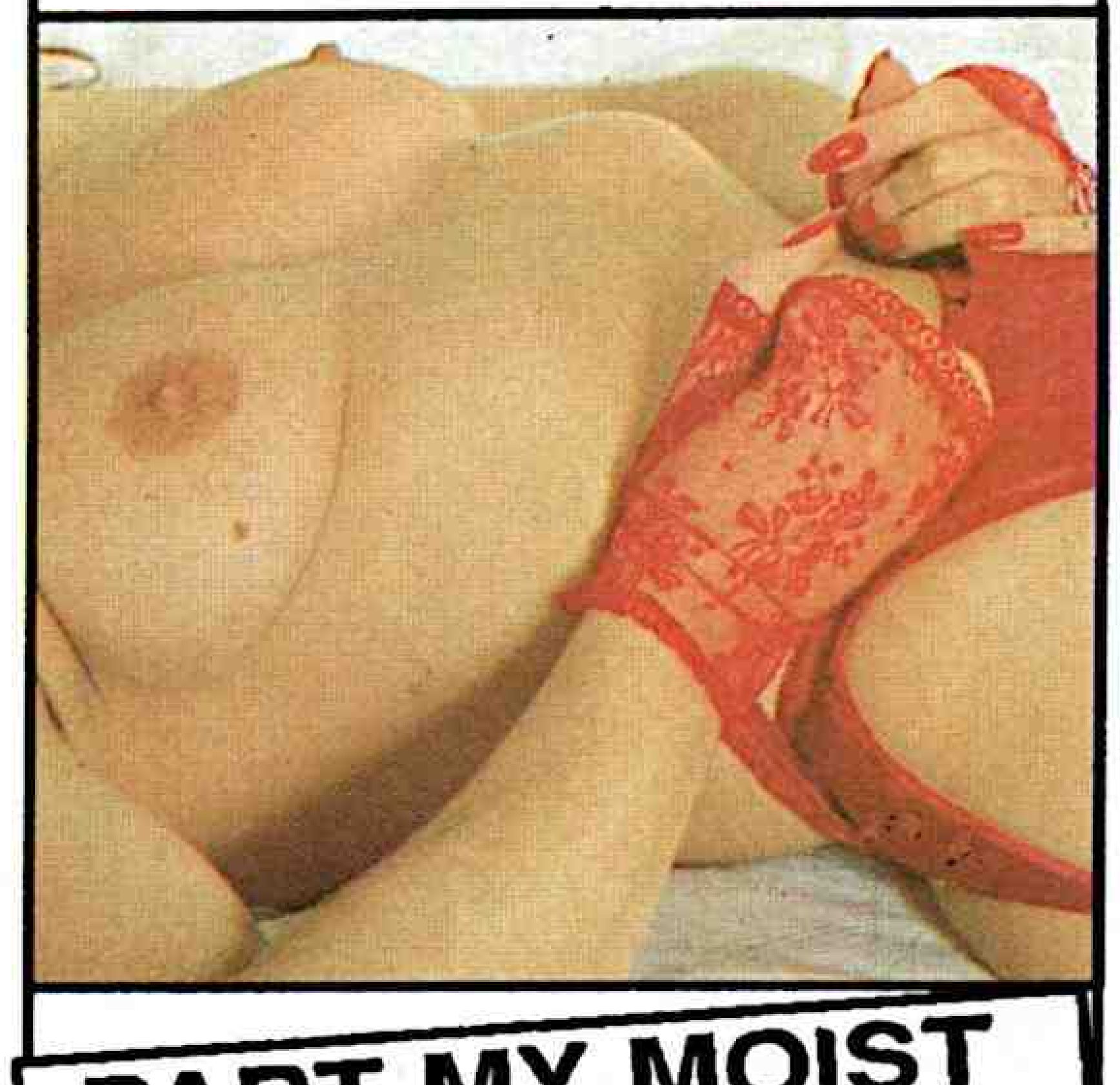
MASTURBATION SPECIAL 0898 884 205

PULL ON YOUR PUDDING 0898 884 206

TUG ON MY TITTIES 0898 884 210

DREAM OVER THE SHEETS 0898 884 208

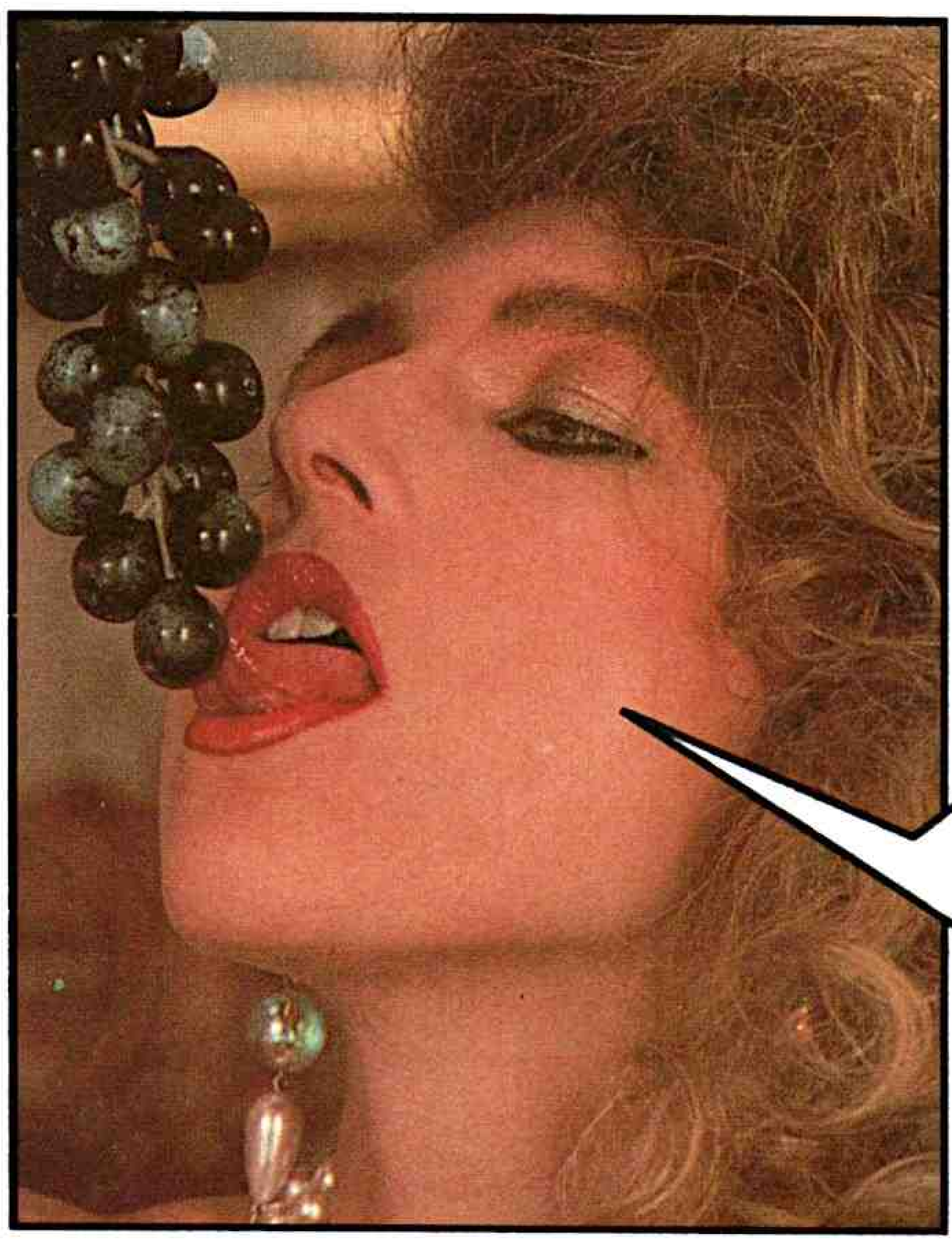
CROSS DRESS FOR SEX 0898 884 214



PART MY MOIST LIPS 0898 884 316

RAM IT IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 207

XXX ADULT SEX



AMPLE ASSETS 0898 884 329

I ALWAYS NEED ATTENTION 0898 900 513

I LOVE TO DO IT ALONE!!! 0898 884 320

RAUNCHY SEX SOUNDS 0898 884 317

I'LL FONDLE YOUR STIFF ROD 0898 884 323

MY MOUTH IS FULL!!! 0898 884 322

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 327

I'M EXHIBITING MYSELF 0898 777 816

PHONE A GROAN 0898 777 820

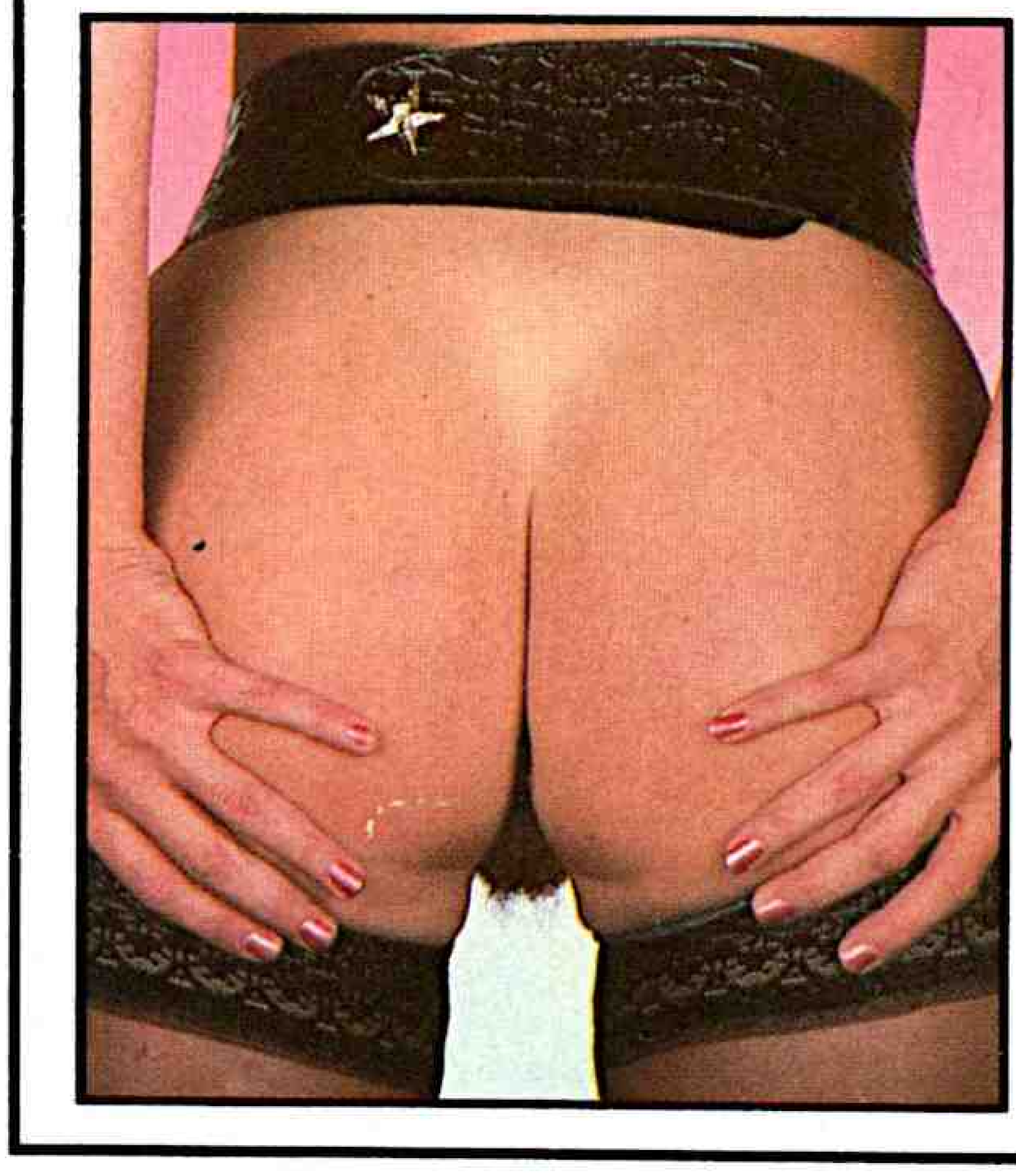
MY DIRTY STICKY BITS!!! 0898 900 500

I'LL UNLOAD YOUR LOT 0898 900 507

FRUSTRATED HOUSEWIFE 0898 777 817

ALL GIRL STRAP ON PARTY 0898 777 821

DRESS FOR DISIPLINE 0898 777 823



CLASSIFIEDS

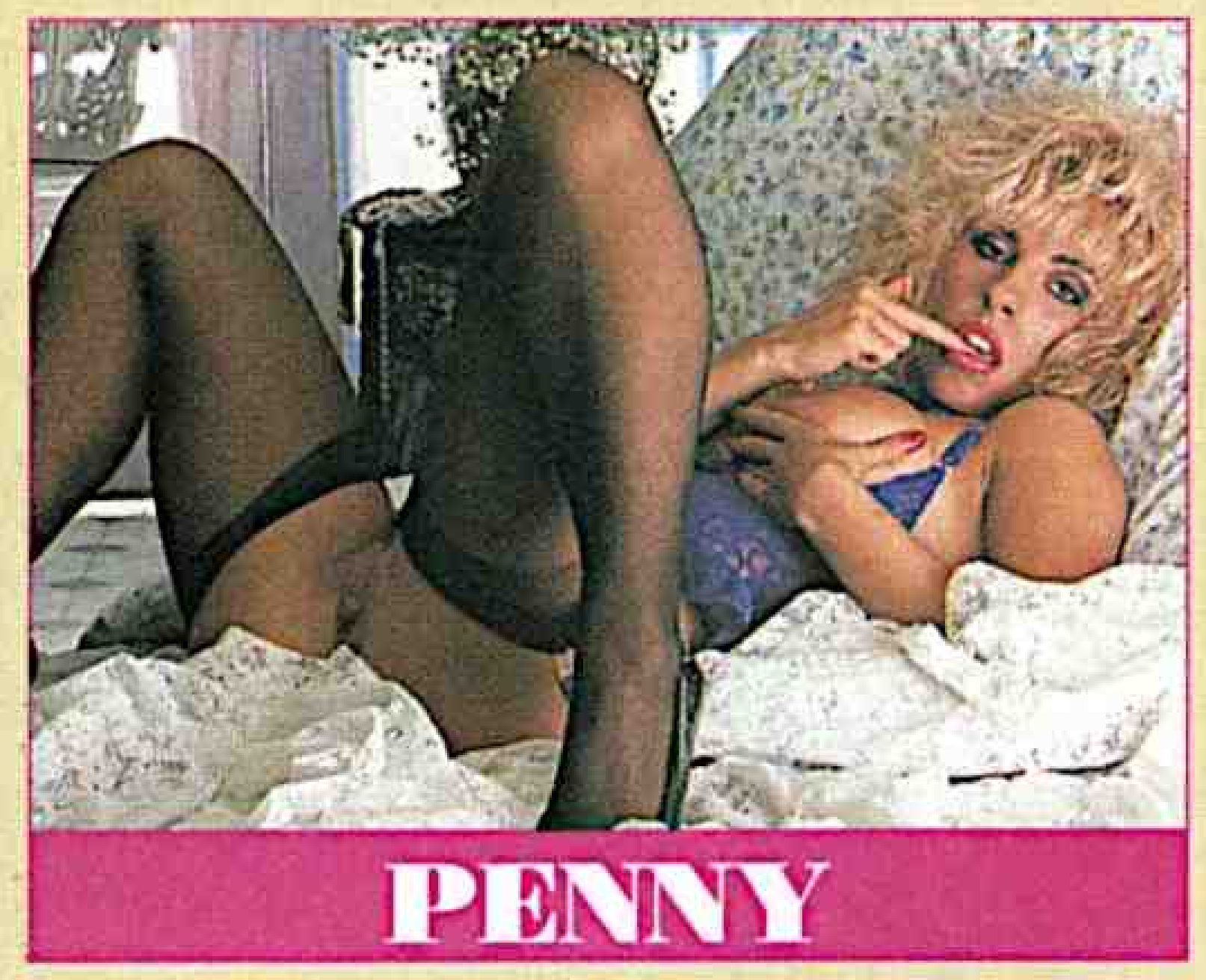
Women watch each other masturbate 0898 900 502
I'll tell you what I'm doing over the phone 0898 900 512
Shaven minge growing back stubbly & sharp 0898 777 815
Let me know your fetish & we will act it out 0898 777 824
My tongue will make you tingle 0898 777 827
Mature lady in a girdle - if your into older women 0898 884 204
I've done it all - totally experienced 0898 884 211
Pull my panties to one side & poke me 0898 884 328
I'm always ready for business 0898 884 318
I'm on all fours - do the bizz 0898 884 212

Dirty nympho's friday night 0898 884 213
Shaven bald & ready to climax 0898 884 315
Lusty red head in wet latex 0898 884 324
I'm on my knees begging for it 0898 884 325
Let me fondle your horny bulge 0898 900 508
Transvestite will tell you tales 0898 900 514
One large willy in my mouth 0898 777 825
Naughty knickers & red high heels 0898 777 828
Dial me and do it between them 0898 777 829
Don't just sit there - call me 0898 777 818
My bottom for your pleasure 0898 900 509
Be firm with me - master 0898 900 503

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9JU. CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN OTHER TIMES. PRG/18/25/A.

JULIE

ORAL SEX - 'I'LL SWALLOW IT'
0898 204 217



PENNY

'EASE IT UP ME - PLEASE'
0898 77 11 83

NANCY

STRIP ME THEN XXXX ME
0898 77 11 84

KATE

PLEASE LICK MY PUSSY
0898 204 216

FANNY

EX-NURSE WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0898 77 11 29

Britain's

RUDEST PHONELINE TOP 20

READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS

Live recordings of explicit sex acts and Fantasies sent in by our readers.

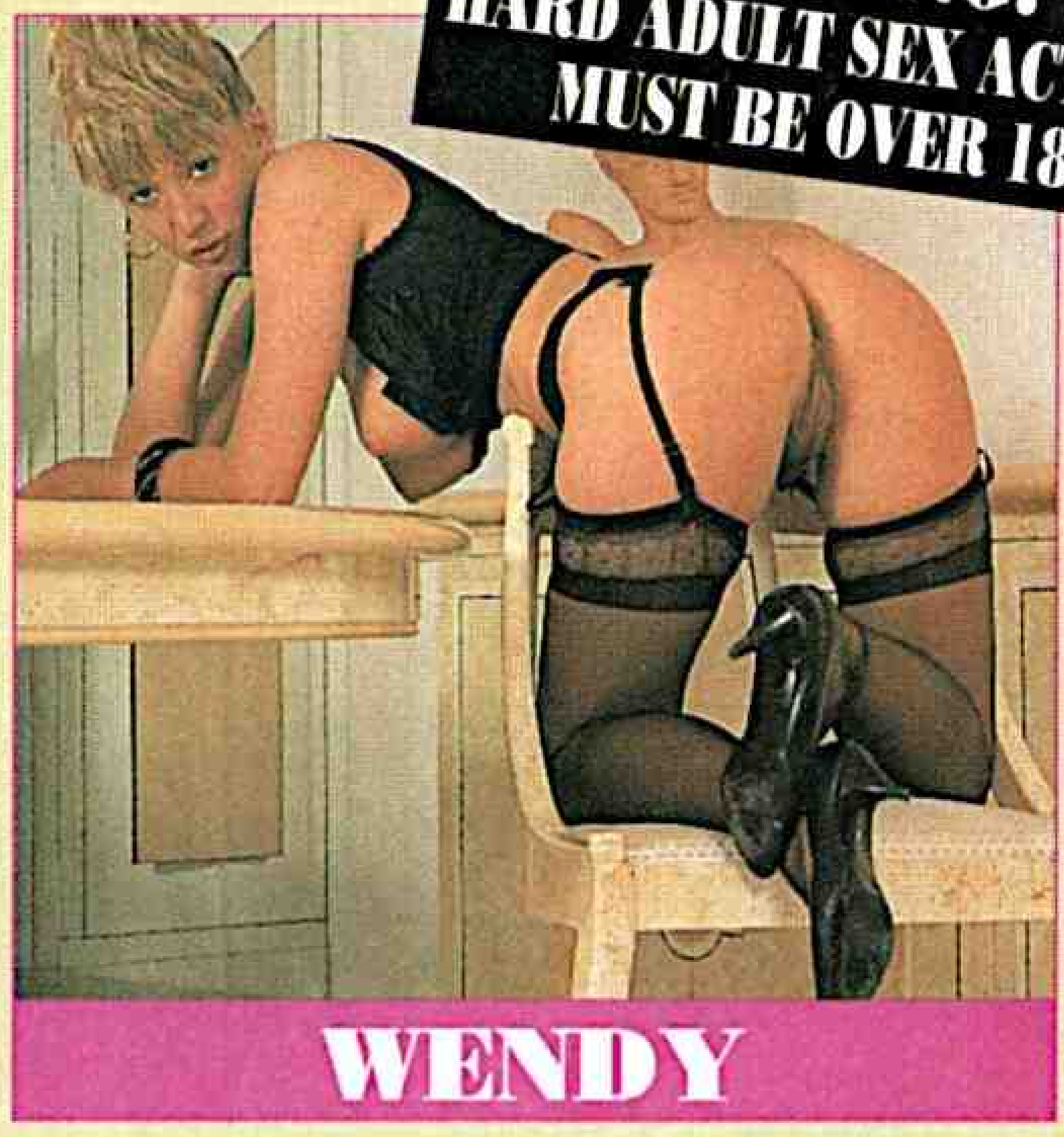
0898 204 215

1. **SHE SUCKS TWO MEN**
   Cindy (London) 0898 456 646
2. **FINGER MY FANNY**
   Sue (Maidenhead) 0898 77 11 37
3. **POKE ME FROM BEHIND**
   Linda (Rochdale) 0898 77 11 82
4. **HUSBAND WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY 2 FRIENDS**
   Lucy (Cardiff) 0898 77 11 41
5. **DOGGY STYLE PUMPING ACTION**
   Debby (Leeds) 0898 77 11 02
6. **CUM BETWEEN MY TITS**
   Tina (London) 0898 77 11 43
7. **TWO WET PUSSIES FOR STEVE**
   Jill (Norwich) 0898 77 11 44
8. **RUDE GIRL LOVES FIRM HAND**
   Janey (Manchester) 0898 77 11 05
9. **SHAVE ME THEN FILL ME - PLEASE**
   June (Droitwich) 0898 77 11 06
10. **WIFE SUCKS NEIGHBOUR**
    Tina (Sheffield) 0898 77 11 47
11. **18 YEAR OLD BUSTY BLONDE MASTURBATES**
    Brenda (Woking) 0898 77 11 51
12. **YOUR TONGUE IN MY BUSH**
    Tricia (Brighton) 0898 77 11 52
13. **HE WEARS HER SEE THRU PANTIES - SHE PLAYS WITH HIM**
    Liz (Belfast) 0898 77 11 70
14. **18 YEAR OLD'S FIRST ORGASM**
    Helen (Newcastle) 0898 77 11 13
15. **RUDE EXPLICIT WIFE SWAP**
    Betty & Jim (Gloucester) 0898 77 11 55
16. **I NEED BIG MEN TO SATISFY ME**
    Joannie (Huddersfield) 0898 77 11 15
17. **HE LICKS WIFE WHILE HER FRIEND SUCKS HIM**
    (Edinburgh) 0898 77 11 57
18. **FANNY'S FILTHY FRIENDS**
    (Maidenhead) 0898 77 11 58
19. **BETWEEN MY PARTED CHEEKS**
    Sarah (London) 0898 77 11 18
20. **ORAL SEX - CUM IN MY MOUTH**
    Lisa (Birmingham) 0898 77 11 24

AFTER 9.00 pm - ORAL & ENTRY 0898 204 218
AFTER 12.00 am - ORGY & PENETRATION 0898 204 219
AFTER 2.00 am - UNCENSORED IMPORTS 0898 204 220

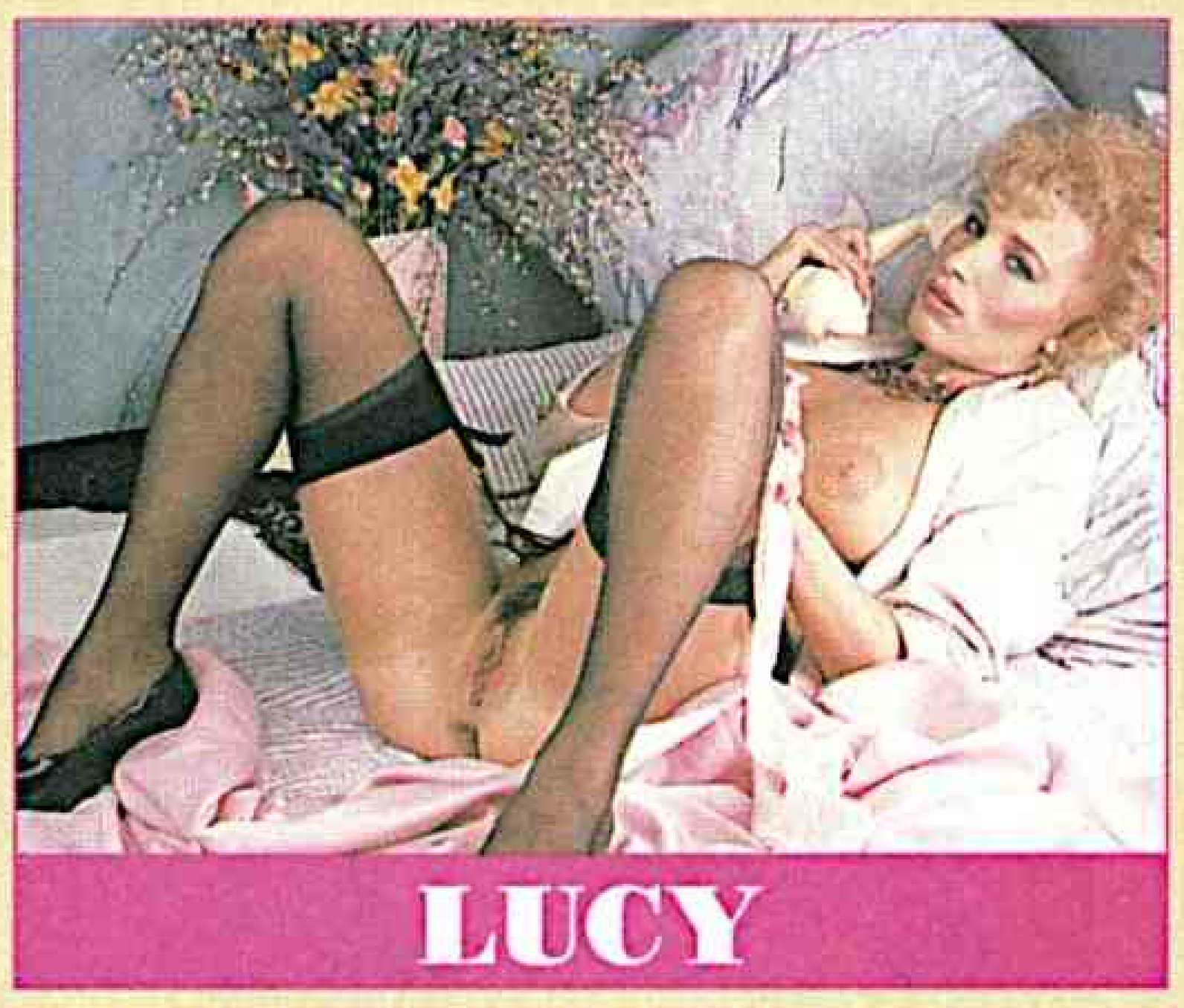
RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB Calls charged at 36p cheap p/min 48p p/min at all other times

WARNING:
HARD ADULT SEX ACTION
MUST BE OVER 18



WENDY

I'M WET, YOU'RE STIFF - CALL ME
0898 77 11 97



LUCY

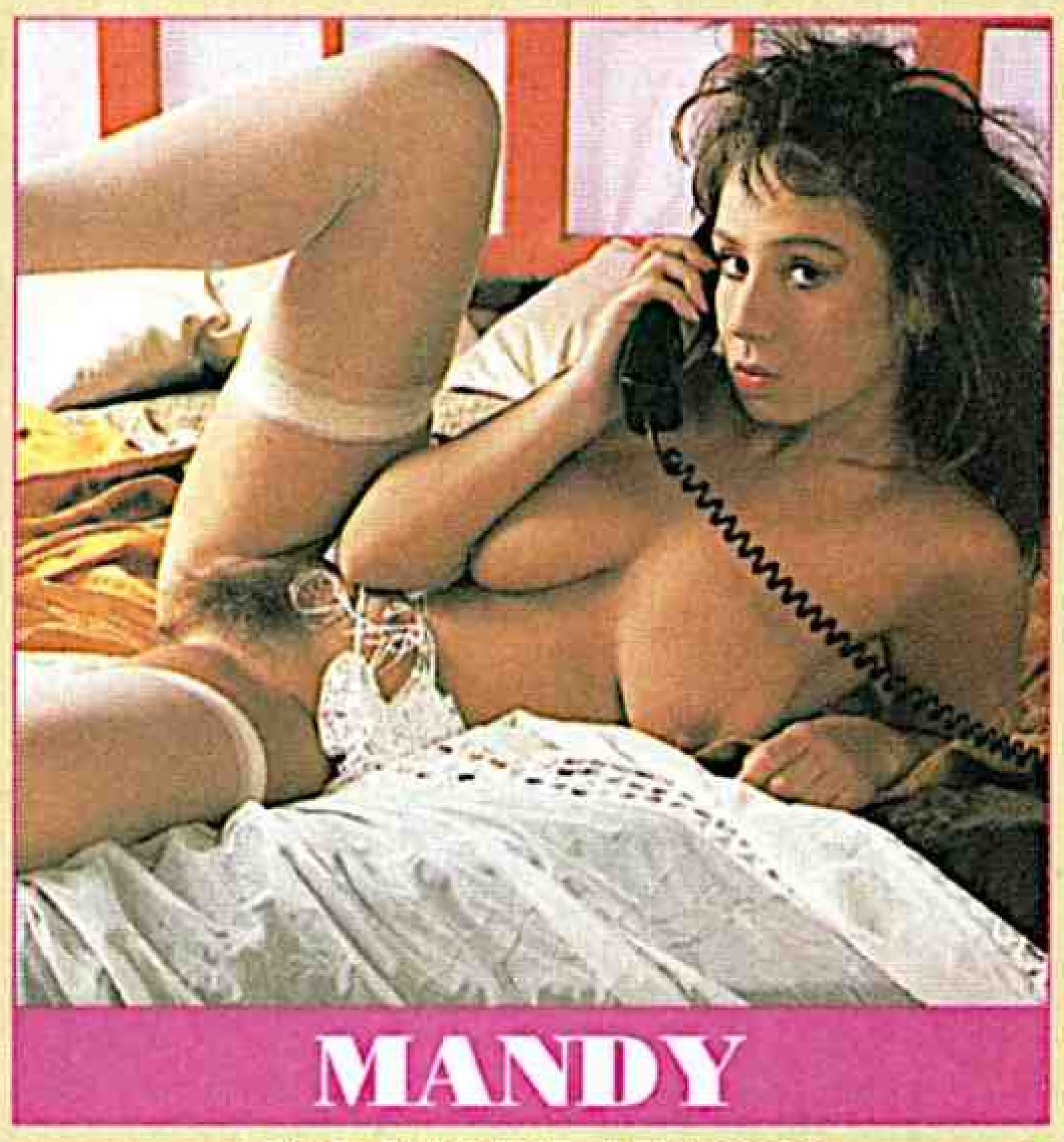
OLDER WOMAN WANTS RUDE SEX
0898 77 11 36

SINDY

RIDING INSTRUCTRESS NEEDS RIDE
0898 77 11 38

TAMMI

BIG BREASTS, ANY POSITION
0898 77 11 39



MANDY

FILL MY WET PUSSY
0898 77 11 40

Horny 18yr old talks filthy 0338 405 512

HEAR ME MASTURBATE 0338 405 565

lick my shaven pussy 0338 405 532

secretary needs shagging 0338 405 582

direct sex contacts 0338 405 509

spank my fat arse 0338 405 506

lesbian spanking special 0338 405 504

Unzip & get it out 0338 405 563

I'll strip - you masturbate 0338 405 579

older woman gives head 0338 405 537

I'll masturbate you to climax 0338 405 524

wife will w**k you 0338 405 508

after 2 explicit lesbians 0338 400 160

after 12.00 Oral spurt club 0338 400 130

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE 0338 405 505

ORAL SEX Unload in my mouth 0338 405 501

Anita 18 strips Tracy 19 naked 0338 405 515

Filthy dirty sordid lesbian SEX 0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB 0338 405 547

UNCENSORED SPUNKY ORGASMIC SEX CONFESSIONS 0338 405 555

HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY 2 GUYS 0338 405 503

CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 36P CHEAP RATE 48P ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

CALLERS EXPLICIT SEX CONFESSIONS 0836 400 851

MY FANNY ON YOUR FACE 0836 400 783

Debee Ashby gives handjob 0836 400 932

hear me masturbate myself 0836 400 690

MY WIFE (25) TONGUED MY SISTER (18) 0836 400 870

PART MY BUTTOCKS & INSERT 0836 400 676

SUZI (20) SUCKS PAM (18) 0836 400 761

LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES ORGY 0836 400 811

big boobed tit W**k 0338 400 773

Do it to me doggystyle 0836 400 768

AFTER 12 STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0836 400 826

Suck my nipples 0338 400 807

BONK ME SORE 0836 400 794

Let's masturbate together 0836 400 762

AFTER 2 MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

2 GIRLS 1 DILDO = ORGASM 0338 400 797

Lesbian pussy action 0338 400 892

Spank my bare arse 0338 400 730

ORAL SEX - SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 999

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

RELIEF LINE

Run by women for men only

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!

0898 442 183

*YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS.

LIVE DIAL Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours

WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755

LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT

0898 362 575

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY

442 186

LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN

442 746

BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP

442 759

GENERAL SEX LINE

442 741

NO nonsense NO run around

Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure

0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!

0898 362 556

If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours

SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

HEAR ME W**K 0338 402 992

*F****D FROM BEHIND 0338 40 30 96*
2 GUYS BONK 1 GIRL 0338 402 995
MY VIBRATORS UP ME 0338 404 792

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

ORAL SEX - COME IN MY MOUTH
0338 40 30 91
DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE
0338 40 30 95
FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0338 40 30 97
SECRETARY WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 404 794
LESBIAN NURSES DILDO ORGY
0338 404 790
*W**K TO ORGASMIC SEX TALK*
0338 40 30 84

PART MY LIPS & INSERT
0338 40 30 93
SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0338 40 30 99
SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
0338 40 30 92

LET'S W**K TOGETHER
0338 402 993

0338 402 994

JANE & MARIE'S DILDO ORGY 0338 404 787

After 9pm Ball Hardening Special 0338 404 797
After 12pm Lesbian Dildo Pump Action 0338 40 30 83

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

PUT IT IN MY MOUTH
0338 402 791

BEND ME OVER THE DESK
0338 402 596

SHAVE ME THEN XXXX ME
0338 402 697

SECRETARY NEEDS SPANKING
0338 402 450

SISTER WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 402 452

1 WIFE 2 GUYS = SEX
0338 402 695

UNFAITHFUL HOUSEWIVES
0338 402 594

FINGERED TO ORGASM
0338 402 792

AFTER 9 - BIG BOYS SPECIAL
0338 402 769

MASTURBATE WITH ME 0338 402 794

ORAL SEX I'LL SUCK YOURS DRY

0338 402 431

I'LL SUCK YOU TO CLIMAX
0338 402 779

I'LL TALK FILTHY YOU W**K
0338 402 451

GIRLS WHO SUCK 2 GUYS
0338 402 598

JILL & KATE SHAVEN LESBIANS
0338 402 699

SPURT IN MY FACE - BIG BOY
0338 402 456

100% GENUINE
Lesbian Nurses Orgy
0338 402 694

ADULT XXX RATED

COME OVER MY BUM
0338 402 761

BLONDE 18YR OLD NEEDS SHAFTING 0338 402 439

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

NEW

EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS
WE DELIVER THE HARDEST !

CANNED LUST !

JUST COME ALL OVER ME I JUST FXXXXXG LOVE IT

0898 442 065

I'LL TALK FILTHY WHILE YOU COME !!

0898 442 076

I'M 18 & NEED A GOOD SHAFTING

0898 700 307

LETS MASTURBATE TOGETHER

0898 700 308

SPURT IT ALL IN MY MOUTH

0898 700 336

GET YOUR FACE DOWN TO MY WET PANTIES & SUCK !!

0898 700 338

LET ME SHAVE THEN YOU CAN FXXX ME!

0898 700 345

MOUTHING SPECIALS

I'M A GIRL WHO SUCKS ! (ORAL)

0898 700 370

LICK MY TITS & BITE THE TIPS

0898 700 371

LET ME MILK YOU DRY BABY

0898 700 372

TONGUE JOB
0898
442
719

STRAIGHT IN THE MOUTH
0898
362
683

WENDY
I'll Tongue your tip and drive you wild, so ring.....0898 362 641

LISA
I just love it Doggy Style give me a ring and do it to me, I scream for you.....0898 100 481

CANDIS
Let me lick your Balls baby, I'll make you shoot !...0898 100 453

TRISH
Go on feel my fanny while I talk Dirty to you.............0898 700 391

SARAH
Listen to me with my Cucumber see if I can take it all up me. ring me on..............0898 700 377

KATE Fill me up lover boy..... 0898 700 376

MY WET FANNY
0898
700
374

FINGER ME TILL I COME !
0898 442 720

SQUEEZE MY TITS HARD !!
0898 442 721

DIRTY & HORNY GIRLS TO GIVE QUICK ORGASMS

0898 442 722

CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
EUROPEAN LINE P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2 RJ

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS
0898 442 004
LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 005
STRICT & MATURE
0898 442 066

CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 700 392

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

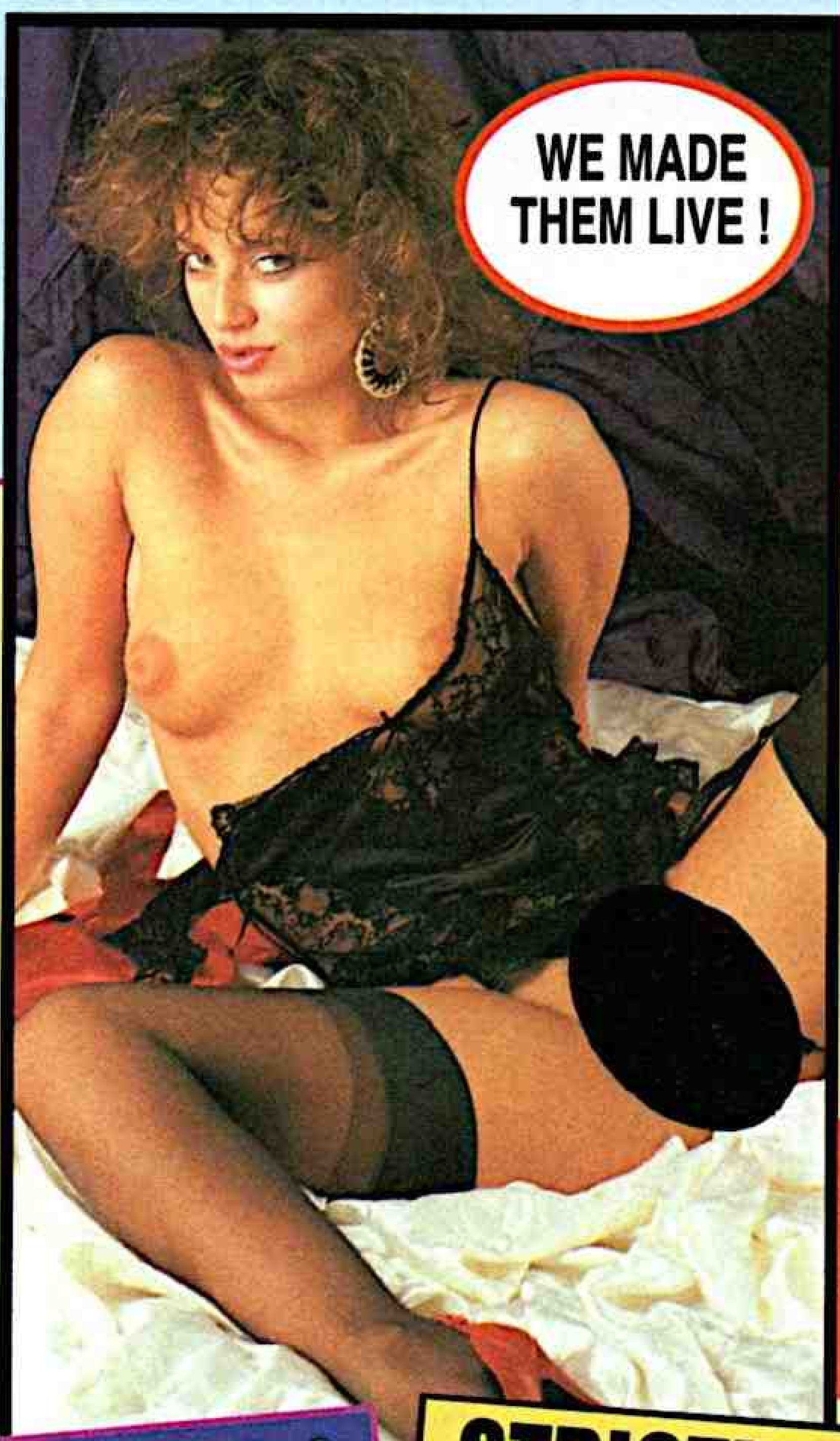
or just listen on
0898 442 075

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 084
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX NOISES

WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS & GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE

2 Lesbians / 1 Dildo	0898 700 393
19 year old first time sex	0898 100 443
Disgusting sexual noises	0898 100 498
Straight Masturbation	0898 362 503
Sticky and wet Wendy	0898 362 508



WE MADE THEM LIVE !

SEX TALK

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 362 603
LISTEN TO SEX SCREAMS
0898 362 610
HEAR ME SHAVE
0898 362 611
DOGGY TALK
0898 362 613

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 639

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 362 640
Older Woman
0898 362 642
Strict talker
0898 362 643
Talk filthy to me while I do it !
0898 362 645

LISTEN IN TO SEX CHATTERS !

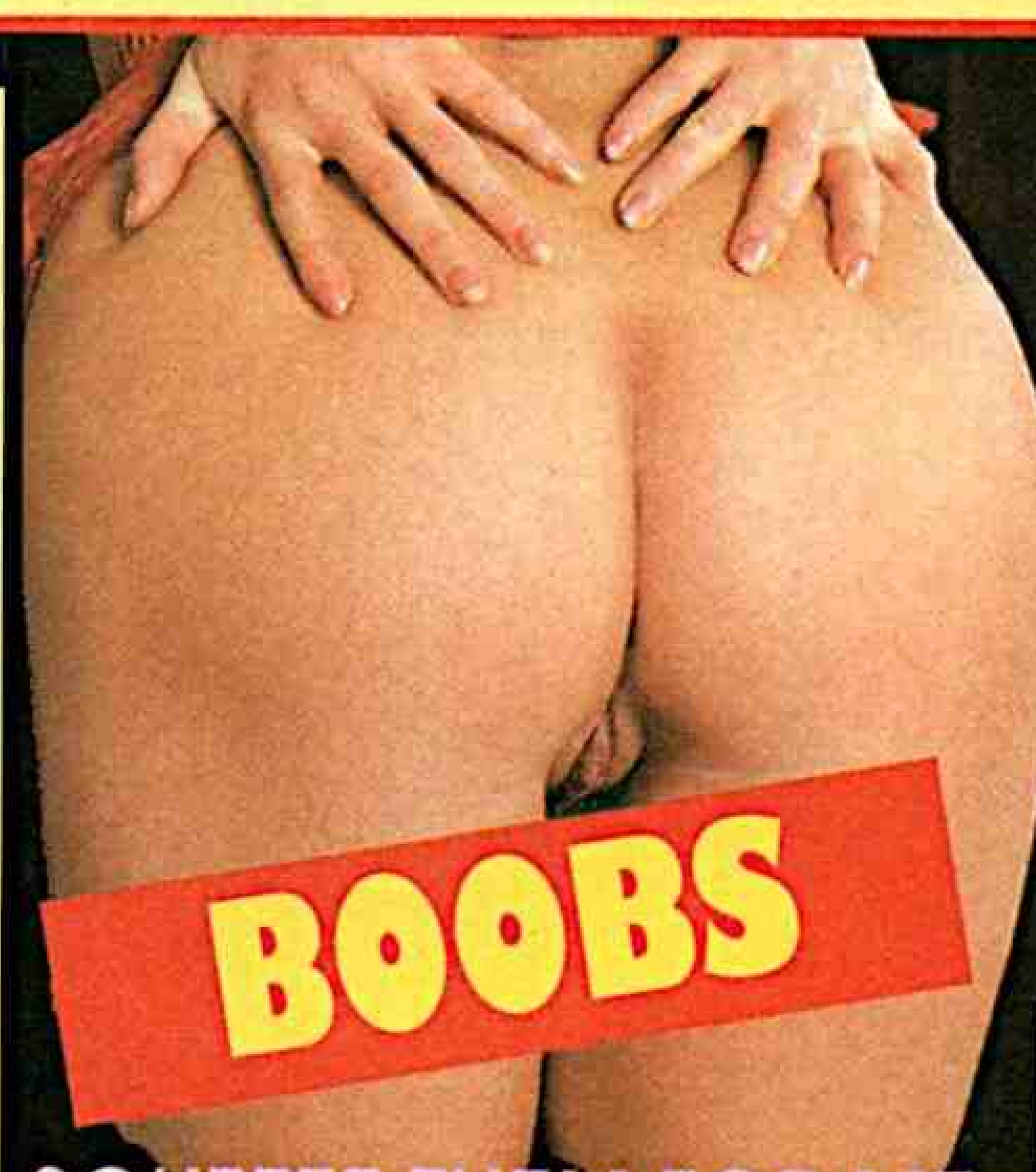
STRICTLY ADULT

WE TAPE RECORDED HARD CORE SEX CHAT LINES SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !

STRAIGHT SEX	0898 300 875
LESBIAN LINES	0898 300 883
GAY LINES	0898 300 889
PERSUASIVE WOMAN	0898 300 893
STRONG WOMAN	0898 300 896
BIZZARE	0898 300 899

WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it and we do not care anyway !!

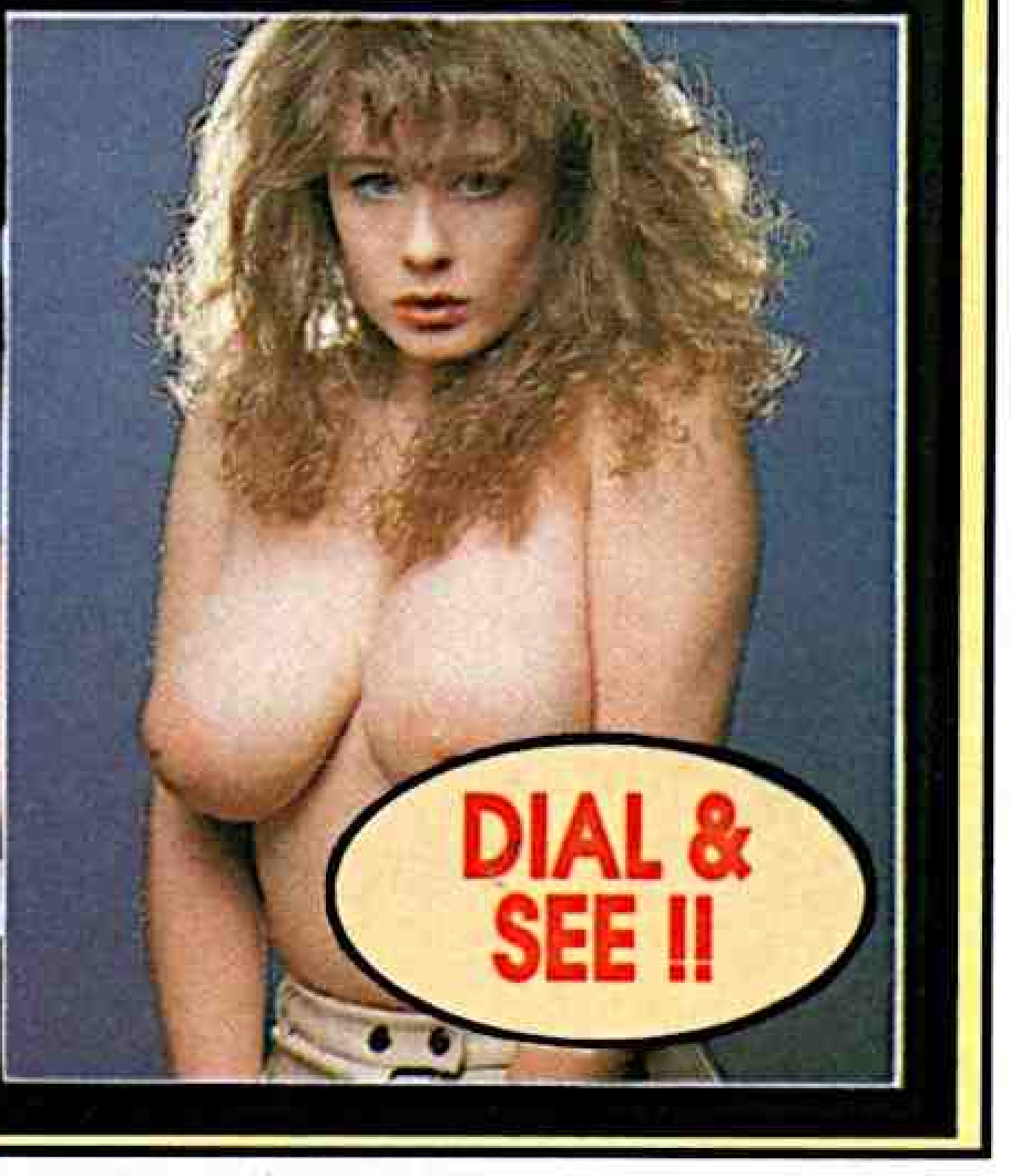
BOTTOM FETISHES



RUDE FETISH
0898 362 646
PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 362 647
MY BIG BUM
0898 362 662
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 442 799

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME
0898 300 872
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 300 873
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 300 874



DIAL & SEE !!

CALLS CHARGED AT 36P PER MIN CHEAP RATE AND 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
STG P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2RJ

THE NATIONAL SEX HOT BOX

NO ADVERTS NO PRE WARNINGS ... JUST HARD / LIVE SEX ACTION

LISTEN IN TO GAY SEX CHATS 0898 442 397

NYMPHO LESBIANS DOING IT LIVE 0898 442 840

0898 442 895 LISTEN TO ME COME AS I SHAVE MYSELF

CUM ALL OVER MY TITS !! 0898 442 533

ORAL GOBBLING CHAMPIONSHIP RECORDING 0898 442 534

SPECIALIST SEX TALK [ORAL GOBBLING DONE LIVE] 0898 442 894

USED PANTIES [YOU CAN EVEN BUY THEM] 0898 442 884

I WILL GIVE YOU A TELEPHONE BLOW JOB 0898 442 399

SEX TALK I will be your SEX SLAVE 0898 442 819

RIP OFF MY PANTIES & DO ME 0898 442 415

DOGGY FASHION SEX TALK 0898 442 906

TWO GIRLS TWO TONGUES 0898 442 544

SEX DATE IMMEDIATE COMPUTER SEARCH NOW 0898 442 398

2 LESBIANS USING THE DOUBLE ENDED DILDO- GENUINE 0898 442 412

COMPUTERISED SEX MACHINE TO MAKE YOU CUM IN TWO MINUTES 0898 442 987

SEX TALK PUSSY POKERS 0898 442 845

EXTREME SEX ALL FANTASIES EXPLOITED 0898 442 414

FREE SEX VIDEO (DELIVERY 14 DAYS) DIAL 0898 442 896 TO ORDER

NO ADVERTS NO WARNINGS NO NONSENSE ALL HARD ACTION

FREE SEX CHAT LIVE ONE TO ONE 081 871 2181

I DO IT LIVE WHILE YOU LISTEN & CUM 0898 442 891

JACK- OFF JILL HAVE A BAR OF SOAP READY DIAL 0898 442 893

I'LL TAKE IT ALL IN MY MOUTH 0898 442 897
DIRTY HOUSEWIVES SOUNDS 0898 442 887
TWO GIRL SEX WITH TOYS! 0898 442 449
I CAN TAKE IT ALL UP ME 0898 442 413
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES 0898 442 876

"FREE" All free products mean you do pay the 0898 charges

0272 226044

LIVE OR RECORDED LIVE

STG. P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SWI5 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

When you dial you just activate the file number, live lines and European Specials

SEX PHONE CLASSIFIEDS

DAVINA MILLINGTON

CLASSIFIED CLUB

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Feeling Very Horny	0898 100 432 (E)
Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
Very Experienced At 50	0898 300 816 (B)
My Mouth Is Ready	0898 100 487 (A)
Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk 0898 300 820 (A)
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

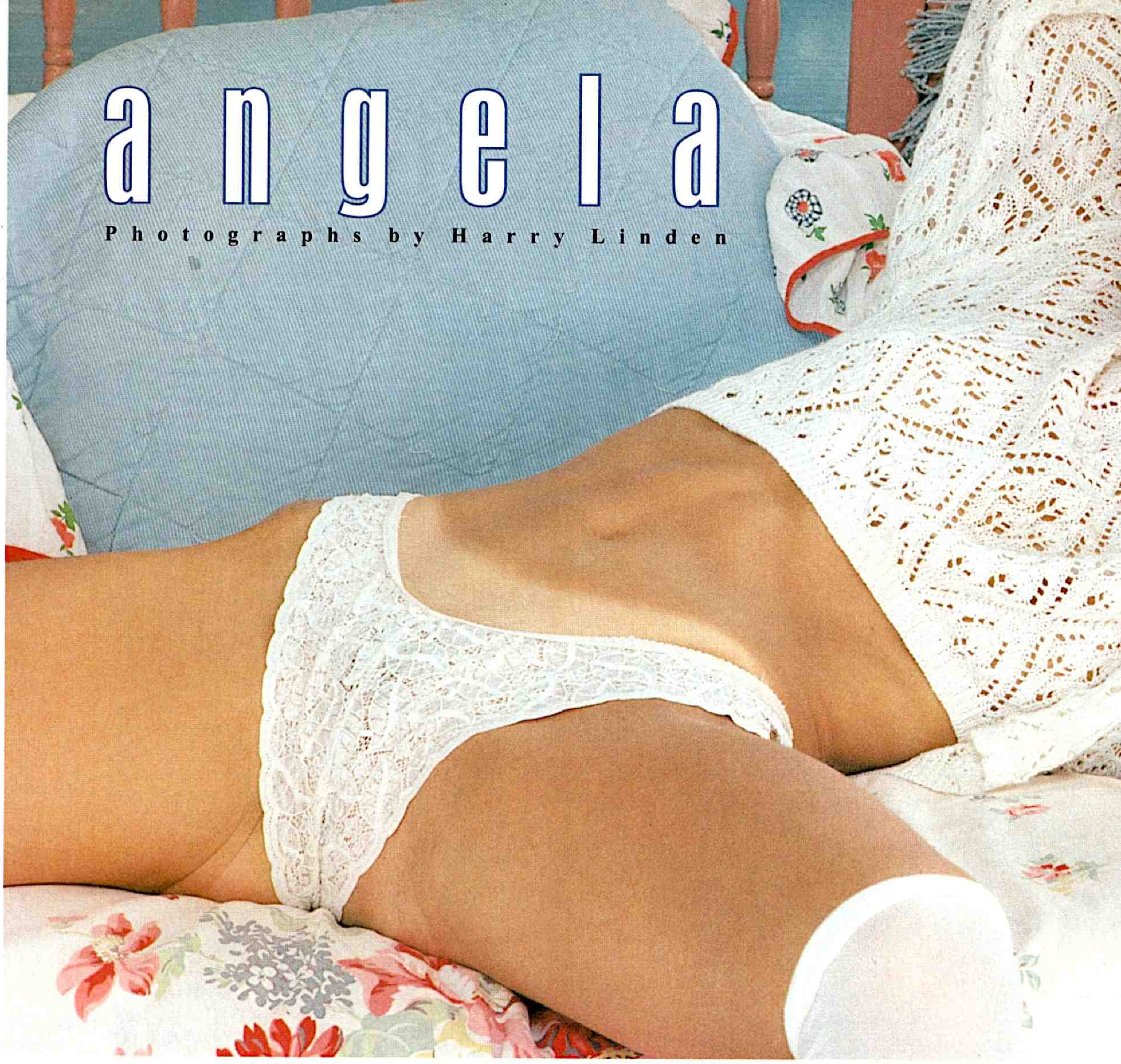
Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

CALLS CHARGED AT 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG. P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

angela

Photographs by Harry Linden



She might have a beautiful body and a fantastic face, but that, fortunately for us, is where Angela's goodness stops!

"I've just bought this bed for my new flat, and I think it's gorgeous," she grinned. "As soon as I lay on it I start taking something off. I can't help but think of all the nights of fun I've had under the covers, on top of them, on the floor, down the stairs, in the hall, everywhere really." Now that's what we call a homelover! ♣

WE AIM TO PLEASE

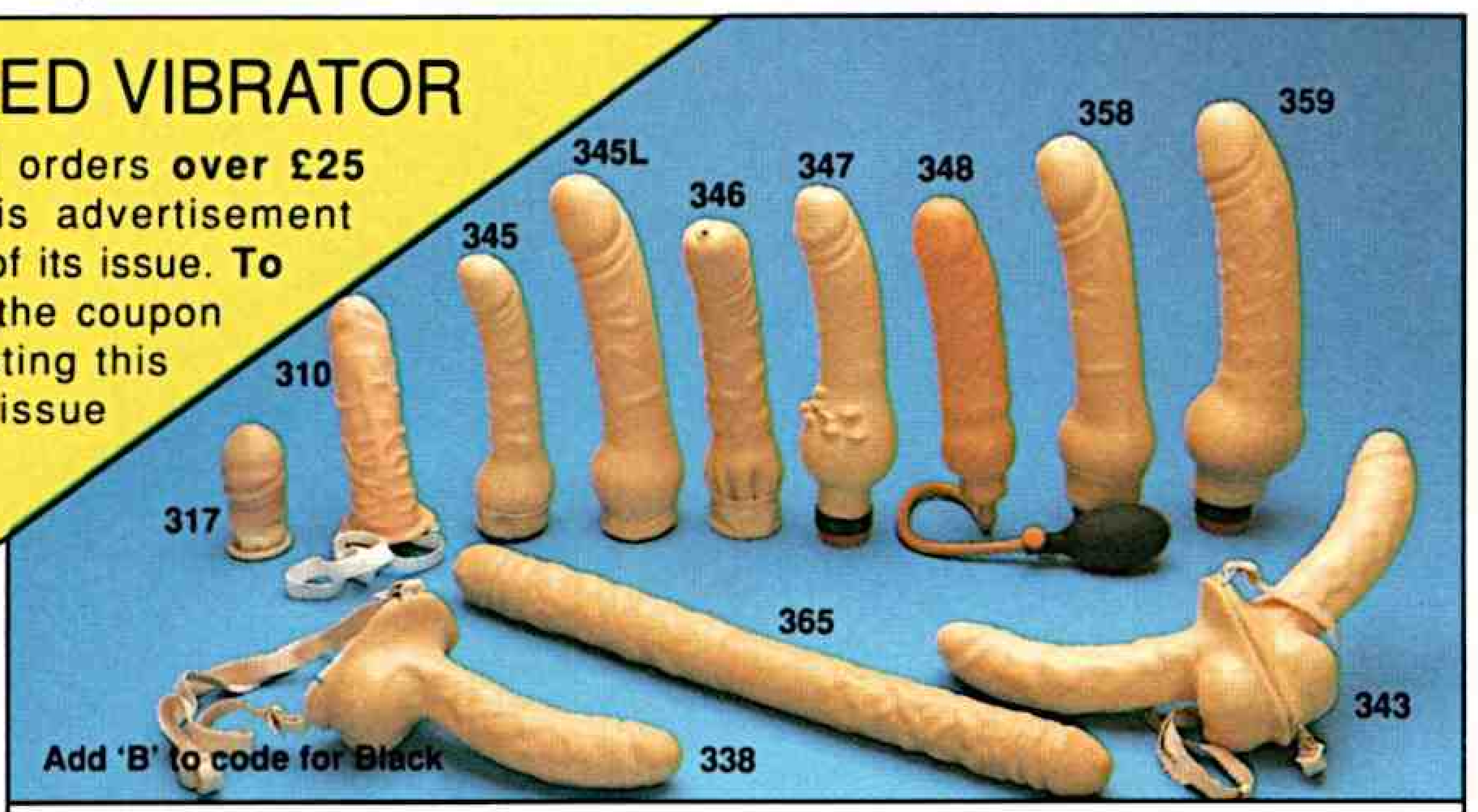
SUPERIA *SUPER SAVER* SEX AIDS

ESTABLISHED 1970

10" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR

FREE With all orders **over £25** from this advertisement made within 12 months of its issue. **To qualify** you must fill in the coupon below or telephone quoting this publication and its issue number.

Lots of other exciting FREE GIFT offers when buying from our catalogue.



Add 'B' to code for Black

SEX DOLLS

Quality blow up plastic dolls with hair – always willing – always available. Sensuously inviting mouth plus vaginal and rear orifices

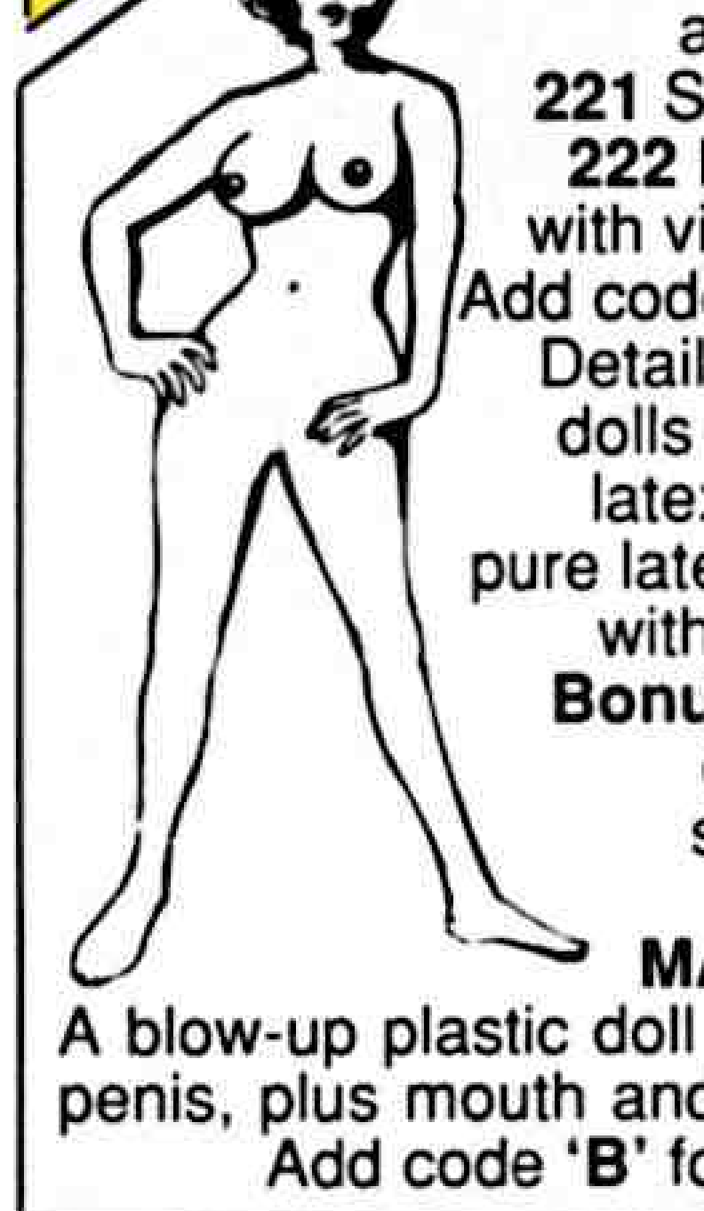
221 Standard **£25.50**

222 De luxe version with vibro unit **£27.50**

Add code **'B'** for Black.

Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue.

Bonus 'LOVE-PAC' of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.



MALE DOLL 225

A blow-up plastic doll with erect 7½" penis, plus mouth and rear openings Add code **'B'** for black **£28.00**

PADDED SHEATH 303

It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra 1½" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

SUPPORT SHEATH 310

As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. **£9.75**

EXTENSION SHEATH

A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds 1½" effective length to the male organ.

317 F Flesh or 317 B Black **£4.00**

HAND PROSTHETIC

For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	**£8.75**
345L	Large standard model	**£10.50**
346	De luxe model with ejaculating action	**£14.00**
347	Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator	**£14.50**
348	Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment	**£14.00**

358 BULLY BOY

A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth **£13.25**

359 GIANT BULLY BOY

The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. **£14.75**

PROSTHETIC WITH SCROTUM AND HARNESS

Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

338	Standard model	**£18.50**
339	Ejaculating action	**£20.00**
340	Vibrating model	**£21.00**

DOUBLE DILDO

As 338, but complete with double prosthetic and scrotum to provide maximum fulfilment for two females.

343	Standard model	**£25.00**
344	Vibrating model	**£27.50**

DOUBLE DONG

Highly flexible for every need.

365	Standard model	**£16.00**
366	Vibrating model	**£18.00**

THRUSTING DEEP STROKER 149

Vibrates and moves up and down. The THRUSTER is truly a dual-action delight for every woman. Switch on the battery-powered control unit and its softly cushioned rubber head vibrates purringly. Now push the switch to the second position and the THRUSTER also begins a straight up-and-down movement, extending and contracting with a smooth power. An exquisitely sensual Experience. **£9.95**

NON-DOCTOR 191

De luxe version

with 4 heads and 3 sleeves

Universally the most popular vibrator with MULTISPEED control enabling both the speed and intensity of the vibrations to be adjusted to suit the mood. The complete kit, including batteries is only **£9.25**

Sexually informative and explicit

Dr Andrew Stanway's

THE LOVERS GUIDE

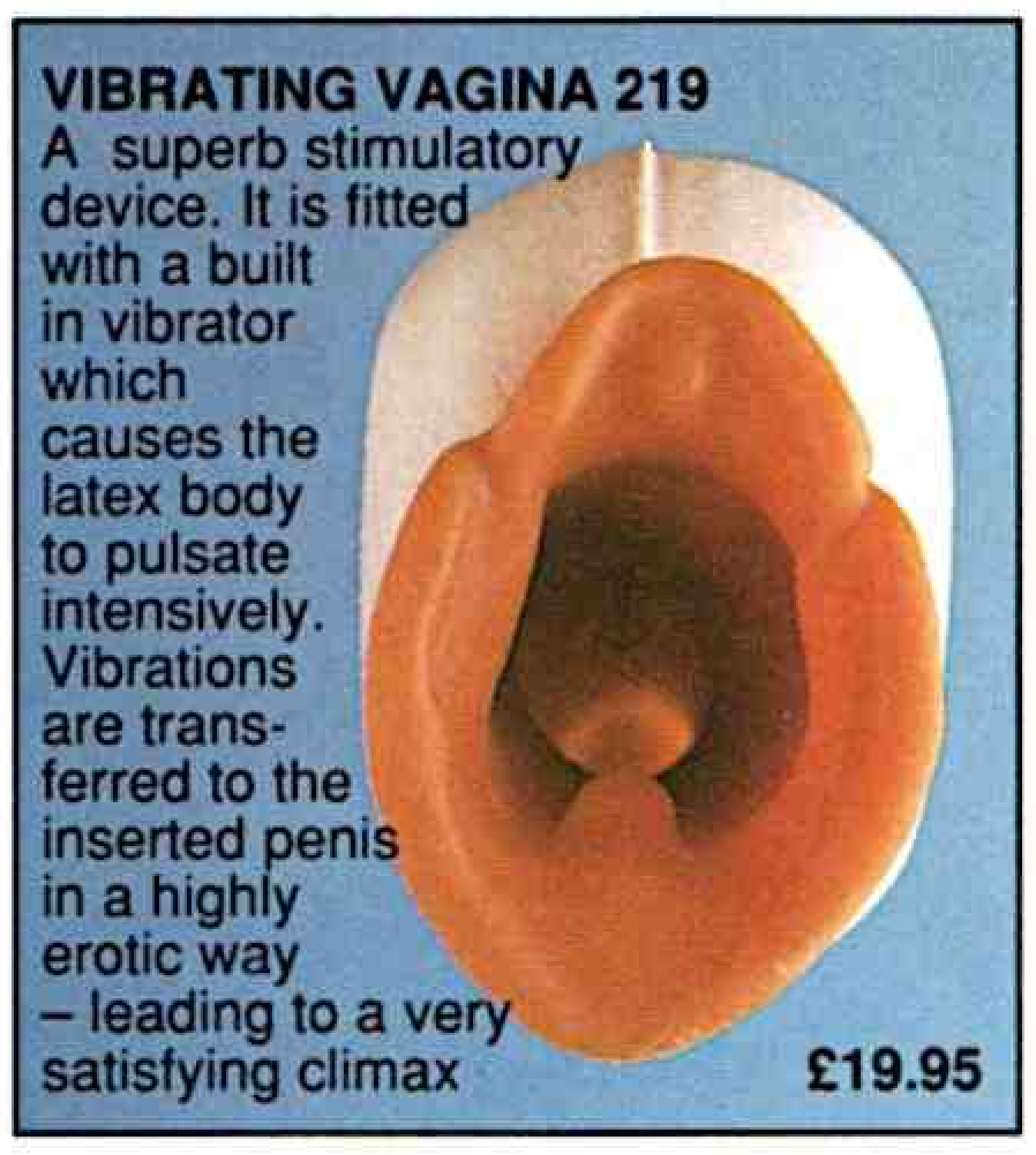
•

One hour VHS video

•

Both videos only £28.50

503/1	**The Lovers Guide 1**	**£14.95**
503/2	**The Lovers Guide 2**	**£14.95**



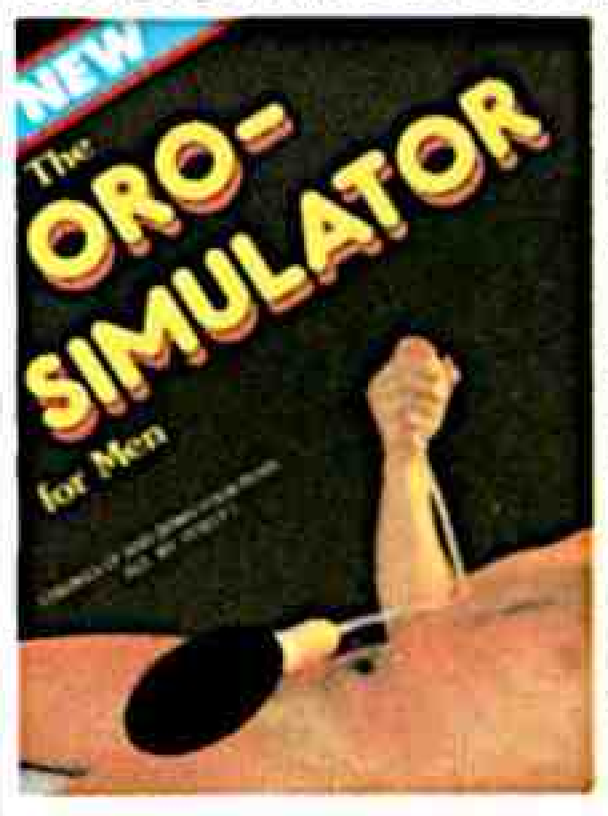
VIBRATING VAGINA 219

A superb stimulatory device. It is fitted with a built in vibrator which causes the latex body to pulsate intensively. Vibrations are transferred to the inserted penis in a highly erotic way – leading to a very satisfying climax **£19.95**

HEART THROB 782

A unique strap-on mini clitoral excitor only 1½" across but with powerful vibrations at full throttle or gentle teasing at low speed. Separate battery box with multi-speed control. **£6.50**

ORO-SIMULATOR 254



Strokes up and down the penis stimulating oral delights under *your* control. You can use it in any position. This incredible new male device comes complete with instructions. **£9.95**

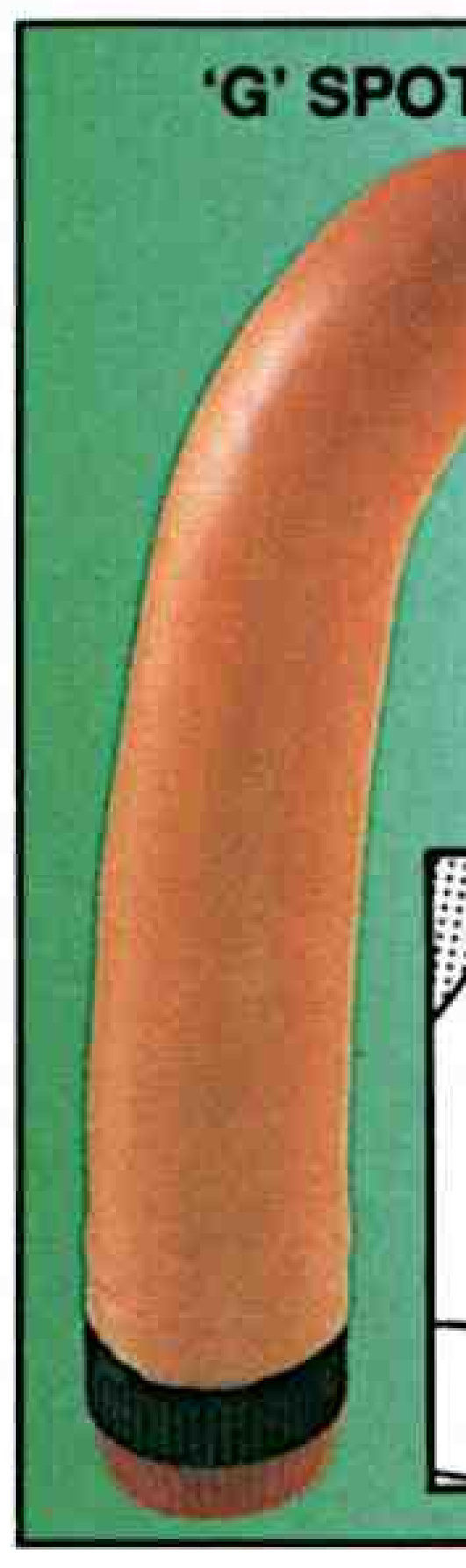
Pheromone X
Pheromone X
Pheromone X
ROMONE

PHEROMONE X FOR MEN 432

Attracts Women! Lasts Weeks!

Attracts women without them being aware of it. The undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE X – the scent that sexually attracts women without them even being aware of it. Less than 10% of men have a high natural pheromone level. For the rest the mating game has always been hard work until now.

Giant 100g can only £11.00 (or 2 for £20.00, saving £2)



'G' SPOT VIBRATOR 189

A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime. **£11.00**

Grafenberg Spot

104
108
117
106

TORMENTORS

De luxe Mini Mystique 104

6 inches long with 'gold' head. Multi-speed switch. **£6.00**

Firefly 108

The head lights up and gently warms. Multi-speed switch **£9.50**

King Slim Stim 117

9 inch multi-speed, with very powerful vibrations. **£5.75**

Torpedo 106

Almost 10" long. Double rippled, flexible and multi-speed. **£9.75**

951
960
975
941 LATEX

LEATHER, LATEX, LINGERIE

941 Latex Gauntlets (illust.) Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£8.00**

951 Rope Bra (illust.) Leather bra and wristraps, rope harness **£28.50**

960 'Hoop' Body Harness (illust.) Metal breast hoops harnessed by a network of leather body straps. **£26.50**

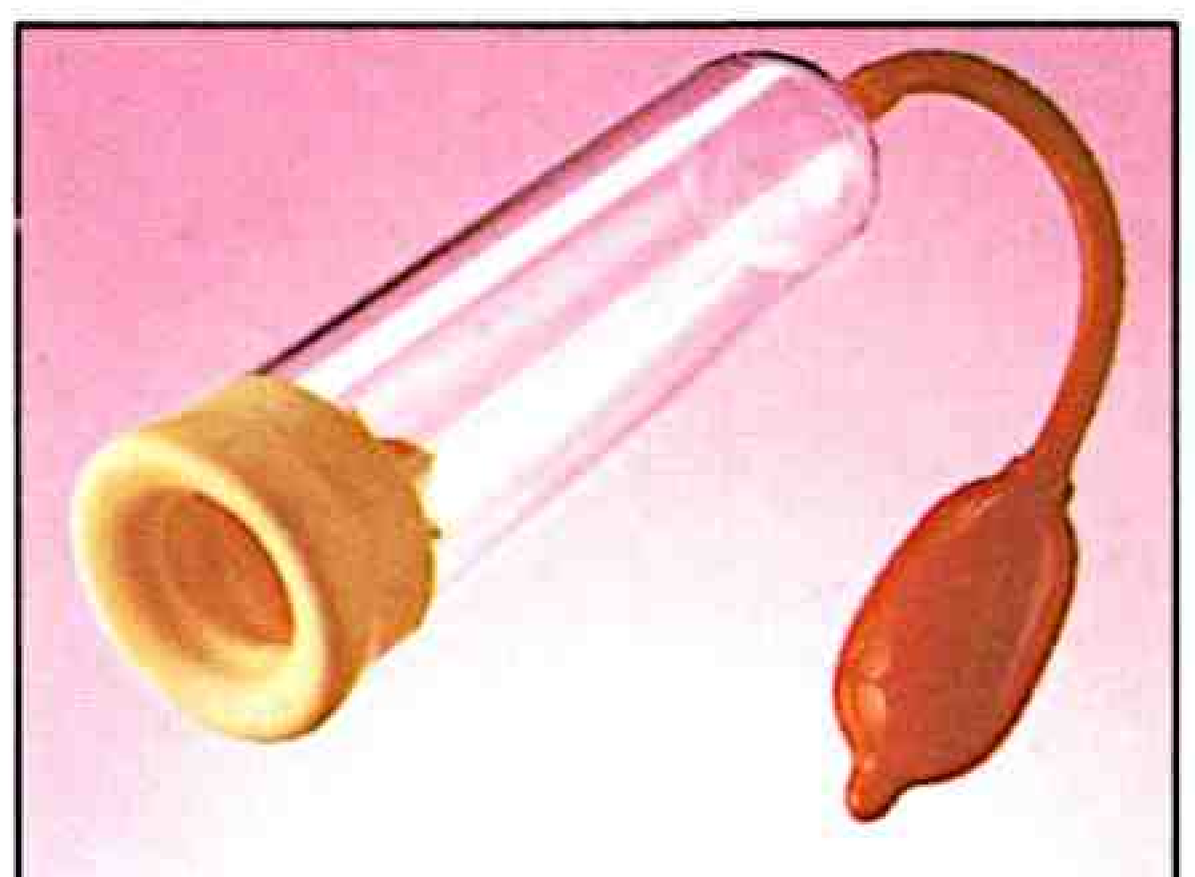
975 Skirt (illust.) Leather with heavy duty popper fastening and zip opening. Lengths: 12/15/18". Waist: 24/26/28/30" **£36.00**

864 Maid's Set 100% Nylon. 34–38" bust. Black skirt, White bib and briefs. **£17.50**

865 Nurses Uniform Body 60% Polyester/40% Nylon: Size 34–38" bust. **£16.50**

866 College Girl Uniform 100% Nylon. Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£26.00**

LOTS MORE SEXY GARMENTS IN OUR CATALOGUE



PENIS DEVELOPER

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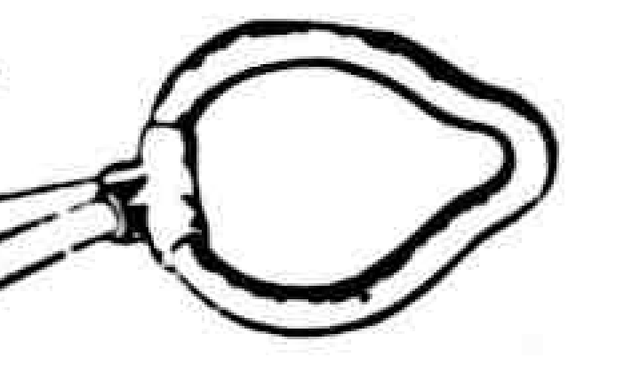

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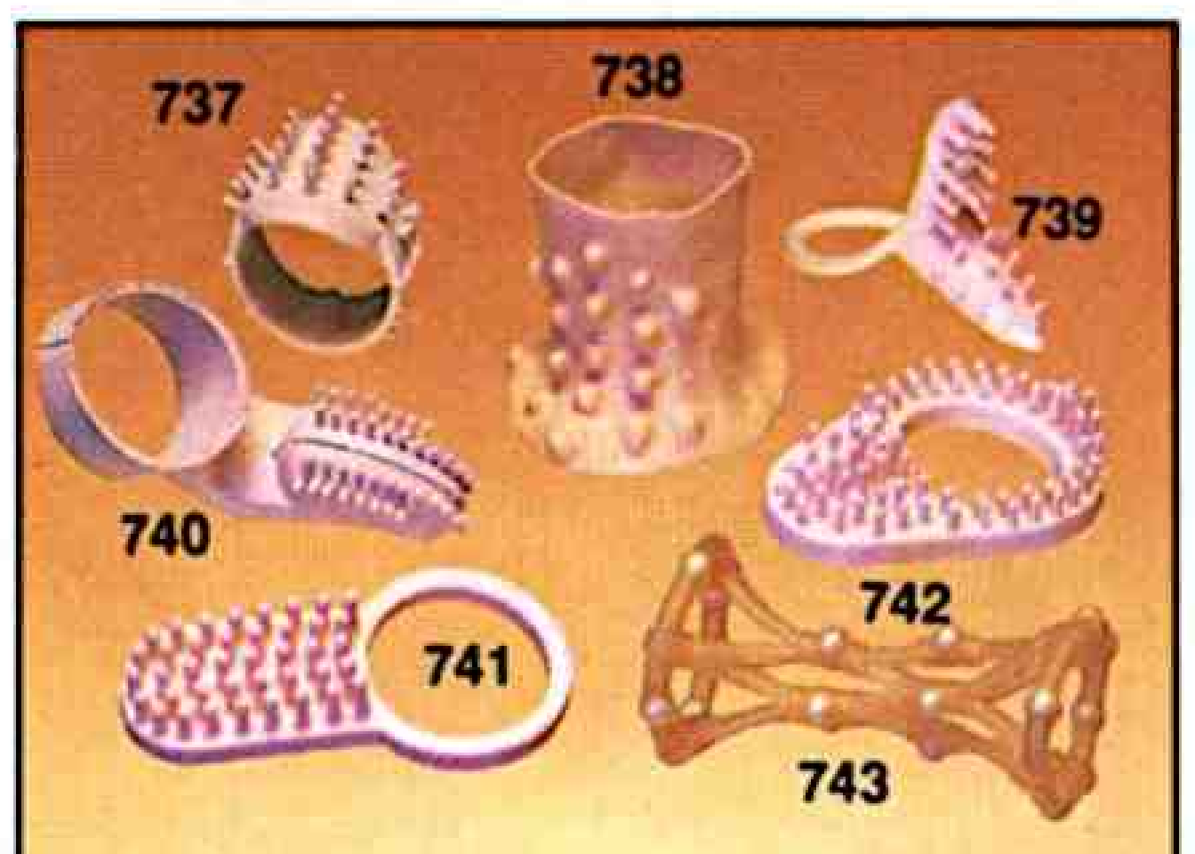

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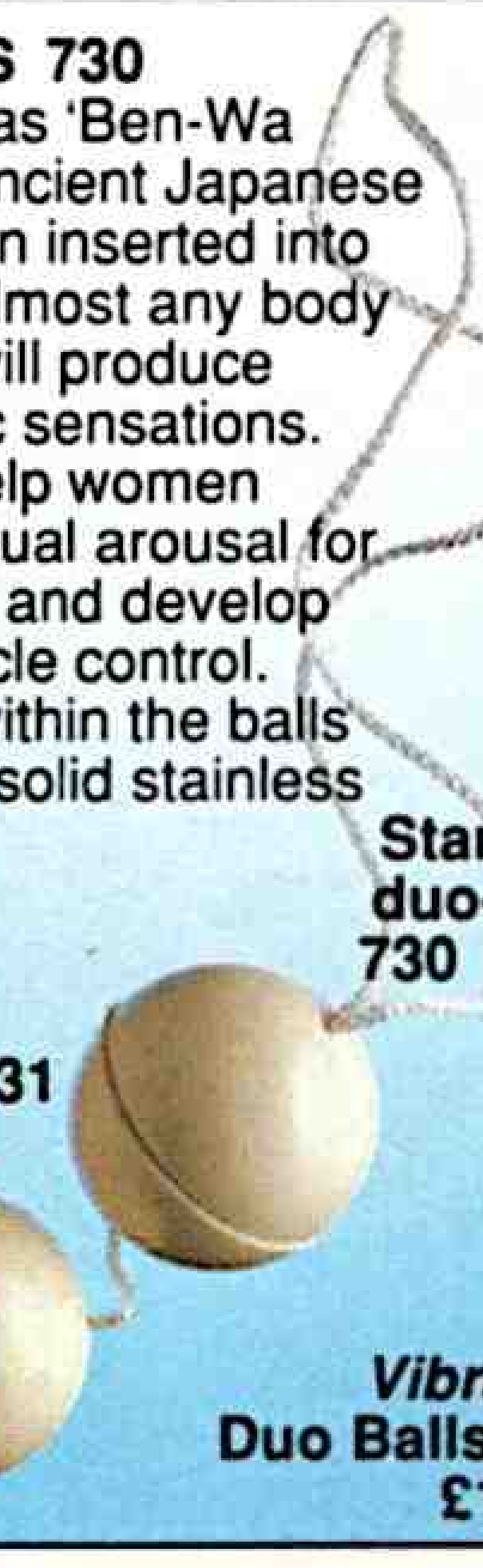

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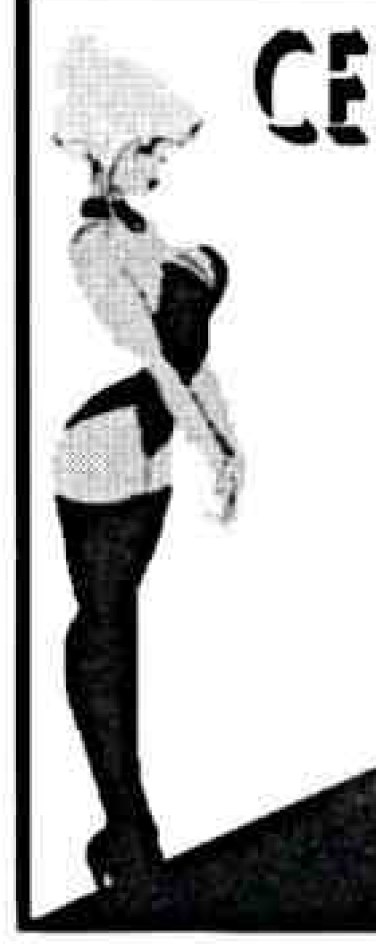

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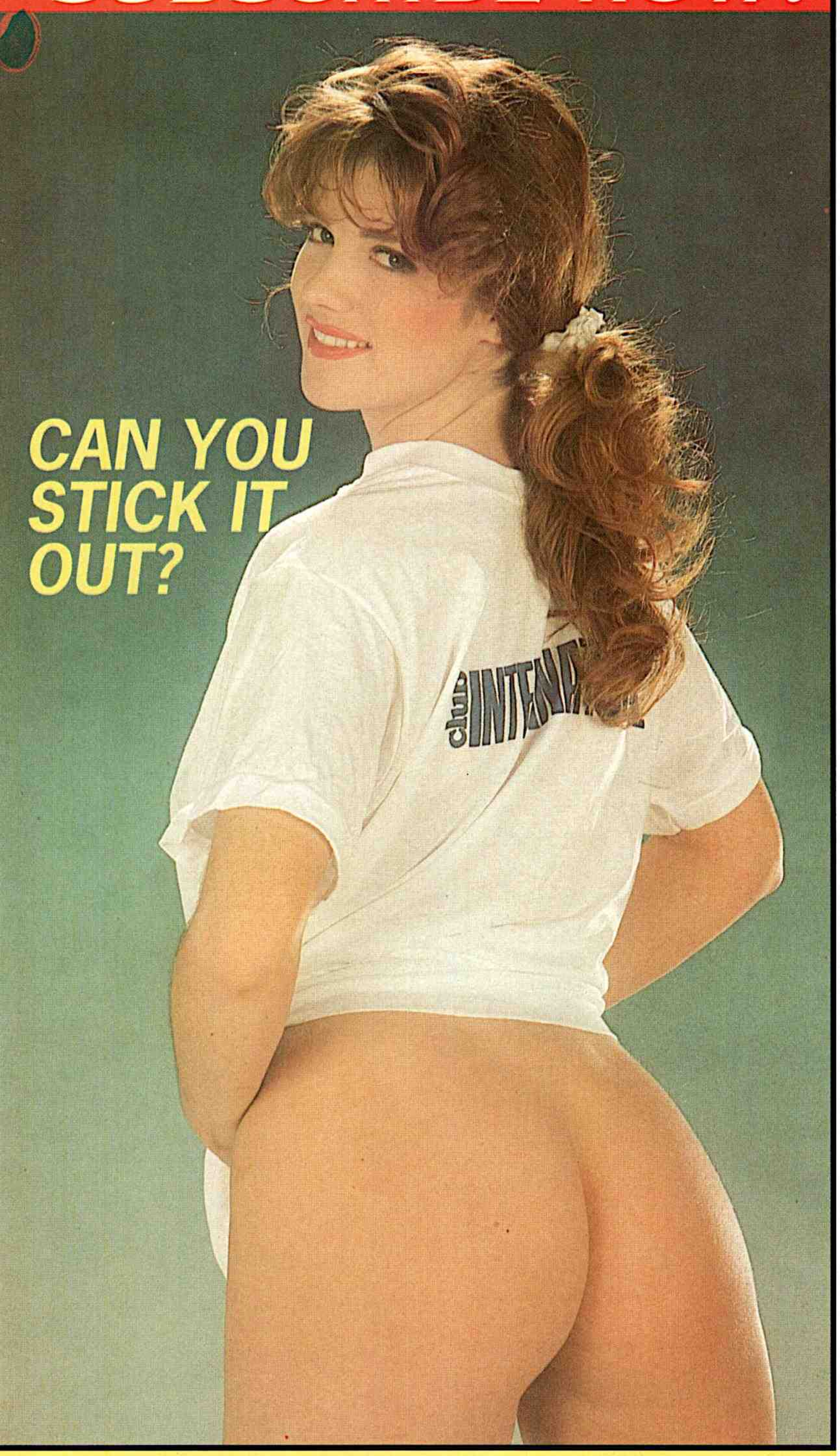
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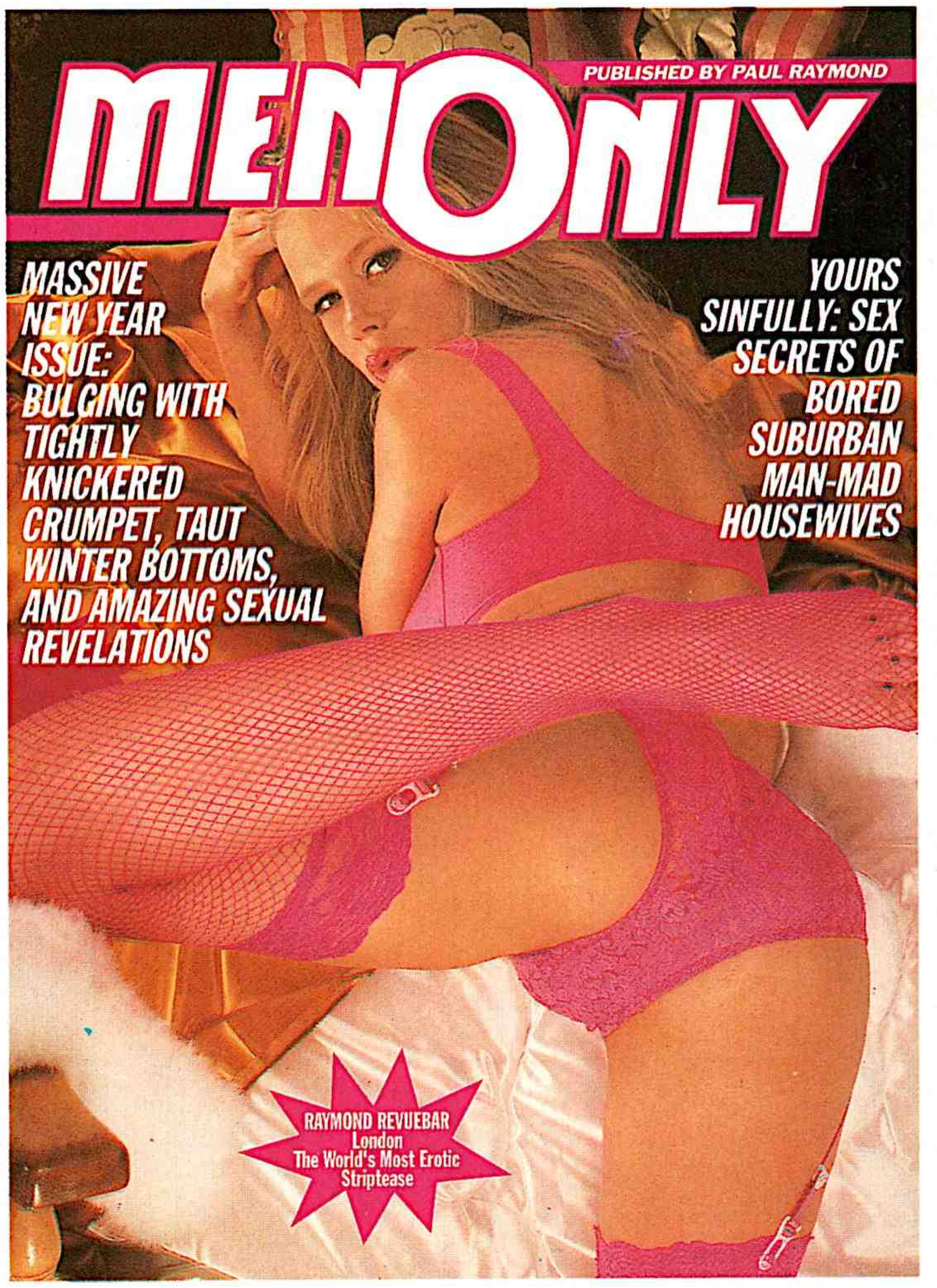
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michelle

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Some things just get better and better as time goes by. True, the jokes here don't, but sexy smashers like Michelle are certainly looking more edible than ever.

"Well, that's very sweet of you. But I'm really getting into this," she grinned, doing just the opposite and peeling

off her basque. "You know, I was all fingers and thumbs to begin with, but now I'm getting the hang of this modelling lark.

"The problem now, though, is knowing when to stop. As soon as I get dressed up in things like this I want to start taking them off again. Then before you know it I'm not only naked, but feeling all naughty and naked too..."

Sounds fur enough to us!♣

COMING IN club

There are many questions we cannot answer here at Club, like how come we've never featured sexy Cindy here before? Just how *does* she get those hot pants on? And perhaps more importantly, does she need a hand taking them off? The only thing we know for certain is that we'll be seeing a lot more of her in the future, and that she won't be alone! And if you want to find out just what sort of Valentine's Day she had, who she had, and just what she did with that full-length mirror and the stuffed panda, then tune in next month and find out! ♣

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IN THE BAG

continued from page 36

myself up in the skimpiest of black leather mini-skirts, white blouse, black stockings, suspenders and stilettos. I was ready for anything!

Guy arrived right on time clutching a bottle of wine and looking gorgeous. He followed me into the kitchen and asked me why I was dressed to kill. As I poured the wine I asked innocently, "No reason. Why? Does it bother you, Guy?"

"No, it doesn't, so long as you don't mind me standing here with an erection all night!" he laughed. I could feel the blood rushing to my face as I put my glass down and walked right over to him.

"No, Guy. I don't mind at all..." I said, putting my arms around him, and we kissed. Guy stroked his fingers over my tits, making me gasp as he flicked my stiff nipples through my silky blouse.

I reached down and felt his erect prick pressing against me. He was huge and I couldn't wait to get my lips around it. As he opened my blouse to get a good mouthful of my tits I pulled open the buttons on his flies.

His cock sprang free and I grabbed it with both hands, falling to my knees to get as much of his nine inches as I could into my mouth. It tasted delicious, as I sucked and licked away at it, letting him push against my thrusts. My lips were working overtime as they massaged his throbbing cock.

"I hope you're ready for this, Karen," he groaned as he started to come. I shut my eyes with pleasure as the first couple of spurts shot over my tongue and right down the back of my throat, letting me savour the taste of his cream. Now this was good, but one thing that really gets my juices going is to see a cock come, so I pulled away as Guy shot a stream of spunk over my face and hair.

It was dripping off my face as I plunged my mouth back onto his cock to finish off the job properly. I tasted his come pumping down my throat as I sucked him dry.

Guy led me into the bedroom and carefully lay me on the bed. He spread my legs and began to lick the flat of my stomach as he worked his way down to my cunt. As he flicked his tongue around the inside of my thighs I lost control and started thrashing around, screaming out for him to fuck me.

"Not yet..." he said, as he lowered his head and sucked away at my clit, stroking my thighs as he slipped two fingers into my cunt.

This pushed me over the edge and I felt the first tremors of an orgasm take over my entire body. Spunk poured out of my pussy and Guy knew what to do. He licked it all up, covering his face with my juice and rubbing his nose onto my clit at the same time. Heaven!

Seeing me writhing around like that had Guy hard again, and I grasped his cock with my left hand and started massaging it, and with my right began frigging myself. Slowly at first, then faster until I was pumping four fingers knuckle-deep into my soaking pussy. I pulled out my fingers and sucked the cream off each of them in turn before returning them to my cunt to gather more love juice and wank myself silly.

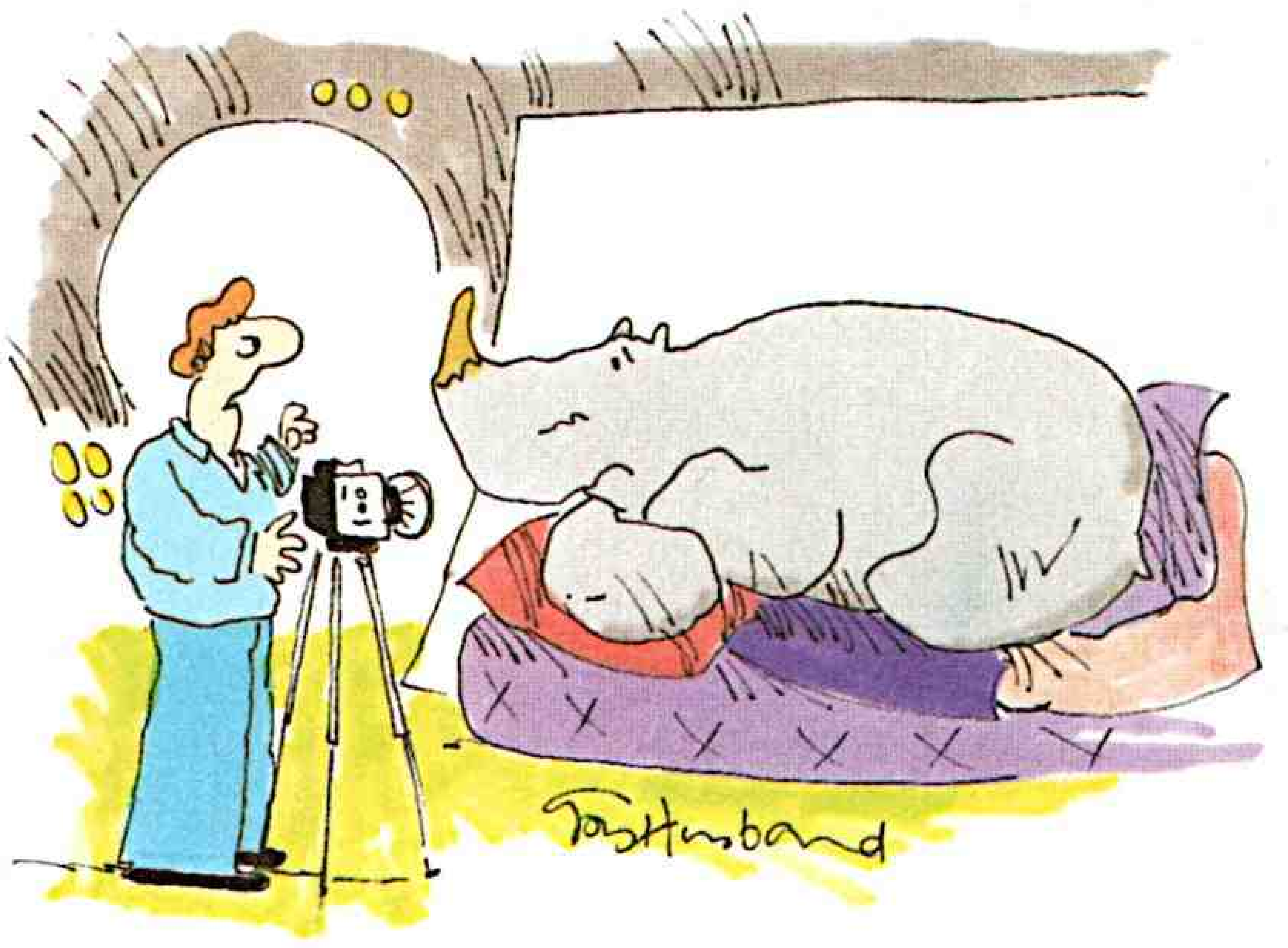
After a while I pushed Guy off me, crouched on all fours and whispered, "I want your cock now, Guy. I must have it in me..." He needed no more encouragement and kneeling behind me, held onto my waist and slid in his cock. I gasped as it filled me, more than anyone else's ever had, and gasped again as he pulled it nearly completely out till it was teasing my cunt lips.

Then without warning he slammed it back into me and began ramming away like an animal. It was the most vigorous fuck that I'd ever had, and the longest, for it wasn't until about half an hour later that I felt one enormous push and Guy arched his back suddenly and then shot his spunk shot into me.

This brought me to my second climax and I moaned again as I collapsed on the bed, all my muscles straining. As I lay there, completely exhausted, I casually scooped out our come from my fanny and rubbed it all over Guy's poor overworked cock.

This was only the beginning and we licked, sucked, wanked and fucked for hours. You must think it's terrible of me, but I keep doing this whenever my husband is away. Although I feel guilty, I don't feel nearly guilty enough to give it all up! – *Karen, Newcastle* ♣

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



"Oh, come on luvvie, where's the sensuality?"

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IN BLACK STOCKINGS
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Paula's pussy

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ADULTS ONLY!

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LES DO IT! 0898 224 392
BIG, BUSTY & BLONDE 0898 224 356

Cream on my tongue 0898 224 385

STICKY FINGER DELIGHT 0898 224 350
TONGUE TIED PLEASURE 0898 224 352
FEEL MY HEAVY CHEST 0898 224 359
PANTY PEELER WANTED 0898 224 369

Nurse Nina's way 0898 224 384

SUZIE USES A SAUSAGE 0898 224 380
JANE JACKS HERSELF 0898 224 393
I'M A TOPLESS TEASER 0898 224 386
BIG BOOBED BETTY 0898 224 389

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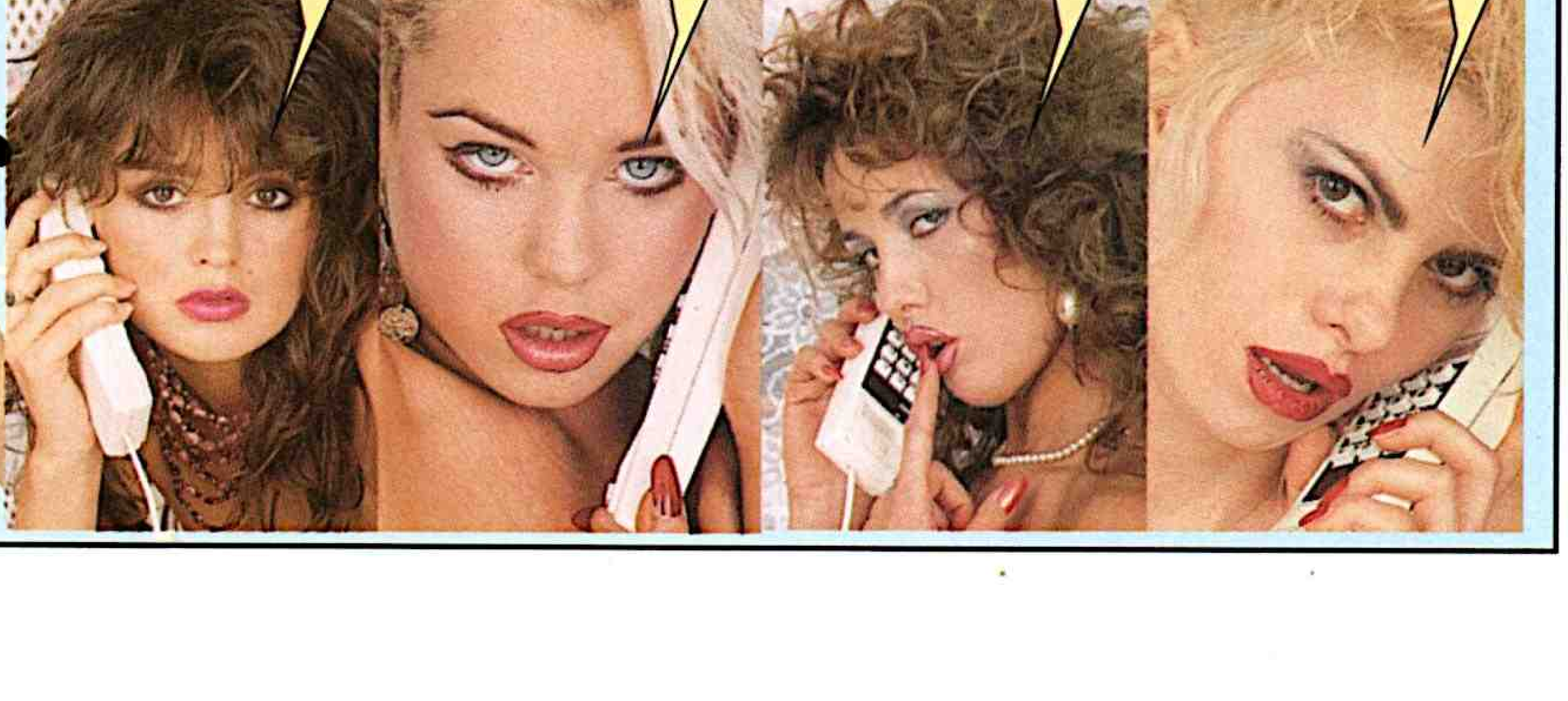
I LOVE TO LICK!	LISTEN TO ME LOVE MYSELF	DRESS UP WITH ME...	2 BLONDES TOGETHER!
0898 224 355	0898 224 372	0898 224 374	0898 224 351



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Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!
LISTEN IN!
A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them
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